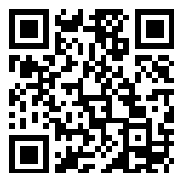

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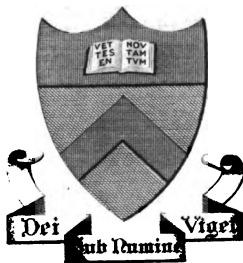
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SELECT READINGS

IN

ENGLISH PROSE AND VERSE

ADAPTED

FOR THE USE OF THE HIGHER CLASSES IN SCHOOLS

AND

FOR PRIVATE TUITION

BY

RICHARD RABY.

FREIBURG IN BADEN.

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PREFACE.

THESE Select Readings in English Prose and Verse range from Bacon to Macaulay, from Shakspeare to Tennyson.

They are designed to illustrate modern English in its refinement and purity, this being what the practical student of the language is supposed chiefly anxious to acquire.

He will not, in consequence, be disappointed to find in them little or nothing of antiquated diction, of Scottish or provincial dialect.

They have been compiled mainly for such students of English as have mastered the grammar, and are familiar with the use of a dictionary.

Great pains have been taken to give them novelty and variety, above all, to free them from every thing in the least degree derogatory to Christian piety and morals.

Thus it is hoped that these Select Readings may deserve a share of that public patronage already extended in Germany to so many and such excellent publications of a similar kind.

Munich, October 1870.

R. R.

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CORRIGENDA.

- Page 10 for proverty, line 15 at the bottom, read poverty.
" 18 „ spend, line 14 at the bottom, read spent.
" 28 „ is, line 3 at the bottom, read his.
" 30 „ ladders, line 9 at the top, read ladders.
" 34 „ advice, line 4 at the top, read advise.
" 66 „ now, line 14 at the bottom, read how.
" 69 „ poisosn, line 8 at the bottom, read poison.
" 83 „ solmn, line 12 at the bottom, read solemn.
" 93 „ heavely, line 17 at the top, read heavily.
" 95 „ whished, line 6 at the top, read wished.
" 103 „ leasure, line 17 at the bottom, read leisure.
" 108 „ traveler, line 18 at the bottom, read traveller.
" 136 „ close, line 23 at the top, read closed.
" 137 „ probably, line 1 at the bottom, read probably.
" 174 „ sheets, line 7 at the top, read streets.
" 191 „ perfomed, line 24 at the top, read performed.
" 201 „ thee, line 22 at the top, read the.
" 260 „ undoubled, line 9 at the bottom, read undoubted.
" 304 „ she, line 10 at the top, read the.
" 318 „ mutuel, line 13 at the top, read mutual.
" 322 „ ty every eypedient, line 8 at the top, read try every expedient.
" 356 „ hody, line 1 at the top, read body.
-

1.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

NOW gather all our Saxon bards,
 Let harps and hearts be strung,
 To celebrate the triumphs of
 Our own good Saxon tongue;
 For stronger far than hosts that march
 With battle flags unfurled,
 It goes with Freedom, Thought, and Truth.
 To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays
 On every surf-worn shore,
 And Scotland hears its echoing far
 As Orkney's breakers roar—
 From Jura's crags and Mona's hills
 It floats on every gale,
 And warms with eloquence and song
 The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck,
 It scales the rough wave's crest,
 Seeking its peerless heritage—
 The fresh and fruitful West;
 It climbs New England's rocky steeps,
 As Victor mounts a throne;
 Niagara knows and greets the voice
 Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where Winter piles deep snows
 On bleak Canadian plains,
 And where on Essequibo's banks,
 Eternal Summer reigns:
 It glads Acadia's misty coasts,
 Jamaica's glowing isle;
 And bides where, gay with early flowers,
 Green Texan prairies smile.
 It tracks the loud swift Oregon
 Through sunset valleys rolled,
 And soars where Californian brooks
 Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,
 On seas of fierce Malay,
 In fields thal curb old Ganges flood,
 And towers of proud Bombay;
 It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,
 Dusk brows and swarthy limbs—
 The dark Lyberian soothes her child
 With English cradle-hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
 In gentle Saxon speech;
 Australian boys read Crusoe's life
 By Sydney's sheltered beach:—
 It dwells where Afric's southmost capes
 Meet Oceans broad and blue,
 And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird
 The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,
 That while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits
 And *those* with flowers of Spring.
 It quickens lands whose meteor-lights
 Flare in the Arctic sky,
 And lands for which the Southern Cross
 Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,
 And righteous kings desired,
 With all that great apostles taught,
 And glorious Greeks admired;
 With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse,
 And Milton's loftier mind,
 With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,
 To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
 And error flies away,
 As vanishes the mist of night
 Before the Star of day;
 But grand as are the victories
 Whose monuments we see,
 These are but as the dawn which speaks
 Of noon-tide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
 Take heed, nor once disgrace
 With deadly pen or spoiling sword
 Our noble tongue and race.

Go forth prepared in every clime
 To love and help each other,
 And judge that they who counsel strife
 Would bid you smite—a brother.
 Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
 By good men prayed for long,
 When Christian states, grown just and wise,
 Will scorn revenge and wrong :
 When earth's oppressed and savage tribes
 Shall cease to pine or roam,
 All taught to prize these English words—
 Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home.

Lyons.

2.

REMARKS ON READING.

“READING is to the mind,” said the Duke of Vivonne to Louis XIV., “what your partridges are to my chops.” It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; for by reading we know our Creator, his works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmasius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more; but their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher, and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant, puffed up with a useless erudition.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole. This inconstancy weakens the energies of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

Yet let us avoid the contrary extreme, and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote; and when once we have attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconstancy weakens the understanding; a long and exclusive application to a single object hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure.

We ought, besides, to be careful not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects; this would be to sacrifice the principal to the accessory. The use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected to the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas; they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into

a new track, and from thence, perhaps, into a second and a third. At length I begin to perceive whither my researches tend. Their result, perhaps, may be profitable; it is worth while to try; whereas, had I followed the high road, I should not have been able, at the end of my long journey, to retrace the progress of my thoughts.

This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write, and who ought to dwell on their subject till they have sounded its depths. These reflections, however, I do not absolutely warrant. On the supposition that they are just, they may be so, perhaps, for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies; the same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves, these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

But what ought we to read? Each individual must answer that question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give, is that of Pliny, "to read much, rather than many things"; to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us by attentive and repeated perusals. Without expatiating on the authors so generally known and approved, I would simply observe, that in matters of reasoning, the best are those who have augmented the number of useful truths; who have discovered truths, of whatever nature they may be; in one word, those bold spirits who, quitting the beaten track, prefer being in the wrong alone, to being in the right with the multitude. Such authors increase the number of our ideas, and even their mistakes are useful to their successors. With all the respect due to Mr. Locke, I would not, however, neglect the works of those academicians who destroy errors without hoping to substitute truth in their stead. In works of fancy, invention ought to bear away the palm; chiefly that invention which creates a new kind of writing; and next, that which displays the charms of novelty in its subject, characters, situation, pictures, thoughts and sentiments. Yet this invention will miss its effect, unless it be accompanied with a genius capable of adapting itself to every variety of the subject—successively sublime, pathetic, flowery, majestic, and playful; and with a judgment which admits nothing indecorous and a style which expresses well whatever ought to be said. As to compilations which are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I ask whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities are lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected; and agreeably to my answers to these questions, I estimate the merit of such performances.

Gibbon.

IT WILL NEVER DO TO BE IDLE.

THERE is a village called Cherry-Hinton, lying wide of any highway, and within two or three miles of Cambridge. The footpath to it is crossed midway, or thereabouts, by a little brook, and that brook itself, accompanied by a pathway, winds its unambitious way onward to the village, through certain rich corn-fields and solitary meadows. This was my usual walk, my path of contemplation. From some unaccountable neglect it was very little frequented, though in itself as pretty as any out of Cambridge. Scarcely was it trodden, save by a few late and early market-goers, and, haply now and then a milkwoman. *Vilia delectant vulgus*;* the dusty footpath, with the chance of an occasional gossip, was more to the taste of the commonalty than the modest half-worn track, the verdure, the coolness, the sequestration—in a word, the poetry, of my own choice. I was in no danger of interruption by my sporting friends, who would have stared at me in such a spot as if they had seen a ghost, and regarded me ever afterwards as a man under a cloud—as one addicted to strange solitary habits.

I remember one day I had racked myself out of all patience in my attempts to overthink a subject, to master it by the sheer force of thought. In a state of exhaustion and discomfiture I leant against a gate-post, and suffered my sight to rest upon the surface of the stream, and amuse itself by the object carried down by it. There was an angle of the bank close by, and I indulged myself some time in the idle speculation whether or not the sticks and straws that I saw floating along might chance to double it. My mind was martyred with its distractions, and it occurred to me, by a sudden thought, that here was a way to put an end to them. I marked a particular straw in its descent, and made an earnest vow, that, according as it should pass the promontory or fail to do so, I would persist or not in my thoughtfulness—that, as the straw might rule me, I would strive onwards, through a host of pains and penalties, or else retire at once from the contest, and, as the negroes say “sit down softly” content to be a common man—one of the mere vulgar.

My determination was strong at the moment, so strong that I am by no means sure that it was not decisive, that it has not governed my destinies ever since. Well, I watched my pilot-boat as it came down—*Fortunam vehis*—so I might have apostrophized it in all Caesarian dignity. It passed gently on. Here and there it met with an obstruction, but it was only for a moment; it doubled the cape—the Cape of Good Hope, as it really was for me. I received the augury with all acceptance, and returned with a light heart.

Somehow or other, after this incident, whether by force of it or from whatever cause, I got into a better vein. I abandoned once for all the part of the self-tormenter. I forbore to force myself. I suffered my mind, like a froward child, to fall asleep, and so recover itself from the excitement of its frowardness. Instead of hallooing on when I had overrun the scent, I drew back quietly and cannily to the point where I was last sure of it, and endeavoured to hit it off afresh. I returned from

*) Trivial things please the common people.

thought to literature, from my late hard taskmaster to my former gentle mistress. I read at large. I roved about at my free will in the wide and varied common of our college library, with no other condition than that of commenting in my own mind, as I went along, upon every book that I might be reading, and every chapter of that book. This was the best restorative process imaginable. I soon got heart of grace upon it, and recruited the exhaustion of my spirits. I found it was but lost pains to attempt to add a cubit to my intellectual stature by force of thinking. I took better counsel, and resigned all care of my growth to time, patience, and steady but gentle perseverance. "*Chi va piano*" say the Italians "*va lontano*", and I soon found that instead of racking myself to no purpose, as I had done heretofore, I was gradually making way and widening my circle.

My wayfarings to this village of fruitful, though, for any thing that I could ever learn, fallacious entitlement—this village with a name that waters on one's tongue, though it keeps not the word of promise to one's palate—my pilgrimages, I say, thither were of good account to me through another mere accident. One day, on my return, I was driven to take shelter from a rain-storm in a little hovel by the road-side—a sort of cobbler's stall. The tenant and his son were upon their work, and, after the customary use of greetings. I entered familiarly into talk with them, as indeed I always do, seeing, that your cobbler is often a man of contemplative faculty—that there is really something of mystery in his craft. Before I had been with them long, the old man found that there lacked something for his work, and in order to provide it, he sent his son out on a job of some five minutes. The interval was a short one, but it was too long for his active impatience; he became uneasy, shuffled about the room, and at last took up a scrap or two of leather and fell to work upon them. "For", said he "it will never do, you know Sir, to be idle—not at any rate—I should faint away."

I happened just then to be in an impressible mood, without occupation myself, and weighed somewhat down by the want of it; accordingly the phrase, the oddness of it in the first place, and still more the sense, made a deep and lasting impression upon me. As soon as the rain had spent itself, I went my way homeward, ruminating and revolving what I had heard, like a curious man over a riddle. I could not have bestowed my thoughts better, the subject concerned me nearly, it went to the very heart of my happiness. Some people are perpetual martyrs to idleness, others have only their turns and returns of it; I was of the latter class—a reluctant impatient idler; nevertheless I was so much within the mischief as to feel that the words came home to me. They stung my conscience severely, they were gall and wormwood for me. Nevertheless, I dwelt so long, albeit perhaps unwillingly, upon the expression, that I became, as it were, privy to it; I was in a condition to feel and revere its efficacy; I determined to make much of it, to realize it in use, to act it out.

I had heard and read repeatedly that idleness is a very great evil; but the censure did not appear to me to come up to the real truth. I began to think that it was not only a very great evil, but the greatest one—and not only the greatest one, but in fact the only one, the only

mental one, I mean; for, of course, as to morality, a man may be very active, and very viciously active too. But the one great sensible and conceivable evil is that of idleness. No man is wretched in his energy. There can be no pain in a fit; a soldier at the full height of his spirit, and in the heat of contest, is unconscious even of a wound; the orator in the full flow of rhetoric is altogether exempt from the pitifulness of gout and rheumatism. To be occupied, in its first meaning, is to be possessed as by a tenant—and see the significancy, the reality of first meanings. When the occupation is once complete, when the tendency is full, there can be no entry for any evil spirit:—but idleness is emptiness; where it is, there the doors are thrown open, and the devils troop in.

The words of the old cobbler were oracular to me. They were constantly in my thoughts, like the last voice of his victim in those of the murderer: my mind was pregnant with them; the seed was good, and sown in a good soil—it brought forth the fruit of satisfaction.

It is the odds and ends of our time, its orts and offals, laid up, as they usually are, in corners, to rot and stink there, instead of being used out as they should be—these, I say, are the occasions of our moral unsoundness and corruption; a dead fly, little thing as it is, will spoil a whole box of the most precious ointment; and idleness, if it be once suffered though but for a brief while, is sure, by the communication of its listless quality, to clog and cumber the clockwork of the whole day. It is the ancient enemy—the old man of the Arabian Tales. Once take him upon your shoulders, and he is not to be shaken off so easily.

I had a notion of these truths, and I framed my plan after their rules. I resolved that every minute should be occupied by thought, word or act, or, if none of these, by intention; vacancy was my only outcast, the scape-goat of my proscription. For this my purpose I required a certain energy of will, as indeed this same energy is requisite for every other good thing of every sort and kind; without it we are as powerless as grubs, noisome as ditchwater, vague, loose, and unpredestinate as the clouds above our heads. However, I had sufficient of this energy to serve me for that turn; I felt the excellence of the practice, I was penetrated with it through all my being, I clung to it, I cherished it. I made a point of every thing; I was active, brisk, and animated (oh! how true is that word) in all things that I did, even to the picking up of a glove, or asking the time of day. If I ever felt the approach, the first approach, of the insidious languor, I said at once within myself, in the next quarter of an hour I will do such a thing, and, presto, it was done, and much more than that into the bargain:—my mind was set in motion, my spirits stirred and quickened, and raised to their proper height. I watched the cloud and dissipated it at its first gathering, as well knowing that, if it could grow but to the largeness of a man's hand, it would spread out every where, and darken my whole horizon.

Oh that this example might be as profitable to others as the practice has been to myself! How rich would be the reward of this book, if its readers would but take it to heart in this one article; if the simple truths that it here speaks could prompt them to take their happiness into their own hands, and learn the value of industry, not from what they may have heard of it, but because they have themselves tried and felt it! In

the first place, its direct and immediate value, inasmuch as it quickens, and cheers, and gladdens every moment that it occupies, and keeps off the evil one by repelling him at the outposts, instead of admitting him to a doubtful, perhaps a deadly, struggle in the citadel; and again its more remote, but no less certain, value, as the mother of many virtues, when it has once grown into the temper of the mind; and the nursing mother of many more. And if we gain so much by its entertainment, how much more must we not lose by its neglect! Our vexations are annoying to us, the disappointments of life are grievous, its calamities deplorable, its indulgences and lusts sinful; but our idleness is worse than all these, and more painful, and more hateful, and in the amount of its consequences, if not in its very essence, more sinful than even sin itself—just as the stock is more fruitful than any branch that springs from it. In fine, do what you will, only do something, and that actively and energetically. Read, converse, sport, think, or study—the whole range is open to you—only let your mind be full, and then you will want little or nothing to fulfil your happiness.

Charles Knight's "Half Hours".

4.

N O W.

RISE! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone:—
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret:—
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing:—
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

Adelaide Procter.

SAINT ELIZABETH QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

A. D. 1336.

ST. ELIZABETH was daughter of Peter III. King of Arragon, her mother, Constantia, was daughter of Manfred King of Sicily, and grandchild to the Emperor Frederic II. Our saint was born in 1271 and received at the baptismal font the name of Elizabeth, from her aunt St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who had been canonized by Gregory IX. in 1235. In 1276 her father succeeded to the crown, and was careful to place most virtuous persons about his daughter, whose example might be to her a constant spur to all virtue. The young Princess was of a most sweet and mild disposition, and from her tender years had no relish for anything but what was conducive to piety and devotion. It was doing her the most sensible pleasure if any one promised to lead her to some chapel to say a prayer. At eight years of age she began to fast on vigils, and to practise great self denials; nor could she bear to hear the tenderness of her years and constitution alleged as a reason that she ought not to fast. Her fervour made her eagerly to desire that she might have a share in every exercise of virtue which she saw practised by others, and she had been already taught that the frequent mortification of the senses, and still more of the will, is to be joined with prayer to obtain the grace which restrains the passions and prevents their revolt. How little is this most important maxim considered by those parents who excite and fortify the passions of children, by teaching them a love of vanities, and indulging them in gratifications of sense! If rigorous fasts suit not their tender age, a submission of the will, perfect obedience, and humble modesty are in no time of life more indispensably to be inculcated; nor is any abstinence more necessary than that by which children are taught never to eat or drink out of meals, to bear several little denials in them without uneasiness, and never eagerly to crave anything. The easy and happy victory of Elizabeth over herself was owing to this early and perfect temperance, submissiveness, and sincere humility. Esteeming virtue her only advantage and delight, she abhorred romances and idle entertainments, and was an enemy to all the vanities of the world. Her tenderness and compassion for the poor, made her even in that tender age, to be styled their mother.

At twelve years of age she was given in marriage to Dionysius King of Portugal. That Prince had considered in her birth, beauty, riches, and sprightliness of genius more than virtue; yet he allowed her an entire liberty in her devotions, and exceedingly esteemed and admired her extraordinary piety. She found no temptation to pride in the dazzling splendour of a crown, and could say with Esther, that her heart never found any delight in the glory riches and grandeur with which she was surrounded. She was sensible that regularity in our actions is necessary to virtue, this being in itself most agreeable to God, who shows in all his works how much he is the lover of order; also, a prudent distribution of time fixes the fickleness of the human mind, hinders frequent omissions of pious exercises, and is a means to prevent our being ever idle and being governed

by humour and caprice in what we do, by which motives a disguised self-love easily insinuates itself into our ordinary actions. Our saint, therefore, planned for herself a regular distribution of her whole time, and of her religious exercises, which she never interrupted, unless extraordinary occasions of duty or charity obliged her to change the order of her daily practices. She rose very early every morning, and after a long morning exercise, she recited the matins lauds and prime of the Church office. Then she heard mass at which she communicated frequently every week. She said every day the little office of our Lady, and that of the dead; and in the afternoon had other regular devotions after vespers. She retired often into her oratory to her pious books, and allotted certain hours to attend her domestic affairs, public business, or what she owed to others. She found no time to spend in vain sports and recreations. She was most abstemious in her diet, humble, meek, and affable in conversation, wholly bent on the service of God in all her actions. Frequent attempts were made to prevail with her to moderate her austerities, but she always answered, that, if Christ assures us that his spirit cannot find place in a life of softness and pleasure, mortification is no where more necessary than on the throne where the passions find more dangerous incentives. She fasted three days a week, many vigils besides those prescribed by the Church; all Advent; a Lent of devotion, from the feast of St. John Baptist to the feast of the Assumption; and soon after this she began another Lent; which she continued to St. Michael's day. On all Fridays and Saturdays, on the eves of all festivals of the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles, her fast was on bread and water.

Charity to the poor was a distinguishing part of her character. She gave constant orders to have all pilgrims and poor strangers provided for with lodgings and necessaries. She made it her business to seek out and secretly relieve persons of good condition who were reduced to necessity, yet out of shame durst not make known their wants. She was very liberal in furnishing fortunes to poor young women, that they might marry according to their condition. She visited the sick, served them, and dressed and kissed their sores. She founded a hospital near her own palace at Coimbra, a house for penitent women at Torres-Novas, and an hospital for foundlings, or for those children who, for want of due provision are exposed to the danger of perishing by poverty or the neglect and cruelty of unnatural parents. She was so attentive to the poor and afflicted of the Kingdom, that she seemed almost wholly to belong to them, not that she neglected any other duties to her neighbours, for she made it her principal study to pay her husband the most dutiful respect, love, and obedience, and bore his injuries with invincible patience and meekness. Though King Dionysius was a friend of justice, and a valiant, bountiful, and compassionate Prince, yet he was in his youth a worldly man, and defiled with vice. The good Queen used all her endeavours to reclaim him, grieving most sensibly for the offence of God, and the scandal given to the people; and she never ceased to weep herself, and to procure the prayers of others for his conversion. She strove to gain him only by courtesy and constant sweetness and cheerfulness. By these means she softened the heart of the King, who, by the succour of a powerful grace, rose out of the filthy puddle in which he

had wallowed for a long time, and kept ever after the fidelity due to his virtuous consort.

A little before his perfect conversion there happened an extraordinary accident. The Queen had a very pious, faithful page, whom she employed in the distribution of her secret alms. A wicked fellow-page envying him on account of his favour; to which his virtue and services entitled him, treacherously suggested to his majesty that the queen showed a fondness for that page. The Prince, who by his own sensual heart, was easily inclined to judge ill of others, gave credit to the slander, and resolved to take away the life of the innocent youth. For this purpose he gave orders to a lime burner, that if on such a day he sent to him a page with the errand to enquire, whether he had fulfilled the King's commands? he should take him and cast him into the lime-kiln, there to be burnt, for that death he had justly incurred, and the execution was expedient for the King's service. On the day appointed he despatched the page with this message to the lime-kiln; but the devout youth on the road passing by a church, heard the bell ring at the Elevation at mass, and went in and prayed there devoutly; for it was his pious custom, if ever he heard the sign given by the bell for the Elevation, always to go thither and not depart till mass was ended. It happened on that occasion, that as the first was not a whole mass, and it was with him a constant rule to hear mass every day, he stayed in the church and heard successively two other masses. In the meantime the King, impatient to know if his orders had been executed, sent the informer to the lime-kiln to enquire whether his commands had been obeyed; but as soon as he was come to the kiln, and had asked the question, the man supposing him to be the messenger meant by the King's order, seized him and threw him into the burning lime where he was soon consumed. Thus was the innocent protected by his devotion, and the slanderer was overtaken by divine justice. The page who had heard the masses went afterwards to the lime-kiln, and having asked whether his Majesty's commands had been executed, brought him word back that they were. The King was almost out of himself with surprise when he saw him come back with this message, and being soon informed of the particulars, he easily discovered the innocence of the pious youth, adored the divine judgements, and ever after respected the great virtue and sanctity of his queen.—St. Elizabeth had by the King two children, Alphonsus, who afterwards succeeded his father, and Constantia who was married to Ferdinand IV. King of Castile. The son, when grown up, married the infanta of Castile, and soon after revolting against his own father, put himself at the head of an army of malcontents. St. Elizabeth had recourse to weeping, prayer, fasting, and almsdeeds, and exhorted her son in the strongest terms to return to his duty, conjuring her husband at the same time to forgive him. Pope John XXII. wrote to her commending her religious and prudent conduct; but certain court flatterers whispering to the King that she was suspected of favouring her son, he, whom jealousy made credulous, banished her to the city of Alanquer. The Queen received this disgrace with admirable patience and peace of mind, and made use of the opportunity which her retirement afforded, to redouble her austerities and devotions. She never would entertain any

correspondence with the malcontents, nor listen to any suggestions from them. The King himself admired her goodness, meekness, and humility under her disgrace; and shortly after called her back to court, and showed her greater love and respect than ever. In all her troubles she committed herself to the sweet disposal of divine providence, considering that she was always under the protection of God, her merciful father.

Being herself of the most sweet and peaceful disposition, she was always most active and industrious in composing all differences, between neighbours, especially in averting war, with the train of all the most terrible evils that attend it. She reconciled her husband and son when their armies were marching one against the other; and she reduced all the subjects to duty and obedience. She made peace between Ferdinand IV. King of Castille and Alphonsus de la Cerda, his cousin-german who disputed the crown; likewise between James II. King of Arragon, her own brother and Ferdinand IV. King of Castille her son-in-law. In order to effect this last she took a journey with her husband into both those kingdoms, and to the great satisfaction of the christian world put a happy period to the dissensions and debates between those states. After this charitable work, King Dyonisius, having reigned forty-five years, fell sick. St. Elizabeth gave him most signal testimonies of her love and affection, scarce ever leaving his chamber during his illness, unless to go to the church, and taking infinite pains to serve and attend him. But her main care and solicitude was to secure his eternal happiness, and to procure that he might depart this life in sentiments of perfect repentance and piety. For this purpose she gave bountiful alms and caused many prayers and masses to be said. During his long and tedious illness he gave great marks of sincere compunction, and died at Santaren on the 6th of January, 1325. As soon as he had expired, the Queen retired into an oratory, commended his soul to God, and consecrating herself to the divine service, put on the habit of the third Order of Saint Francis. She attended her husband's funeral at Odiveras, where he had chosen his burial place in a famous church of Cistercian monks. After a considerable stay there, she made a pilgrimage to Compostella, and returning to Odiveras, celebrated there her husband's anniversary, after which she retired to a convent of Clares, which she had begun to rebuild before the death of her husband. She was desirous to make her religious profession, but was diverted from that design for some time upon a motive of charity that she might continue to support an infinity of poor people by her alms and protection. She therefore contented herself at first with wearing the habit of the third Order, living in a house which she built contiguous to her great nunnery, in which she assembled ninety devout nuns. She often visited them, and sometimes served them at table, having for her companion in this practice of charity her daughter-in-law, Beatrix the Queen then reigning. However by authentic historical proofs it is evinced that before her death she made her religious profession in the aforesaid third Order as Pope Urban VIII. after mature discussion of those monuments has declared.

A war being lighted up between her son Alphonsus IV. King of Portugal, and her grandson, Alphonsus XI., King of Castille, she was startled at the news, and resolved to set out to reconcile them. Her servants

endeavoured to persuade her to defer her journey, on account of the excessive heats, but she made answer that she could not better expend her health than by seeking to prevent the miseries and calamities of a war. The very news of her journey disposed both parties to peace. She went to Estremoz, upon the frontiers of Portugal and Castille, where her son was; but she arrived ill of a violent fever, which she looked upon as a messenger sent by God to warn her that the time was at hand wherein he called her to himself. She exhorted her son to the love of peace and to a holy life; she confessed several times, received the holy viaticum on her knees at the foot of the altar, and shortly after extreme unction; from which time she continued in fervent prayer, often invoking the Blessed Virgin, and repeating these words: "Mary, mother of grace, mother of mercy, defend us from the wicked enemy, and receive us at the hour of our death".

She appeared overflowing with heavenly joy, and with those consolations of the Holy Ghost which make death so sweet to the saints; and in the presence of her son, the King, and of her daughter-in-law she gave up her happy soul to God on the 4th of July, in the year 1336, of her age, sixty five.

She was buried with royal pomp in the church of her monastery of poor Clares at Coimbra, and honored by miracles. Leo X. and Paul IV. granted an office on her festival; and in 1612 her body was taken up and found entire. It is now richly enshrined in a magnificent chapel, built on purpose. She was canonized by Urban VIII. in 1625, and the 8th of July appointed for her festival.

Alban Butler.

6.

SEEK FLOWERS OF HEAVEN.

SOAR up my soul unto thy rest,
Cast off this loathsome load;
Long is the death of thine exile,
Too long thy strict abode.

Graze not on worldly wither'd wood,
It fitteth not thy taste;
The flowers of everlasting spring
Do grow for thy repast.

Their leaves are stain'd in beauty's dye,
And blazèd with her beams,
Their stalks enamel'd with delight,
And limn'd with glorious gleams.

Life-giving juice of living love
Their sugar'd veins does fill,
And water'd with eternal showers
They nectar'd drops distill.

These flowers do spring from fertile soil,
Though from unmanured field;
Most glittering gold in lieu of glebe,
These fragrant flowers do yield.

Whose sovereign scent surpassing sense
So ravisheth the mind,
That worldly weeds needs must he loathe
That can these flowers find.

Southwell.

H Y M N

BEFORE SUN-RISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Aveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou most awful Form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass:—methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought:—entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea with my life and life's own secret joy:—
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret extasy! Awake
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:—
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald:—wake, O wake, and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,

For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence came)
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls, ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo,—God!
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates, of the mountain storm!
 Ye lightnings, dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
 Thou too again stupendous Mountain! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun
 Earth with her thousand voices praises God!

Coleridge.

OF STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business; for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one:—but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affection; to make judgement wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar:—they perfect nature and are perfected by experience:—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else, distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little he had need have a present wit; and if he read little he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend:—“*Abeunt studia in mores*”;* nay, there is no stand nor impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies:—like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen; for they are “splitters of hairs”. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases:—so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

Bacon.

* Studies affect the manners.

9.

ADVANTAGES OF TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better:—for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity has many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world) if a man spend his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw:—but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; and all other parts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Tillotson.

10.

MARVELS OF SCIENCE.

AMONG the conclusions of natural science which cannot be made apparent to our senses, there are many so very surprising, indeed apparently so extravagant, that it is quite impossible for any inquiring mind to rest contented with a mere hearsay statement of them; we feel irresistibly

impelled to inquire further into their truth. What mere assertion will make any man believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eye-lids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us, that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the earth by attracting it in an inappreciable instant of time?—a closeness of union of which we can form but a feeble and totally inadequate idea, by comparing it to any material connection; since the communication of an impulse to such a distance by any solid intermedium we are acquainted with, would require, not moments, but whole years. And when, with pain and difficulty, we have strained our imagination to conceive a distance so vast, a force so intense and penetrating, if we are told that the one dwindles to an insensible point, and that the other is unfelt at the nearest of the fixed stars, from the mere effect of their remoteness, while, among those very stars, are some whose actual splendour exceeds by many hundred times that of the sun itself, although we may not deny the truth of the assertion, we cannot but feel the keenest curiosity to know how such things were ever made out.

The foregoing are among those results of scientific research, which, by their magnitude, seem to transcend our powers of conception. There are others, again, which, from their minuteness, would appear to elude the grasp of thought, much more of distinct and accurate measurement. Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second? or that there exist animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid closely together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium, through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly occurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second? that it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes, that we see, nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colors?—that, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second? Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madness, than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses?

Among the verifications of this practical kind which abound in every department of physics, there are none more imposing than the precise predictions of the greater phenomena of astronomy; none, certainly, which carry a broader conviction home to every mind, from their notoriety and unequivocal character. The prediction of eclipses has, accordingly, from the earliest ages excited the admiration of mankind, and been one grand

instrument by which their allegiance (so to speak) to natural science, and their respect for its professors, have been maintained; and though strangely abused, in unenlightened ages, by the supernatural pretensions of astrologers, the credence given even to their absurdities shows the force of this kind of evidence on men's minds. The predictions of astronomers are, however, now far too familiar to endanger the just equipoise of our judgement, since even the return of comets, true to their paths, and exact to the hour of their appointment, has ceased to amaze, though it must ever delight, all who have souls capable of being penetrated by such beautiful instances of accordance between theory and facts.

But the age of mere wonder in such things is past, and men prefer being guided and enlightened to being astonished and dazzled. Eclipses, comets, and the like, afford but rare and transient displays of the powers of calculation and of the certainty of the principles on which it is grounded. A page of "lunar distances" from the Nautical Almanack is worth all the eclipses that have ever happened for inspiring this necessary confidence in the conclusions of science. That a man, by merely measuring the moon's apparent distance from a star with a little portable instrument held in his hand, and applied to his eye, even with so unstable a footing as the deck of a ship, shall say positively, within five miles, where he is, on a boundless ocean, cannot but appear to persons ignorant of physical astronomy an approach to the miraculous. Yet, the alternatives of life and death, wealth and ruin, are daily and hourly staked with perfect confidence on these marvellous computations, which might almost seem to have been devised on purpose to show how closely the extremes of speculative refinement and practical utility can be brought to approximate. We have before us an anecdote communicated to us by a naval officer distinguished by the extent and variety of his attainments, which shows how impressive such results may become in practice. He sailed from San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico, and after a voyage of 8000 miles, occupying 89 days, arrived off Rio de Janeiro, having, in this interval, passed through the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic, without making any land, or even seeing a single sail, with the exception of an American whaler off Cape Horn. Arrived within a week's sail of Rio, he set about seriously determining, by lunar observations, the precise line of the ship's course, and its situation in it, at a determinate moment, and having ascertained this within from five to ten miles, ran the rest of the way by those more ready and compendious methods, known to navigators, which can be safely employed for short trips between one known point and another, but which cannot be trusted in long voyages, where the moon is the only sure guide. The rest of the tale we are enabled by his kindness to state in his own words: "We steered towards Rio de Janeiro, for some days, after taking the lunars above described, and having arrived within fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, I hove to at four in the morning, till the day should break, and then bore up; for, although it was very hazy, we could see before us a couple of miles or so. About eight o'clock it became so foggy that I did not like to stand in further, and was just bringing the ship to the wind again, before sending the people to breakfast, when it suddenly cleared off, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar-

Loaf Rock, which stands on one side of the harbour's mouth, so nearly right a-head, that we had not to alter our course above a point, in order to hit the entrance to Rio. This was the first land we had seen for three months, after crossing so many seas, and being driven backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds."

The effect on all on board might well be conceived to have been electric; and it is needless to remark, how essentially the authority of a commanding officer over his crew may be strengthened by the occurrence of such incidents, indicative of a degree of knowledge and consequent power beyond their reach.

F. W. Herschel.

11.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
Erom sin and sorrow set us free
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold'em down,

Chase from our minds th'infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

Make us eternal truths receive
 And practise all that we believe:
 Give us thyself that we may see,
 The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend th'Almighty Father's name;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

Dryden.

12.

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction corresponded to the greatest conception, that is suggested in the annals of human kind; the delegates of a great people sitting in judgement on their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust. The solicitor, in the name of the commons, represented, that Charles Stuart, being admitted King of England, and intrusted with a limited power; yet nevertheless from a wicked design to erect an unlimited and tyrannical government, had traitorously and maliciously levied war against the present parliament, and the people, whom they represented; and was therefore impeached as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the Common-wealth. After the charge was finished, the President directed his discourse to the King, and told him that the court expected his answer.

The King, though long detained a prisoner, and now produced as a criminal, sustained, by his magnanimous courage, the majesty of a monarch. With great temper and dignity, he declined the authority of the court, and refused to submit himself to their jurisdiction. He represented, that, having been engaged in treaty with his two houses of parliament, and having finished almost every article, he had expected to be brought to his capital in another manner, and ere this time to have been restored to his power, dignity, revenue, as well as to his personal liberty:—that he could not now perceive any appearance of the upper house, so essential a member of the constitution; and had learned that even the commons, whose authority was pretended, were subdued by lawless force, and were bereaved of their liberty; that he himself was their NATIVE HEREDITARY KING; nor was the whole authority of the state, though free and united, entitled to try him, who derived his dignity from the Supreme Majesty of Heaven; that admitting those extravagant principles which levelled all orders of men, the court could plead no power delegated by the people, unless the consent of every individual, down to the meanest and most ignorant peasant, had been previously asked and obtained; that

he acknowledged without scruple that he had a *trust* committed to him, and one most sacred and inviolable:—he was intrusted with the liberties of his people, and would not now betray them, by recognizing a power, founded on the most atrocious violence and usurpation; that having taken arms and freely exposed his life, in defence of public liberty, of the constitution, of the fundamental laws of the kingdom, he was willing, in this last and most solemn scene, to seal with his blood those precious rights, for which, though in vain, he had so long contended; that those who arrogated a title to sit as his judges, were born his subjects, and born subjects to those laws, which determined, *that the King can do no wrong*; that he was not reduced to the necessity of sheltering himself under the general maxim, which guards every English monarch, even the least deserving; but was able by the most satisfactory reasons, to justify those measures, in which he had been engaged; that to the whole world, and even to them, his pretended judges, he was desirous, if called upon in another manner, to prove the integrity of his conduct, and assert the justice of those defensive arms, to which, unwillingly and unfortunately, he had had recourse; but that, in order to preserve a uniformity of conduct, he must, at present, forego the apology of his innocence, lest, by ratifying an authority, no better founded than that of robbers and pirates, he be justly branded as the betrayer, instead of being applauded as the martyr of the constitution.

The president, in order to support the majesty of the people, and maintain the superiority of his court above the prisoner, still inculcated, that he must not decline the authority of his judges; that they overruled his objections; that they were delegated by the people, the only source of every lawful power; and that Kings themselves acted but in trust from that community which had invested this high court of justice with its jurisdiction. Even according to those principles, which, in his present situation, he was perhaps obliged to adopt, his behaviour, ingeneral, will not appear a little harsh and barbarous; but when we consider him as a subject, and one too of no high character, addressing himself to his unfortunate sovereign, his style will be esteemed to the last degree, audacious and insolent.

Three times was Charles produced before the court, and as often declined their jurisdiction. On the fourth, the judges, having examined some witnesses, by whom it was proved, that the King had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by the parliament, they pronounced sentence against him. He seemed very anxious at this time to be admitted to a conference with the two houses; and it was supposed that he intended to resign the crown to his son; but the court refused compliance, and considered that request as nothing but a delay of justice.

It is confessed, that the King's behaviour, during this last scene of his life, does honour to his memory; and that, in all appearances before his judges, he never forgot his part, either as a Prince or as a man. Firm and intrepid, he maintained in each reply, the utmost perspicuity and justness both of thought and expression; mild and equable, he rose into no passion at that unusual authority, which was assumed over him. His soul, without effort or expectation, seemed only to remain in the situation familiar to it, and to look down with contempt on all the

efforts of human malice and iniquity. The soldiers, instigated by their superiors, were brought, though with difficulty, to cry aloud for justice. *Poor souls!* said the King to one of his attendants, *for a little money they would do as much against their commanders.* Some of them were permitted to go the utmost length of brutal insolence, and to spit in his face, as he was conducted along the passage to the court. To excite a sentiment of piety was the only effect, which this inhuman insult was able to produce on him.

The people, though under the rod of lawless unlimited power, could not forbear, with the most ardent prayers, pouring forth their wishes for his preservation, and, in his present distress, they avowed *him*, by their generous tears, for their monarch, whom, in their misguided fury, they had before so violently rejected. The King was softened at this moving scene, and expressed his gratitude for their dutiful affection. One soldier too, seized by contagious sympathy, demanded from heaven a blessing on oppressed and fallen majesty. His officer, overhearing the prayer, beat him to the ground in the King's presence. *The punishment, methinks, exceeds the offence!* This was the reflection which Charles formed on that occasion.

As soon as the intention of trying the King was known in foreign countries, so enormous an action was exclaimed against by the general voice of reason and humanity, and all men, under whatever form of government they were born, rejected this example, as the utmost effort of undisguised usurpation, and the most heinous insult on law and justice. The French ambassador, by orders from his court, interposed in the King's behalf. The Dutch employed their good offices. The Scots exclaimed and protested against the violence. The Queen, the Prince, wrote pathetic letters to the parliament. All solicitations were found fruitless with men whose resolutions were fixed and irrevocable. Four of Charles's friends, persons of virtue and dignity, Richmond, Hertford, Southampton, Lindesey, applied to the commons. They represented, that they were the King's counsellors, and had concurred, by their advice, in all those measures, which were now imputed as crimes to their royal master; that, in the eye of the law, and according to the dictates of common reason, they alone were guilty, and were alone exposed to censure for every blameable action of the Prince; and that they now presented themselves, in order to save, by their own punishment, that precious life, which it became the commons themselves, and every subject, with the utmost hazard, to protect and defend. Such a generous effort tended to their honour; but contributed nothing towards the King's safety.

The people remained in that silence and astonishment, which all great passions, when they have not an opportunity of exerting themselves, naturally produce in the human mind. The soldiers, being incessantly plied with prayers, sermons and exhortations, were wrought up to a degree of fury, and imagined, that in the acts of the most extreme disloyalty towards their Prince, consisted their greatest merit in the eye of heaven.

Three days were allowed the King between his sentence and execution. The interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion. All his family, that remained in England, were allowed access to him. It consisted only of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke

of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than an infant. The Princess, notwithstanding her tender years, showed an advanced judgement; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression on her. After many pious consolations and advices, the King gave her in charge to tell the Queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her, and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration.

To the young Duke too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knees he said:—“*Now they will cut off thy father’s head*”. At these words the child looked very steadfastly upon him. “*Mark! child, what I say; they will cut off my head! and perhaps make thee a King. But mark what I say:—Thou must not be a King, as long as thy brothers, Charles and James, are alive. They will cut off thy brothers’ heads, when they can catch them. And thy head too they will cut off at last! Therefore I charge thee, do not be made a King by them!*” The Duke, sighing, replied:—“*I will be torn in pieces first!*” So determined an answer from one of such tender years, filled the King’s eyes with tears of joy and admiration.—

Every night, during this interval, the King slept sound as usual; though the noise of workman, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day he rose early; and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solemnity. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues, by which the King himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

The street before White Hall was the place destined for the execution; for it was intended by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the King came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers, that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people. He addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him, particularly Colonel Thomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed, that he had not taken arms, till after the parliament had enlisted forces; nor had he had any other object in his war-like operations, than to preserve that authority entire, which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the parliament; but was more inclined to think, that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker, and observed, that an unjust sentence, which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them

and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him:—"There is, Sir, but *one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize, to which you hasten, a crown of glory*".—"I go", replied the King, "*from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown; where no disturbance can have place*." At one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner. Another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head, streaming with blood, and cried aloud: *This is the head of a traitor!*

It is impossible to describe the grief, indignation, and astonishment, which took place, not only among the spectators, who were over-whelmed with a flood of sorrow, but throughout the whole nation, as soon as the report of this fatal execution was conveyed to them. Never monarch, in the full triumph of success and victory was more dear to his people, than his misfortunes and magnanimity, his patience and piety, had rendered this unhappy Prince. In proportion to their former delusions, which had animated them against him, was the violence of their return to duty and affection; while each reproached himself, either with active disloyalty towards him, or with too indolent defence of his oppressed cause. On weaker minds the effect of these complicated passions was prodigious. Many fell into convulsions, or sank into such a melancholy as attended them to their grave. Nay, some, unmindful of themselves, as though they could not, or would not survive their beloved Prince, it is reported, suddenly fell down dead. The very pulpits were bedewed with unsuborned tears; those pulpits which had formerly thundered out the most violent imprecations and anathemas against him. And all men united in their detestation of those hypocritical parricides, who, by sanctified pretences, had so long disguised their treasons, and in this last act of iniquity had thrown an indelible stain on the nation.

Hume.

13.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:—
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds:—

All heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Shirley.

14.

FROM L'ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her and live with thee,
 In unprov'd pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:—
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before;

Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn.
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:—
 Sometime walking not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight,
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 While the landskip round it measures;
 Russet lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees,
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

Milton.

GULLIVER'S ARRIVAL IN LILLIPUT.

WE set sail from Bristol May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous. In our passage to the East Indies we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Dieman's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom. But when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any signs of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir:—for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so

loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a distinct but shrill voice: *Hekinah degul!* The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all the while, as the reader may suppose, in great uneasiness; at length struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a very great shout in a shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud: *Tolgo phonac!* when, in an instant I felt an hundred arrows or more discharged on my left hand which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff-jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed other-wise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times: *Langro dehul san!* Whereupon, immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three that attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but

in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *Hurgo* (for so they call a great lord) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the King's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more:—but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first: *Hekinah degul!* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud: *Borach mevolah;* and when they saw the vessels in the air there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul!* I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I had made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expence and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of those diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I after-

wards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council, that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand, that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again when I felt the smart of their arrows on my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *Hurgo* and his train withdrew with much civility and with cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout with frequent repetitions of the words *Peplom selan!* and I felt a great number of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn on my right and ease myself. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. The refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine. It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any Prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings where-with I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor who is a renowned patron of learning. This Prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three

inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twentytwo wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthreads, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of the soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The Emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person, by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole Kingdom; which having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the King's smith conveyed four score and eleven chains, like those which hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over-against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the Emperor ascended with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be

fewer than ten thousand at several times who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was issued to forbid it on pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut the strings that bound me, whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle; but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

Swift.

16.

EVENING ON THE BRENTA.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night,
 Sunset divides the sky with her, a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
 While, on the other hand meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air, an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar
 Comes down upon the waters, all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:—
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the Dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new color as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Byron.

AGAINST DUELLING.

BUT how is this doctrine (of the forgiveness of injuries) received in the world? What counsel would men, and those none of the worst sort, give thee in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee? Why, thus:—If thy brother or thy neighbour have offered thee an injury, or an affront, forgive him? By no means. Thou art utterly undone, and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done then? Why let not thy heart take rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How! A man's blood for an injurious, passionate speech—for a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all:—that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldest to the communion:—after several day's respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

Oh, thou holy Christian religion! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman poisonous blood, these raging fiery spirits? For if we shall inquire of the heathen, they will say, They have not learned this from us; or of the Mahometans, they will answer, We are not guilty of it. Blessed God! that it should become a most sure settled course for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, which is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life! That ever it should enter into Christian hearts to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God! That whereas he sees himself every day, and hour almost, contemned and despised by thee, who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might, without all possible imputation of unrighteousness, pour down all the vials of his wrath and indignation; yet he, notwithstanding, is patient and long-suffering towards thee hoping that his long-suffering may lead thee to repentance, and beseeching thee daily by his ministers to be reconciled unto him; and yet thou, on the other side, for a dis-tempered passionate speech, or less, shouldst take upon thee to send thy neighbour's soul, or thine own, or likely both, clogged and oppressed with all thy sins unrepented of (for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution?), before the tribunal of God, to expect your final sentence; utterly depriving thyself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate, that it shall not be in God's power almost, to do thee any good. Pardon I beseech you, my earnestness, almost intemperateness, seeing that it hath proceeded from so just, so warrantable a ground; and since it is in your power to give rules of honour and reputation to the whole kingdom, do not you teach others to be ashamed of this inseparable badge of your

religion;—charity and forgiving of offences: give men leave to be Christians without danger or dishonour; or, if religion will not work with you, yet let the laws of that state wherein you live, the earnest desires and cares of your righteous prince prevail with you.

Chillingworth.

18.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

“**B**EHOLD that solemn procession”, exclaims the author, whom it is always a pleasure to quote, “through the aisles of the abbey church of St. Germain! The holy virgins in pure white robes, like very sanctity bearing bright tapers in their hands; crowds of holy laymen, the noble and the mechanic, side by side, alike humble, alike devout, the saintly students, the venerable clergy, slowly moving along, singing their pensive melody through the dusky space, shedding radiance as they pass along, while all around them lies in deep darkness. O, it is an impressive thing to mark the countenance of each one who glides before you. There are some who walk, rapt like men in sleep, unconscious of all around them, conversant only with the internal vision, in a rapture of angelic thought... During the ages of faith, the procession was considered an institution of no small importance, in an intellectual and spiritual point of view. Before those mystic flames, which seem to be mingled with the supernal luminaries,—emblems of the star which never sets,—it was thought that the delusive meteors of corrupt passions would die away, and be no more seen. That pious crowd, still increasing as it proceeded, which passed on, walking in such humble guise after the Blessed Sacrament, was in sooth a sublime spectacle, as exhibiting to the eye of the world a multitude of men, who sought to follow their ecclesiastical King, hungering and thirsting after him”.*

The Catholic procession is the overflowing of religious joy, beyond the vessel which usually contains it. It is the mystical stream which Ezechiel saw flowing from the altar of the holy place, and issuing abroad, through the temple gates; deepening and swelling, as it flows along, till it becomes a mighty torrent, bounding forward in exultation, and making a joyful noise as the sound of many waters. It is, in fact, the Church herself, who, not content with the fainter radiation of her blessings from their centre, at the shrine and the altar, goes forth to bear them, and to impart them to the abodes and resorts of her children. For, go into the spacious building, when its long ranks of clergy, and crowds of followers, have left it. You saw, but a few minutes before, the vast area covered with men and women, in their holiday attire, all giving abundant signs of life and joy, and the altar surrounded with a goodly array of ministers, vested according to their offices, richly and variously, moving in fragrant clouds of incense, while the atmosphere, up to the echoing vault, was filled with the organ's

* *Mores Catholici*, 6. v. p. 92.

peal and the choral song. And now you find it solitary and silent, emptied of all that formed its life, the many tapers burning still, and the fading wreaths from the censer subsiding like evening vapours, with none to enjoy the light and fragrance; and all the beauty and charms of the holy building are there, but no worshipper to be enamoured of them; and it really seems as though the material church still remained, while the spiritual is gone forth. It is like the beautiful body of a saint entranced, while the soul has flown afar on some errand of love. And so, in fact, it is; you hear, faint and distant, the cadence of the solemn chant, now sweeping fuller upon the wind, as the multitude that has gone forth sings, united, in some ampler space; then dying, and only murmuring through the windings of streets and alleys. It is the Church of God, the rival of heavenly choirs—"almae Sionis aemula"—that is diffusing blessings through the entire town or village, making its narrow ways the aisles of her vaster temple, the open squares its spreading nave, and the heavens, with their consenting angels, its noble vault. And in place of niches and images inanimate to adorn its walls, see every casement alive with glowing countenances, and tuneful voices; the sick man has had himself brought from his bed to join the festival, now come to his very doors; the aged and helpless matron is supported in the arms of her children, or sits and raises her palsied head at the threshold, to salute the Church's borne treasures; and the very babes exult in their mothers' arms, and stretch forth their little hands in glee, as did John in the womb of Elizabeth, at a similar visit. And now the sounds come swelling and increasing, but wavelike, as the flowing tide, till they strike once more against the roof, and re-echo through the arches; and the bright successive flashes of the torches, as they enter, and the stirring blood of life that spreads over the pavement, and the thronging array that again surrounds the altar, give back the animation, the spirit, the soul, that seemed to have been sundered, for a time, from the visible and material frame, restore to it utterance, and make it thrill once more with stirring life and sparkling joyousness.

Wiseman.

19.

CORPUS DOMINI IN TYROL.

WHY does the cannon rouse the echo's roar,
 To undulate in circles round the vale,
 Now faint, now loud, along the mountain's side
 Still grey in dawn? And why do peasants crowd
 The narrow streets in holiday attire?
 It is the "Corpus Domini". They come
 Down from their Alpine vales; their summer huts,
 Scarce visible aloft; their hamlets hid
 Far in the mountain's bosom. Their wide hats

Are garlanded with flowers; their crimson vest
 With sable leather crosswise braced, and girt
 With broad black belt, where cross and holy word
 Is broider'd with device of birds and trees,
 Clasp'd by a silver brooch; their manly knees
 Are bared for toil above the scarlet hose;
 And on the instep bare the bright rosette
 Clasps the low slipper, far too pliable
 To cramp the foot which can outstrip the roe,
 And match the chamois bounding on the rock.
 The women with their braided tresses, come,
 Unveil'd except by downcast modesty.
 Gold pin, and bodice white, and broider'd vest,
 And ample folds of linsey, coated high
 Above the ankle, like their ancestors.
 They crowd the aisles, they crowd the altar-step;
 Scarce can the patient Capuchin suffice
 To give communion. Another Mass,
 Another, yet another, while the crowds
 Press up continuous to the marble rail:—
 Look at that cherub-boy; his curling locks
 Fall from his upraised brow, and yet the priest
 To reach him stoops in vain; he bids him stand,
 And so communicates:—that tottering crone,
 Bareheaded, save one plate of snowy hair,
 Will sink amid the crush:—that aged man—
 But no—he is borne on upon the press,
 As on the eddy of the wave the weed.
 Still stragglers come belated; but the chimes,
 The bells, and cannons, mark the hour of seven:—
 All eyes are fix'd upon the solemn Mass;
 The Capuchin ascends the pulpit—all
 Turn to his earnest face; his eloquent lips
 They hear—forgetful that the chimes rang four
 When they first knelt there, and that kneeling still,
 And fasting still, they listen to his voice.
 At length the priests descend the goodly line,
 With sacerdotal pomp, and acolytes,
 And then the canopy:—before it still
 Each manly knee descends into the dust;
 The women kneeling bend, and clasp their beads.
 Forth from the church's portal winds the train;
 It passes down the street,—the casements high—
 The shops, the courtyards opening far within,—
 Are empty. Should some maiden pass along
 The low arcades which flank the narrow street,
 She pauses, and with downcast eyes awaits
 The passing of that holy company.
 They go bareheaded in the burning sun,
 Priests, men and women, in succession long;

Their eyes still fix'd upon the dusty way.
 Though close beside them flows the Passeyer,
 Fringed by the broad cool avenue, and spann'd
 Aloft by the rough planks of Alpine bridge,
 Tempting the wanderers to the hamlets green,
 And meads and hills, and the far Alpine peaks.
 They skirt the lofty walls; they pass the square,
 Where once Our Lady's statue wept to see
 The Gallic legions rushing on Meran:—
 Those eyes were fix'd in marble gaze again,
 Though round her throng'd the crowd, and though they knelt
 While the Remonstrance glitter'd o'er their heads,
 And the Lord gave His blessing. Still unmoved,
 When from the square the long procession pass'd,
 They enter'd by the massive barrier-gate
 The steep dark street; the canopy went on
 More slowly, and it waver'd oft and paused,
 So thick the crowds that kneel around the porch
 Of that throng'd churchyard, and it stoop'd to pass
 The portal low, while from the western door
 The last of that long line were flocking out,
 To gird, as with a living belt, the town.
 And then the Benediction, Vespers then,
 Sermons, and lights, and joyous litanies.
 How did the peasants pass that holiday?
 Tirol's rich wine in ruddy goblets flow'd,
 The song and dance resounded through the vale,
 Around the targets loiter'd many a group,
 And fast and loud the whizzing rifles rung;
 They say that wrestlers rough display'd their strength,
 While from a hundred villages the bells
 Rung for the Feast of Corpus Domini.

From "The Pilgrim".

20.

OF THE GOODNESS OF THE DEITY.

THE proof of the *divine goodness* rests upon two propositions:—each, as we contend, capable of being made out by observations drawn from the appearances of nature.

The first is, "that in a vast plurality of instances in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is *beneficial*".

The second, "that the Deity has superadded *pleasure* to animal sensations beyond what was necessary for any other purpose, or when

the purpose, so far as it was necessary, might have been effected by the operation of pain".

First, "in a vast plurality of instances in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is *beneficial*".

No productions of nature display contrivance so manifestly as the parts of animals; and the parts of animals have all of them, I believe, a real, and with very few exceptions, all of them a known and intelligible subserviency to the use of the animal. Now, when the multitude of animals is considered, the number of parts in each, their figure and fitness, the faculties depending upon them, the variety of species, the complexity of structure, the success, in so many cases, the felicity of the result, we can never reflect, without the profoundest adoration, upon the character of that Being from whom all these things have proceeded:—we cannot help acknowledging what an exertion of benevolence creation was; of a benevolence how minute in its care, how vast in its comprehension!

When we appeal to the parts and faculties of animals, and to the limbs and senses of animals in particular, we state, I conceive, the proper medium of proof for the conclusion which we wish to establish. I will not say that the insensible parts of nature are made solely for the sensitive parts, but this I say, that when we consider the benevolence of the Deity, we can only consider it in relation to sensitive being. Without this reference, or referred to anything else, the attribute has no object, the term has no meaning. Dead matter is nothing. The parts, therefore, especially the limbs and senses, of animals, although they constitute in mass and quantity a small portion of the material creation, yet, since they alone are instruments of perception, they compose what may be called the whole of visible nature, estimated with a view to the disposition of its Author. Consequently, it is in *these* that we are to seek his character. It is by these that we are to prove that the world was made with a benevolent design.

Nor is the design abortive. It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing". Swarms of new-born *flies* are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motion, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A *bee* amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The *whole winged* insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification. What else should fix them so

close to the operation, and so long? Other species are *running about*, with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half-covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the *waters* produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side, in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young *shrimps*, in the act of bounding in the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The *young* of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or, perhaps, of the single word which it has learnt to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run (which precedes walking), although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say, and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat, no less than with the playful kitten:—in the arm chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds, what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, “perception of ease”. Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one impor-

tant respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau, to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life, under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking, that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one:—as a Christian, I am willing to believe that there is a great deal of truth in the following representation given by a very pious writer, as well as excellent man:—“To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetite, of well regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed as it were on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is passed with the complacency of an approving conscience, and looks forward, with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations, towards his eternal and ever-increasing favour”.

What is seen in different stages of the same life, is still more exemplified in the life of different animals. Animal enjoyments are infinitely *diversified*. The modes of life, to which the organization of different animals respectively determines them, are not only of various, but of opposite kinds. Yet each is happy in its own. For instance: animals of prey live much alone; animals of a milder constitution in society. Yet the herring, which lives in shoals, and the sheep, which lives in flocks, are not more happy in a crowd, or more contented amongst their companions, than is the pike or the lion, with the deep solitudes of the pool or the forest.

But it will be said that the instances which we have here brought forward, whether of vivacity or repose, or of apparent enjoyment derived from either, are picked and favourable instances. We answer, first, that they are instances, nevertheless, which comprise large provinces of sensitive existence; that every case which we have described is the case of millions. At this moment, in every given moment of time, how many myriads of animals are eating their food, gratifying their appetites, ruminating in their holes, accomplishing their wishes, pursuing their pleasures, taking their pastimes! In each individual, how many things must go right for it to be at ease; yet how large a proportion out of every species is so in every assignable instant! Secondly, we contend, in the terms of our original proposition, that throughout the whole of life, as it is diffused in nature, and as far as we are acquainted with it, looking to the average of sensations, the plurality and the preponderancy is in favour

* Father's Instructions, by Dr. Percival, of Manchester, p. 317.

of happiness by a vast excess. In our own species, in which, perhaps, the assertion may be more questionable than any other, the prepolency of good over evil, of health, for example, and ease, over pain and distress, is evinced by the very notice which calamities excite. What inquiries does the sickness of our friends produce! what conversation their misfortunes! This shows that the common course of things is in favour of happiness; that happiness is the rule, misery the exception. Were the order reversed, our attention would be called to examples of health and competency, instead of disease and want.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of the Creator is the very *extensiveness* of his bounty. We prize but little what we share only in common with the rest, or with the generality of our species. When we hear of blessings, we think forthwith of successes, of prosperous fortunes, of honours, riches, preferments, i. e. of those advantages and superiorities over others, which we happen either to possess, or to be in pursuit of, or to covet. The common benefits of our nature entirely escape us. Yet these are the great things. These constitute what most properly ought to be accounted blessings of Providence; what alone, if we might so speak, are worthy of its care. Nightly rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs, and senses, and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other. Yet, because almost every man we meet with possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration. They raise no sentiment; they move no gratitude. Now, herein is our judgment perverted by our selfishness. A blessing ought in truth to be the *more* satisfactory — the bounty at least of the donor is rendered more conspicuous — by its very diffusion, its commonness, its cheapness; by its falling to the lot and forming the happiness of the great bulk and body of our species, as well as of ourselves. Nay, even when we do not possess it, it ought to be matter of thankfulness that others do. But we have a different way of thinking. We court distinction. That is not the worst; we *see* nothing but what has distinction to recommend it. This necessarily contracts our views of the Creator's beneficence within a narrow compass, and most unjustly. It is in those things which are so common as to be no distinction, that the amplitude of the Divine benignity is perceived.

Paley.

21.

KING JOHN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

HUB.

Heat me these irons hot:—and look thou stand
Within the arras*:—when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:—

* Tapestry.

And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair:—be heedful; hence, and watch.

I. ATTEND.

I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB.

Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you:—look to't.— [Exeunt Attendants.]
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

ARTH.

Good-morrow, Hubert.

HUB.

Good-morrow, little Prince.

ARTH.

As little Prince (having so great a title
To be more Prince) as may be.—You are sad.

HUB.

Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH.

Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I:—
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,*
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:—
He is afraid of me, and I of him:—
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB.

If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:—
Therefore, I will be sudden and despatch. [Aside.]

ARTH.

Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:—
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:—
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

HUB.

His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. (Showing a paper.)

How now, foolish rheum! [Aside.]

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

* Baptism.

ARTH.

Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:—
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB.

Young boy, I must.

ARTH.

And will you?

HUB.

And I will.

ARTH.

Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a Princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again:—
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a Prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; Do, an if you will:—
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor ever shall,
So much as frown on you?

HUB.

I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH.

Ah, none, but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat* red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:—
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye,
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue but Hubert's.

HUB.

Come forth. [Stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with Cord, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH.

O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

* Heated.

HUB.

Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH.

Alas! what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word
Nor look upon the iron angerly:—
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB.

Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

I. ATTEND.

I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [Exeunt Attendants.]

ARTH.

Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

HUB.

Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH.

Is there no remedy?

HUB.

None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH.

O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB.

Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH.

Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:—
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

HUB.

I can heat it, boy.

ARTH.

No, in good sooth:—the fire is dead with grief,
Being create* for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes:—See else, yourself;

* Created.

There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB.

But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH.

And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:—
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight
Snatch at his master that doth tarre* him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office:—only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extend,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB.

Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:**—
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH.

O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

HUB.

Peace:—no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:—
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTH.

O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

HUB.

Silence; no more:—Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

Shakspeare.

22.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

EVEN you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it. For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality

* Stimulate. ** Owns.

and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil; yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it being an effect of selflove, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable; or being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened, that, I mean, of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world, the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new born heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the Day of Judgement, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow; and at Doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all the world that Augustus Caesar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time, till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates:—all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which

account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude!

The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. Saint Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder, any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had, when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes* and sad accents; rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels, and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

Jeremy Taylor.

23.

RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN.

THERE is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass

* Lamentations.

out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you". The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver-spoons—an heirloom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed or coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine-bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet also groups of Dalekarlean peasant women, travelling homeward, or town-ward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch-bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadsides each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies that came lifeless into the world, were carried in the arms of grey-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened by a post to iron bands, and secured by a padlock with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and

con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower who went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words; but the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning-air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that has to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farm come riding in their blue cloaks streaming to the wind, and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom, between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-waggon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers, and ribands, and evergreens; and, as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the waggon, and, after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a Knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred", is the answer and to this the last replies, "Yes, were you seven times as many, you should be all welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup". Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the Maypole which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded

belt around the waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands but a soft heart. Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet thou art rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee; so thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third-penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave".

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage-feast, as he was at the marriage-feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes, but it is to her marriage-chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the norther's clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-coloured leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to

crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roofs of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church-songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jons Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar-Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! St. John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder, and in every village there is a maypole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses, and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand in hand beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft musical chime; and the watchman whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heaven, in a sonorous voice, he chants:—

“Ho! watchman, ho,
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand,
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry, he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

Longfellow.

* Names of popular stories.

24.

PARADISE LOST.

ASSEMBLING OF THE FALLEN ANGELS.

ALL these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Down cast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, t'have found their chief
 Not in despair, t'have found themselves not lost
 In loss itself, which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue:—but he, his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
 Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
 His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall,
 Who forthwith from the glitt'ring staff unfurl'd
 Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:—
 At which the universal host up sent
 A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air
 With orient colours waving:—with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
 Of depth immeasurable:—anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
 To height of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd,
 With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and suage,
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought
 Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
 Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear, and shield,

Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose: he through the armed files
 Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views, their order due,
 Their visages and statures as of Gods;
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
 Glories; for never since created man
 Met such embodied force, as, nam'd with these,
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
 That fought at Thebes, and Ilium on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
 And all who since, baptis'd or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander; he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th' Archangel:—but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,
 Waiting revenge:—cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain;
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd*
 Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd:—as when Heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,

* Deprived, robbed of.

With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
 To speak:—whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his peers: attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
 Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

Milton.

25.

THE FUGITIVES.

THE waters are flashing,
 The white hail is dashing,
 The lightnings are glancing,
 The hoar spray is dancing—
 Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
 The thunder is tolling,
 The forest is swinging,
 The minster bells ringing—
 Come away!

The earth is like ocean,
 Wreck-strewn and in motion:—
 Bird, beast, man, and worm,
 Have crept out of the storm—
 Come away!

'Our boat has one sail,
 And the helmsman is pale;—
 A bold pilot I trow,
 Who should follow us now',
 Shouted He—

And She cried:—'Ply the oar,
 Put off gaily from shore!'
 As she spoke, bolts of death
 Mixed with hail specked their path
 O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock,
 The blue beacon-cloud broke,
 Though dumb in the blast,
 The red cannon flashed fast
 From the lee.

'And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
 And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?
 And drive we not free
 O'er the terrible sea
 I and thou?'

One boat-cloak did cover
 The loved and the lover—
 Their blood beats one measure,
 They murmur proud pleasure
 Soft and low;—

While around the lashed ocean,
 Like mountains in motion,
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,
 Sunk, shattered, and shifted
 To and fro.

In the court of the fortress,
 Beside the pale portress,
 Like a blood-hound well beaten
 The Bridegroom stands eaten
 By shame:—

On the topmost watch-turret
 As a death-boding spirit,
 Stands the grey tyrant father,
 To his voice the mad weather
 Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
 As e'er clung to child,
 He devotes to the blast
 The best, loveliest, and last
 Of his name!

Shelley.

ON THE POETRY IN WORDS.

COLERIDGE has said: "In order to get the full sense of a word, we should first present to our minds the visual image that forms its primary meaning". What admirable counsel is here. If we would but accustom ourselves to the doing of this, what vast increases of precision and force would all the language which we speak, and which others speak to us, obtain; how often would that which is now obscure at once become clear; how distinct the limits and boundaries of that which is often now confused and confounded. It is difficult to measure the amount of food for the imagination, as well as gains for the intellect, which the observing of this single rule would afford us. Let me illustrate this by one or two examples. We say of such a man that he is 'desultory'. Do we attach any very distinct meaning to the word? Perhaps not. But get at the image on which 'desultory' rests; take the word to pieces; learn that it is from *de* and *salto*, 'to leap from one thing to another', as a man who in the ring,* technically called a 'desultor', riding two or three horses at once, leaps from one to the other, being never on the back of any of them long; take, I say, the word thus to pieces, and put it together again, and what a firm and vigorous grasp will you have now of its meaning. A 'desultory' man is one who jumps from one study to another, and never continues for any time in one.

Again you speak of a person as 'capricious' as being full of 'caprices'; but what exactly are 'caprices'? 'Caprice' is from *capra* a 'goat'. If ever you have watched a goat, you will have observed how sudden, how unexpected, how unaccountable are the leaps and springs, now forward, now sideward, in which he indulges. A 'caprice' then is a movement of the mind as unaccountable, as little to be calculated on beforehand, as the springs and bounds of a goat. Is not the word so understood a far more picturesque one than it was before? And is there not some real gain in the vigour and vividness of impression which is in this way obtained?

The poetry which has been embodied in the names of places, in those names which designate the leading features of outward nature, promontories, mountains, capes and the like, is very worthy of being elicited and evoked anew, latent as it now has sometimes become. Nowhere do we so easily forget that names had once a peculiar fitness, which was the occasion of their giving. Colour has sometimes suggested the name as in the well-known instance of our own 'Albion' "the silver-coasted isle" as Tennyson so beautifully has called it, which had the name from the white line of cliffs which it presents to those approaching it by the narrow seas. Oftener, perhaps, it is shape which is incorporated in the name as in 'Trinacria' or 'the three-cornered land', which was the Greek name of Sicily. But more striking as the embodiment of a poetical feeling is the modern name of the great southern peninsula of Greece. We are all aware that it is called the 'Morea'; but we may not be so well aware from whence that name is derived. It had long been the fashion among ancient Geographers to compare the shape of this region to a

* Arena.

platane leaf; and a glance at the map will show that the general outline of that leaf, with its sharply-incised edges, justified the comparison. This, however, had remained merely as a comparison; but at the shifting and changing of names, which went with the breaking up of the old Greek and Roman civilization, the resemblance of this region to a leaf, not now, however, a platane, but a mulberry leaf, appeared so strong, that it exchanged its old name of Peloponnesus for 'Morea' which embodied men's sense of this resemblance, *morus* being a mulberry-tree in Latin, and *morea* in Greek.

Oftentimes when discoverers come upon a new land they will seize with a firm grasp of the imagination the most striking features which it presents to their eyes, and permanently embody this in a word. Thus the island of Madeira is now, I believe, nearly bare of wood, but its sides were covered with forests at the time when it was first discovered, and hence the name, 'Madeira' in Portuguese having this meaning of wood. So too the first Spanish discoverers of Florida gave to it this name from the rich carpeting of flowers which, at the time when first their eyes beheld it, every where covered the soil. Surely Florida, as the name passes under our eye, or from our lips, is something more than it was before, when we may think thus of it as the land of flowers. An Italian poet, Fazio degli Uberti, tells us that Florence had its appellation from the same cause:

"Poichè era posta in un prato di fiori,
Le danno il nome bello, onde s'ingloria".

The name of Port Natal also embodies an interesting fact, namely that this port was discovered on Christmas Day, the *dies natalis* of our Lord.

Then again what poetry is there, as indeed there ought to be, in the names of flowers. I do not speak of those, the exquisite grace and beauty of whose names is forced on us so that we cannot miss it, such as ,meadow-sweet', 'eye-bright', 'sun-dew', 'forget-me-not', 'Venus' looking-glass', 'queen-of-the-meadows', 'love-in-idleness', 'Reine Marguerite', and the like; but take 'daisy'; surely this charming little English flower which has stirred the peculiar affection of English poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth, and received the tribute of their song, becomes more charming yet when we know, as Chaucer long ago has told us that 'daisy' is day's eye, the eye of day; these are his words:

"That well by reason it men call may
The *daisie*, or else the eye of day".

For only consider how much is implied here. To the sun in the heavens this name, eye of day, was naturally first given; and those who transferred the title to our little field-flower meant no doubt to liken its inner yellow disk or shield to the great golden orb of the sun, and the white florets which encircle this disk to the ray which the sun spreads on all sides round him. What imagination was here, to suggest a comparison such as this, binding together as this does the smallest and the greatest! what a travelling of the poet's eye, with the power which is the privilege of that eye, from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth, and uniting both!

And then again, what poetry is there often in the names of birds and beasts and fishes, and indeed of all the animated world around us; how skilfully are these names adapted to bring out the most striking and characteristic features of the objects to which they are given. Thus when the Romans became acquainted with the stately Giraffe, long concealed from them in the inner wilds of Africa, (which we learn from Pliny they first did in the shows exhibited by Julius Cæsar) it was happily imagined to designate a creature combining, though with infinitely more grace, yet something of the height and even of the proportions of the *camel* with the spotted skin of the *pard*, by a name which should incorporate both these its most prominent features calling it the 'Camelopard'. Nor can we, I think, hesitate to accept that account as the true one, which describes the word as no artificial creation of the scientific naturalist, but as bursting extempore from the lips of the populace at the first moment when the novel creature was presented to their gaze. 'Cerf-volant', a name which the French have so happily given to the horned scarabeus, the same which we somewhat less poetically call the 'stag-beetle', is another example of what may be effected with the old materials, by merely bringing them into new and happy combinations.

You know the appearance of the lizard, and the *star*-like shape of the spots which are sown over its back. Well, in Latin it is called 'Stellio' from *stella* a star; just as in like manner the basilisk was so called in Greek (the word means 'little king') because of the shape as of a *kingly* crown which the spots on its head may be made by the fancy to assume. Need I remind you of our 'goldfinch', evidently so called from that bright patch of yellow on its wing; our 'kingfisher', having its name from the royal beauty, the kingly splendour of the plumage with which it is adorned. The lady-bird, or lady-cow, is prettily named, as indeed the whole legend about it is full of grace and fancy. But a common name which in many of our country parts it bears, 'the golden knob' is prettier still.

This word reminds me of the vast amount of legendary lore which is every where bound up in words, and which they, if duly solicited, will yield back to us again. For example, the Greek word 'halcyon' which we have adopted without change, has reference, and wraps up in itself an allusion, to one of the most beautiful and significant legends of heathen antiquity; according to which the sea preserved a perfect calmness for all the period, the fourteen "halcyon days" during which this bird was brooding over her nest. The poetry of the name survives, whether the name suggested the legend, or the legend the name.

Very curious is the determination which some words, indeed many, seem to manifest, that their poetry shall not die; or, if it dies in one form, that it shall revive in another. Thus if there is danger that, transferred from one language to another, they shall no longer speak to the imagination of men as they did of old, they will make to themselves a new life, they will acquire a new soul in the room of that which has ceased to quicken and inform them any more. Let me make clear what I mean by one or two examples. The Germans, knowing nothing of caruncles, had naturally no word of their own for them, and when they first found it necessary to name them, as naturally borrowed the Latin

'carbunculus' which originally had meant 'a little live coal' to designate these precious stones of a fiery red colour. But 'carbunculus', though a real word, full of poetry and life, for a Latin, would have been only an arbitrary sign for as many as were ignorant of that language. What then did they, or what rather did the working genius of the language do? It adopted, but in adopting, modified slightly but effectually the word, changing it into 'Karfunkel', thus retaining the outlines of the original, yet at the same time, as 'funkeln' signifies 'to sparkle' reproducing now in an entirely novel manner the image of the bright sparkling of the stone, for every knower of the German tongue. Take another illustration of this from another quarter. The French 'rossignol', a nightingale, is undoubtedly the Latin 'lusciniola' the diminutive of 'luscinia' with the alteration which so frequently finds place in the Romance languages of the commencing *l* into *r*. Whatever may be the etymology of 'luscinia' whether it be 'in lucis cano' the singer in the groves, or 'lugens cano' the mourning singer, or 'in lucem cano' the singer until dawn, or, as is most probable, 'luscus cano' the weak-eyed and therefore twilight singer, with which our nightingale would most closely correspond, it is plain that for Frenchmen in general the word would no longer be suggestive of any of these meanings, hardly even for French scholars, after the serious transformations it had undergone; while yet, at the same time, in the exquisitely musical 'rossignol' and still more perhaps in the Italian 'usignuolo' there is an evident intention and endeavour to express something of the music of the bird's song in the liquid melody of the imitative name which it bears; and thus to put a new soul into the word, in lieu of that other which it has let go.

I have said that poetry and imagination seek to penetrate everywhere; and this is literally true; for even the hardest, austere studies cannot escape their influence; they will put something of their own life into the dry bones of a nomenclature which seems the remotest from them, the most opposed to them. He who in prosody called a metrical foot of one long syllable followed by two short (— — —) a 'dactyle' or a finger, with allusion to the long first joint of the finger and the two shorter which follow, whoever he may have been, and some one must have done it the first, he must be allowed to have brought a certain amount of imagination into a study so alien to it as prosody very well might appear.

In other regions it was only to be expected that we should find poetry. Thus it is nothing strange that architecture, which has been called frozen music, and which is poetry embodied in material forms, should have a language of its own. To take only one example—this however from Gothic art, which naturally yields the most remarkable—what exquisite poetry in the name of "the rose window", or better still 'the rose' given to the rich circular aperture of stained glass, with its leaf-like compartments, in either transept of the Gothic cathedral. Here indeed we may note an exception from that which usually finds place; for usually art borrows beauty from nature, and very faintly, if at all, reflects beauty back upon her. In this present instance, however, art is so beautiful, has reached so glorious and perfect a development, that if the associations which the rose supplies, lend to that window some hues of beauty and a glory which it otherwise would not have, the latter abundantly

repays the obligation, and even the rose itself may become lovelier still, associated with those shapes of grace, those rich gorgeous tints, and all the religious symbolism of that in art which has borrowed and bears its name. After this it were little to note the imagination, although that was most real, which dictated the term 'flamboyant' to express the wavy flame-like outline which, at a particular period of art, the tracery in the gothic window assumed.

'Godsacre' or 'Godsfield' which is the German name for a burial-ground, and which once was our own, though we unfortunately have nearly, if not quite, let it go, what a hope full of immortality does this little word proclaim; how rich is it in all the highest elements of poetry, and of poetry in its noblest alliance, that is, in its alliance with faith—able as it is to cause all loathsome images of decay and dissolution to disappear, not denying them, but suspending, losing, taking them up into the sublimer thought of the victory over death, of a harvest of life, which God shall one day reap even there where now seems the very triumphing place of death.

We all know, in a general way, that the word 'tribulation', which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin 'tribulum' which was the threshing instrument or roller, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and tribulatio in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity, being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, therefore he called these sorrows and trials 'tribulations' threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. Now in proof of my assertion that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of pure gold capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold-leaf, I will quote in reference to this very word 'tribulation' a graceful composition by George Wither, an early English poet, which you will at once perceive is all wrapped up in this word, being from first to last only the expanding of the image and thought which this word has implicitly given; these are his lines:

"Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found their worth is not so much,
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God's correction
Have threshed out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by the sacred Spirit winnowed from us ;

Until from us the straw of wordly treasures,
 Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
 Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
 To thresh the husk of this our flesh away;
 And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
 Till God shall make our spirit very poor,
 We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;
 But then we shall;—and that is my desire”.

Chenevix Trench.

27.

OF TRUTH.

WHAT is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting freewill in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in the finding out of truth, nor again, that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour, but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the latter school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; which neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell; this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights.

Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunken things, full of melancholy, and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers called poesy "*vinum dæmonum*" (the wine of demons), because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spoke of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature.

The first creation of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath-work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet* that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth", (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene) "and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below": so always, that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business; it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet.

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge? Saith he, "If it be well weighed, to say, that a man lieth, is as much as to say, that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man". Surely the wickedness of falsehood, and breach of faith, cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, "he shall not find faith upon the earth".

Bacon.

28.

FROM PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
 And as she listen'd to the Springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

* The Latin epicurean poet Lucretius.

"How happy", exclaim'd this child of air,
 "Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
 "Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;
 "Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 "And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 "One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all !

"Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
 "With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
 "And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall ;
 "Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
 "And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
 "Yet—oh, 't is only the Blest can say
 "How the waters of Heaven outshine them all !

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 "From world to luminous world, as far
 "As the universe spreads its flaming wall:—
 "Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 "And multiply each through endless years,
 "One minute of Heaven is worth them all !"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;
 And as he nearer drew and listen'd
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
 Blooms no where but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line !"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
 "'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
 "*The Peri yet may be forgiven*
 "*Who brings to this Eternal gate*
 "*The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*
 "Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—
 "'T is sweet to let the Pardon'd in."

Rapidly as comets run
 To th' embraces of the Sun;—
 Fleeter than the starry brands
 Flung at night from angel hands
 At those dark and daring sprites
 Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for Heav'n?—"I know
 "The wealth," she cries, of every urn,
 "In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
 "Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;
 "I know where the Isles of Perfume are
 "Many a fathom down in the sea,
 "To the south of sun-bright Araby;

 "I know, too, where the Genii hid
 "The jewell'd cup of their King Jamshid,
 "With Life's elixir sparkling high—
 "But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 "Where was there ever a gem that shone
 "Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?
 "And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
 "In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of Eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below!
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sun-light falls;—
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
 As they were all alive with light;
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam
 Variously in the crimson beam
 Of the warm West,—as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 Th' unclouded skies of Peristan.
 And then the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales;
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales.

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the Sun look down
 On that great Temple, once his own,
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon
 An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even
 In the rich West begun to wither;—
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue-damsel flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
 And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall

From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime,
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air;
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hand and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.

Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And now felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
“There was a time”, he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—“thou blessed child!
“When, young and haply pure as thou,
“I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—”
He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop", said the Peri, "that down from the moon
 Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
 So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health re-animates earth and skies;—
 Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop has dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble pray'r,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'T was when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well th' enraptur'd Peri knew
 'T was a bright smile the Angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear,
 Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
 Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
 And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die
 Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
 My feast is now of the Tooba Tree
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright, and brief;—
 Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,

"To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
 "Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
 "Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
 "The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

Moore.

29.

CHARACTER OF LAS CASAS.

IN parting from Las Casas it must be felt that all ordinary eulogies would be feeble and inadequate. His was one of those few lives that are beyond biography, and require a history to be written in order to illustrate. His career affords perhaps a solitary instance of a man who, being neither a conqueror, a discoverer nor an inventor, has, by the pure force of benevolence, become so notable a figure, that large portions of history cannot be written, or at least cannot be understood, without the narrative of his deeds and efforts being made one of the principal threads upon which the history is strung. In early American history Las Casas is, undoubtedly the principal figure. His extraordinary longevity has something to do with this pre-eminence. Very few men can be named who have taken so active a part in public affairs over such an extended period as nearly seventy years. He was an important person in reference to all that concerned the Indies, during the reigns of Ferdinand the Catholic, of Philip the Handsome, of his son Charles the Fifth, and of Philip the Second. Other men have undertaken great projects of benevolence, and have partially succeeded in them; but there is not any man whose success or failure, in such endeavours, has led to the great civil and military events which ensued upon the successes and failures of Las Casas. Take away all he said, and did, and preached, and wrote, and preserved (for the early historians of the New World owe the records of many of their most valuable facts to him); and the history of the conquest would lose a considerable portion of its most precious materials.

It may be fearlessly asserted that Las Casas had a greater number of bitter enemies than any man who lived in his time; and many were the accusations they brought against him. But these were for the most part frivolous in the extreme, or were pointed at such failings as are manifest to every reader of his life. There is nothing unexpected in them. That he was hasty, vehement, uncompromising, and occasionally, though rarely, indiscreet, must be very clear to every one. But such a man was needed. It was for others to suggest expedients and compromises. During his life-time there was always one person to maintain that strict justice should be done to the Indians, and to uphold the great principle that monarchs were set to rule for the benefit of their subjects. Without him the cause of the native would at once have descended into a lower level. Then, though vehement, he was eminently persuasive, and few who came near him escaped the influence of his powerful and attractive

mind. The one event of his life which his enemies fastened upon for censure, and as regards which their accusations are certainly not frivolous, was his unfortunate attempt at colonization on the coast of Cumaná. To do those enemies justice, it must be admitted that they did not know the motives which had actuated him in obtaining that territory, nor how little blame could be attributed to him for the failure of that romantic enterprise. They could only ridicule his labourers, adorned with crosses, as they said, like the knights of Calatrava; and declare that, as a colonist, he had made a signal failure. These accusers were not aware that, but for the rapacity of conquerors like themselves, who had previously infuriated the natives, Las Casas might have succeeded in converting and civilizing the inhabitants of the Pearl Coast, as he afterwards succeeded in peaceably reducing the inhabitants of the "Land of War".

The event in his life which his contemporaries did not notice, but which has since been much deplored, and greatly magnified, was his being concerned in the introduction of negroes into the New World. For this he has himself made a touching and most contrite apology, expressing at the same time a fear lest his small share in the transaction might never be forgiven to him. In the cause of the Indians, whether he upheld it in speech, in writing or in action, he appears never for one moment to have swerved from the exact path of equity. He has been justly called "The Great Apostle of the Indies".

Helps.

30.

W O R K.

IT has been written, "an endless significance lies in work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring afar off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny on the whole has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set it *revolving*,—grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a chaos, but a round compacted world. What would become of the earth did she cease to revolve? In the poor old earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are

incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the potters wheel—one of the venerablest objects; old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle, unrevolving man, the kindest destiny like the most assiduous potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work; a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud swamp of one's existence, like an ever deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his god-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, 'Selfknowledge' and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone'.

Carlyle.

31.

STRIVE, WAIT, PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away.
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanish'd
And a shadow upon its brow;

Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

Adelaide A. Procter.

32.

WINTER WALK AT NOON.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood ;
 The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck
 The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
 And through the trees I view th' embattled tower,
 Whence all the music. I again perceive
 The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
 And settle in soft musings as I tread
 The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
 The roof, though moveable through all its length
 As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,
 And, intercepting in their silent fall
 The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
 No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
 The redbreast warbles still, but is content
 With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd :
 Pleased with his solitude, and fitting light
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
 From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
 That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
 Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here
 May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
 May give a useful lesson to the head,
 And learning wiser grow without his books.
 Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
 Have ofttimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
 Till smooth'd and squar'd and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits
 Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.
 Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment, hoodwink'd. Some the style

Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
 Of error leads them by a tune entranced ;
 While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,
 And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
 But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 — And sheep walks populous with bleating lambs,
 And lanes in which the primrose, ere her time,
 Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there and truth,
 Not shy as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

What prodigies can power divine perform
 More grand than it produces year by year,
 And all in sight of inattentive man?
 Familiar with th' effect, we slight the cause,
 And in the constancy of Nature's course,
 The regular return of genial months,
 And renovation of a faded world,
 See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
 As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
 Of th' undeviating and punctual sun,
 How would the world admire! But speaks it less
 An agency divine, to make him know
 His moment when to sink and when to rise,
 Age after age, than to arrest his course?
 All we behold is miracle; but seen
 So duly, all is miracle in vain.
 Where now the vital energy that mov'd,
 While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
 Trough the imperceptible meandering veins
 Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and th' icy touch
 Of unprolific winter has impress'd
 A cold stagnation on th' intestine tide.
 But let the months go round, a few short months,
 And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots
 Barren as lances, among which the wind
 Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
 Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
 And more aspiring, and with ampler spread
 Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
 Then each, in its peculiar honours clad,
 Shall publish even to the distant eye
 Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
 In streaming gold; syringa, ivory pure;
 The scentless and the scented rose; this red,

And of a humbler growth, the other tall,
 And throwing up into the darkest gloom
 Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
 Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
 That the wind severs from the broken wave;
 The lilac, various in array, now white,
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
 With purple spikes pyramidal, as if,
 Studious of ornament, yet, unresolv'd
 Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all:
 Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
 But well compensating her sickly looks
 With never-cloying odours, early and late;
 Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
 Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
 That scarce a leaf appears; mezereon too,
 Though leafless, well attir'd, and thick beset
 With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;
 Althæa with the purple eye; the broom,
 Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
 Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
 The jessamine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.
 These have been, and these shall be in their day;
 And all this uniform, uncolour'd scene
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
 And flush into variety again.
 From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
 Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
 In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
 The grand transition, that there lives and works
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
 The beauties of the wilderness are his,
 That make so gay the solitary place
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms
 That cultivation glories in are his,
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year;
 He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
 And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
 Uninjur'd, with inimitable art;
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Cowper.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

AS the vessel in which the saint embarked for India fell down the Tagus and shook out her reefs to the winds, many an eye was dimmed with unwonted tears; for she bore a regiment of a thousand men to reinforce the garrison of Goa; nor could the bravest of that gallant host gaze on the receding land without foreboding that he might never see again those dark chestnut forests and rich orange groves, with the peaceful convents and long-loved homes reposing in their bosom. The countenance of Xavier alone beamed with delight. He knew that he should never tread his native mountains more; but he was not an exile. He was to depend for food and raiment on his fellow-passengers, but no thought for the morrow troubled him. He was going to convert nations of which he knew not the language nor even the names; but he felt no misgivings. Worn by incessant sea-sickness, with the refuse food of the lowest seamen for his diet, and the cordage of his ship for his couch, he rendered to the diseased services too revolting to be described; and lived among the dying and the profligate, the unwearied minister of consolation and peace. In the midst of that floating throng, he knew how to create for himself a sacred solitude, and how to mix in all their pursuits, in the free spirit of the man of the world, a gentleman and a scholar. With the viceroy and the officers he talked, as pleased them best, of war or trade, of politics or navigation; and to restrain the common soldiers from gambling, would invent for their amusement less dangerous pastimes, or even hold the stakes for which they played, that by his presence and his gay discourse, he might at least check the excesses which he could not prevent.

Five weary months brought the ship to Mozambique, where an endemic fever threatened a premature grave to the Apostle of the Indies. But his was not a spirit to be quenched or allayed by the fieriest paroxysms of disease. At each remission of his malady he crawled to the beds of his fellows sufferers to soothe their terrors, or assuage their pains. To the eye of any casual observer, the most wretched of all mankind; in the esteem of his companions the happiest and the most holy; he reached Goa just thirteen months after his departure from Lisbon.

At Goa he was shocked, and had fear been an element of his nature, would have been dismayed by the almost universal depravity of the inhabitants. It exhibited itself in those offensive forms which characterise the crimes of civilised men when settled among a feebler race, and released from even the conventional decencies of civilisation. Swinging in his hand a large bell, he traversed the sheets of the city, and implored the astonished crowd to send their children to him, to be instructed in the religion which they still at least professed. Though he had never been addressed by the soul-stirring name of father, he knew that in the hardest and most dissolute heart which had once felt the parental instinct, there is one cord which can never be wholly out of tune. A crowd of little ones was quickly placed under his charge. He lived among them as the most laborious of teachers, and the gentlest and the gayest of friends; and then returned them to their homes, that, by their more hallowed

example, they might there impart, with all the unconscious eloquence of filial love, the lessons of wisdom and of piety they had been taught. No cry of human misery reached him in vain. He became an inmate of the hospitals, selecting that of the leprous, as the object of his peculiar care. Even at the tables of the profligate, he was to be seen an honored and a welcome guest; delighting that most unmeet audience with the vivacity of his discourse, and sparing neither pungent jests to render vice ridiculous, nor sportive flatteries to allure the fallen back to the still distasteful paths of soberness and virtue. Strong in purity of purpose, and stronger still in one sacred remembrance, he was content to be called the friend of publicans and sinners. He had in truth long since deserted the standard of prudence,—the offspring of forethought, for the banners of wisdom—the child of love, and followed them through perils not to be hazarded under any less triumphant leader.

From the days of St. Paul to our own, the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne onward so triumphantly through distress and danger, in all their most appalling aspects. He battled with hunger and thirst, and nakedness and assassination, and pursued his mission of love, with even increasing ardour, amidst the wildest war of the contending elements. At the island of Moro (one of the group of the Moluccas) he took his stand at the foot of a volcano, and as the pillar of fire threw up its wreaths to heaven, and the earth tottered beneath him, and the firmament was rent by falling rocks and peals of unintermitting thunder, he pointed to the fierce lightnings, and the river of molten lava, and called on the agitated crowd, that clung to him for safety, to repent and obey the truth; figuring to them at the same time, that the sounds which racked their ears were as the groans of the infernal world, and the sights which blasted their eyes, as an outbreak from the atmosphere of the place of torment. Repairing for the celebration of mass to some edifice which he had consecrated for the purpose, an earthquake shook the building to its base. The terrified worshippers fled; but Xavier standing in meek composure before the rocking altar, deliberately completed that mysterious sacrifice, rejoicing, as he states, in his description of the scene, to perceive that the demons of the Island thus attested their flight before the archangel's sword, from the place where they had so long exercised their foul dominion.

There is no schoolboy of our days who could not teach much, unsuspected by St. Francis Xavier, of the laws which govern the material and spiritual worlds; but we have not many doctors who know as much as he did of the nature of Him, by whom the worlds of matter and of spirit were created; for he studied in the school of protracted martyrdom and active philanthropy, where are divulged secrets unknown and unimagined by the wisest and most learned of ordinary men. Among men he lived as if to show how little the grandeur of the human soul depends on mere intellectual power. His it was to demonstrate with what vivifying rays a heart imbued with the love of God may warm and kindle the nations. Scholars criticised, wits jested, prudent men admonished, and kings opposed him; but on moved Francis Xavier, borne forward by an impulse which crushed and scattered to the winds all such puny obstacles. In ten short years, a solitary wanderer, destitute of all human aid, as if

mercy had lent him wings, and faith an impenetrable armour, he traversed oceans, islands, and continents through a tract equal to more than twice the circumference of our globe; every where preaching, disputing, baptizing, and founding christian churches. It is miraculous that any mortal man should have sustained such toils as he did; and have sustained them too, not merely with composure, but as if in obedience to some indestructible exigency of his nature.

"The Father Master Francis" 'the words of his associate Melchior Nunez, "when laboring for the salvation of idolators, seemed to act, not by any acquired power, but as by some natural instinct; for he could neither take pleasure, nor even exist, except in such employments. They were his repose; and when he was leading men to the knowledge and love of God, however much he exerted himself, he never appeared to be making any effort". Ten hundred thousand, a million, of converts are numbered as the fruits of his mission. Kings, rajahs, and princes were always, when possible, the first objects of his care. Some such conquests he certainly made; and as the flocks would often follow their shepherds, the christian fold must have been entered by thousands and tens of thousands. But if Xavier taught the mighty of the earth, it was for the sake of the poor and miserable, and with them chiefly he dwelt. He dwelt with them on terms ill enough corresponding with the vulgar notions of a saint. "You my friends" said he to a band of soldiers who had hidden their cards at his approach, "belong to no religious order, nor can you pass whole days in devotion. Amuse yourselves. To you it is not forbidden, if you neither cheat, quarrel, nor swear, when you play". Then good humouredly sitting down in the midst of them, he challenged one of the party to a game at chess, and was found at the board by Don Diego Novagna, whose curiosity had brought him from far to see so holy a man, and to catch some fragments of that solemn discourse which must be ever flowing from his lips. The grandee would have died in the belief that the saint was a hypocrite, unless, by good fortune he had afterwards chanced to break in on his retirement, and to find him there suspended between earth and heaven in a rapture of devotion, with a halo of celestial glory encircling his head.

The earthly toils and projects of the saint were now to cease for ever. The angel of death appeared with a summons, for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital power. It was a solitude and an agony, for which the happiest of the sons of men, might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest of the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful one endured for his deliverance, and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith; and audible to the dying martyr through the yielding bars of his mortal prison-house, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears

burst from his fading eyes, tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated, as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming, "In thee, O Lord, I have hoped; let me not be confounded for ever!" he bowed his head and died.

Edinburgh Review.

34.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

THERE lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a Widow-Lady of the Lambertini Family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the State had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the Cathedral; her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity; her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a Court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But Fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines; where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing, when in my youth I passed that way; though the sign of the White Cross (la Croce Bianca) the Cross of the Hospitalers, was no longer to be seen over the door; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grandmaster of that Order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain-stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her; when an event took place, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes, and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery; and the slain, as on an

opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length, they rose to go; and the Venetian thus addressed their Hostess: "Excellent Lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?" "You may", she replied gaily. But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?"—"In your word, Lady."

"But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the Church; for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment."—"If you will write it".

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo the Village-physician, who had just called on his mule to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—not to two, but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag as the others have done"; and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a Cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief she threw herself on her daughter's neck, "What will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? . . . Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A Process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with the gold; she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her! "Go, Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous and will listen to the Unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel, as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate; and the Cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover, and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently

under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain lest her beauty should divert their thoughts from the subject; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?—"Were I as mighty as I am weak", said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the Friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your Mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you".

The day arrives and the court assembles. The claim is stated and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them: "Reverend Signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled and to the last letter. It is what we solicit what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it".

From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed Fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage feast, or who sat beside him.

Rogers.

35.

THE MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies.
 Th' aetherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid;
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 O, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:—
 "Prepare the way! A God, a God appears!"
 "A God, a God!" the vocal hills reply;
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise;
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
 Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'T is he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In adamant chains shall death he bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air;
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods:
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabeen springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

Pope.

THE ANGLO SAXONS AND THEIR CONVERSION.

TIME was, when the forefathers of our race were a savage tribe, inhabiting a wild district beyond the limits of this quarter of the earth. Whatever brought them thither, they had no local attachments there or political settlement; they were a restless people, and whether urged forward by enemies or by desire of plunder, they left their place, and passing through the defiles of the mountains on the frontiers of Asia, they invaded Europe, setting out on a journey towards the farther west. Generation after generation passed away; and still this fierce and haughty race moved forward. On, on they went; but travel availed them not; the change of place could bring them no truth, or peace, or hope, or stability of heart; they could not flee from themselves. They carried with them their superstitions and their sins, their gods of iron and of clay, their savage sacrifices, their lawless witchcrafts, their hatred of their kind, and their ignorance of their destiny. At length they buried themselves in the deep forests of Germany, and gave themselves up to indolent repose; but they had not found their rest; they were still heathens, making the fair trees, the primeval work of God, and the innocent beasts of the chase, the objects and the instruments of their idolatrous worship. And, last of all, they crossed over the strait and made themselves masters of this island, and gave their very name to it; so that whereas it had hitherto been called Britain, the southern part, which was their main seat, obtained the name of England. And now they had proceeded forward nearly as far as they could go, unless they were prepared to look across the great ocean, and anticipate the discovery of the world which lies beyond it.

What, then, was to happen to this restless race, which had sought for happiness and peace across the globe, and had not found it? Was it to grow old in its place, and dwindle away, and consume in the fever of its own heart, which admitted no remedy? or was it to become great by being overcome, and to enjoy the only real life of man, and rise to his only true dignity by being subjected to a Master's yoke? Did its Maker and Lord see any good thing in it, of which, under His divine nurture, profit might come to His elect, and glory to His name? He looked upon it, and He saw nothing there to claim any visitation of His grace, or to merit any relaxation of the awful penalty which its lawlessness and impiety had incurred. It was a proud race, which feared neither God nor man—a race ambitious, selfwilled, obstinate, and hard of belief, which would dare everything, even the eternal pit, if it was challenged to do so. I say, there was nothing there of a nature to reverse the destiny which His righteous decrees have assigned to those who sin wilfully and despise Him. But the Almighty Lover of souls looked once again; and He saw in that poor, forlorn, and ruined nature, which He had in the beginning filled with grace and light, He saw in it, not what merited His favour, not what would adequately respond to His influences, not what was a necessary instrument of His purposes, but what would illustrate and preach abroad His grace, if He took pity on it. He saw in it a natural nobleness, a simplicity, a frankness of character, a love of truth,

a zeal for justice, an indignation at wrong, an admiration of purity, a reverence for law, a keen appreciation of the beautiful and majesty of order, nay, further, a tenderness and an affectionateness of heart, which He knew would become the glorious instruments of His high will, when illuminated and vivified by His supernatural gifts. And so He who, did it so please Him, could raise up children to Abraham out of the very stones of the earth, nevertheless determined in this instance in His free mercy to unite what was beautiful in nature with what was radiant in grace; and, as if those poor Anglo-Saxons had been too fair to be heathen, therefore did He rescue them from the devil's service and the devil's doom, and bring them into the house of His holiness and the mountain of His rest.

It is an old story and a familiar, and I need not go through it. I need not tell you, how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and, without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ like a vision of glory came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth, it was poured out over the whole land, till one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. In a hundred years the work was done; the idols, the sacrifices, the mummeries of paganism flitted away and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the Cross were found in their stead. The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a ministry, a ritual of its own; it had a hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre and crosier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and day after day, in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march of blessed services on earth, high festival and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer; till he who recollected the old pagan time, would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvellously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

Such was the change which came over our forefathers; such was the Religion bestowed upon them, bestowed on them as a second grant, after the grant of the territory itself; nay, it might almost have seemed as the divine guarantee or pledge of its occupation. And you know its name; there can be no mistake, you know what that religion was called. It was called

by no modern name—for modern religions then where not. You know, *what* religion has priests and sacrifices, and mystical rites, and the monastic rule, and care for the souls of the dead, and the profession of an ancient faith, coming through all ages from the Apostles. There is one, and only one, religion such; it is known every where; every poor boy in the street knows the name of it; there never was a time, since it first was, that its name was not known, and known to the multitude. It is called *Catholicism*—a world-wide name, and incommunicable; attached to us from the first; accorded to us by our enemies; in vain attempted, never stolen from us, by our rivals. Such was the worship which the English people gained when they emerged out of paganism into gospel light.

Newman.

37.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or th' echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy house wife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees th' envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade:—nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

But even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd with hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:—
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.

38.

VALUE OF TIME.

AN ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "that its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that, of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost, so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pastime of cattle, and the accommodation of man".

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly

engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor, we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease and happiness are always exhausted by the present day: and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected that we should be so frugal as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and, perhaps, it might be found that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and

discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires: efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary that, whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry: but, perhaps if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this it has probably proceeded that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him: he yet found means by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours which, in the midst of the most reckless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing us that the *PRAISE OF FOLLY*, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy: *ne totum illud tempus, quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis fereretur*; "lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be baffled away without regard to literature".

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, *that time was his ESTATE*; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

Johnson.

39.

AGAINST PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer.
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, That all men are about to live,
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise,
 At least their own; their future selves applaud;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
 That lodg'd in fate's to wisdom they consign;
 The thing they can't but purpose they postpone;
 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
 And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
 In full content, we sometimes, nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

Young.

40.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall,
 Some are coming, some are going;
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each,
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven),
 Joys are sent thee here below;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
 Do not fear an armèd band;
 One will fade as others greet thee,
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
 See how small each moment's pain;
 God will help thee for to-morrow:
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond;
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching Heaven; but one by one
 Take them, lest the chain be broken,
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide Procter.

41.

HUMAN RESPECT.

THERE is much to be said of human respect. It is a fault most keenly felt by spiritual persons, and comparatively little felt by others. It is more like an atmosphere than any thing else, and can hardly be caught and punished in distinct acts. Yet it is a thing of which there can be no doubt. We have an infallible consciousness of it. It gives undeniable evidences of its own existence. It destroys all liberty, and becomes the positive tyrant of a man's life. Yet if we look well into it, nothing can be more stupid than our submission to it. For we set little or no value on the separate opinions of individuals; and when the judgement is in our favour, it can do us no good, neither, unless true, can it afford us any rational pleasure. Indeed its power is altogether in the prospect, and not in the present possession. Yet it is almost universal and must be dealt with as one of the most inconvenient facts of the spiritual life. Look at a person who is completely under its domination. Watch him in society and public life, or in the bosom of his family, or in the intimacies of friendship, or at confession and in conference with his director, or even with God in prayer, or in utter solitude. It is as if the omnipresence of God was spunged out all around him, ruling him with a power like that of the solar light, and causing in him at all times an almost preternatural uneasiness.

It is not difficult to see the evils of this miserable world-presence, this spirit which gathers all mankind up into an eye, and throws its portentous fascination upon our souls. It causes men to be false and insincere in their mutual relations, and to act inconsiderately with others. It destroys all generous enthusiasm either for charity or penance. It puts a man under the despotism of ridicule, which becomes a kind of false god to him. It is the contradictory of perfection, and while it is in force, renders it impossible; for it is always drawing us off from God to creatures. A brood of sins of omission follow it wherever it goes, sprung from shame and the fear of ridicule, and another brood of sins of commission, from the desire to please. In process of time, and the process is not slow, it establishes itself as an habitual distraction in prayer and meditation; and as to examination of conscience, it almost seems to supply food to the voracity of human respect.

It is as miserable as it is evil. The bondage of Carthusian austerity would be easier to bear. No slavery is more degraded and unhappy. What a misery to be ashamed of our duties and our principles! What a misery that every action should have a flaw in it, and a blight upon it! What a misery to lose at last, as we must inevitable do, the very thing for which all our sacrifices have been made, the respect of others! Misery of miseries thus to lose even self respect! Religion which ought to be our peace becomes our torment. The very sacraments have a feeling of incompleteness as if we did not, as we do not, use them rightly; and our communication with our director, which should be medicinal, is poisoned by this spirit. A general wish to please, a laying ourselves out in particular subject matters in order to please, building castles in the air, and imagining heroic acts, reflecting on the praise bestowed upon us, and giving way to low spirits when dispraised,—these are all manifestations of this horrible human respect.

Human respect is not so much a particular fault, as a whole world of faults. It is the death of all religion. We shall never have an adequate horror of it until we admit that these hard words are no exaggeration. Let us therefore look at the place which it occupies in the grand struggle between good and evil. Let us trace its rise; for this is a difficult problem, considering how in detail we all disbelieve in each other. The especial task of Christians is the realization of the invisible world. They have different standards of right and wrong from the votaries of the earth. They live inextricably mixed up with the children of the world, as men using the same language with different meanings, and the confusion and apparent deceit grow worse every day, and the world the owner of the territory or its lessee, more and more angry, and inclined, in spite of its theory of haughty toleration, to persecute those who thus willfully put themselves at variance with the public peace. Men feel that religious people are right, and on that very account they will not look the fact in the face and realize it. They feel it, because they feel that they are not irresponsible. Yet they chafe at the judgments of God and His incessant interference, at the quiet way in which He gives His judgments and takes His own time to execute His verdicts. So not being able to do without the judicial power, they consolidate God from Three Divine Persons into a function, a cause, a pantheistic fluid, or a mecha-

nical force, and transfer the judicial power to mankind in a body. This seems to be the account of human respect in the mind. Men in all generations fret under God's judicial power. It seems as if, because of this fretfulness, it were one of the most unutterable of His compassions that He should have confided His ultimate judicial rights to our Lord as Man, and that in virtue of the Sacred Humanity He should be our judge. Looked at in a human point of view, men's transfer of the judicial power to themselves may be said to have worked admirably. Social comfort, a standard of endurable morals, and generally what may be called for the moment *live-ableness* have come of it. It causes a certain amount of individual unhappiness, because its police is harsh and rough, and the procedures of its court unkindly and of the Draconian school. But men have a compensation for this in its giving over to them utterly unquestioned the whole region of thought. Under the administration of God thoughts were acts, and were tried and found guilty as such. They furnished the most abundant materials for its tribunals, and were just what caused His jurisdiction to press so heavily upon the soul. Now all this is free. Calumny, detraction, rash judgments, spiteful criticism,—they make us wince as they visit our outward acts; but we may be as base as we please in thought, and yet walk through human courts with proud eye and head erect.

No wonder that when once human respect had taken its place among the powers of the world, it should cause especial desolation in the religious mind, and become a worse evil and a greater misery there than elsewhere. For it is itself a sort of spurious counterfeit religion. For what is religiousness but the sensible presence of God, and religion the worship of Him? In religion the presence of God is our atmosphere. Sacraments and prayer, and mortification, and all the exercises of the spiritual life are so many appointments, not only for realizing it, but for substantially introducing it both into body and soul. The respiration of our soul depends upon it. It produces a certain kind of character, a type of its own sort and easily recognized, a supernatural character which inspires other men with awe, love, hatred, or contempt, according to the different points of view from which they look at it. To the pure-minded it is the greatest possible amount of happiness on earth; for it infuses into us a certain marvellous unreasoning instinct for another world, as being faith's sight of Him who is invisible. Yet it is hardly conscious what it is it sees. Now is not human respect in its own way a simple copy and caricature of all this? A something which undertakes to perform for the world every function which the presence of God performs for the enlightened soul? It is in fact a mental paganism.

It is this similarity to a false religion which makes human respect so peculiarly dangerous. It does not alarm us by any grossness. On the contrary, it forces sin into concealment. Not that this is any real boon to the best interests of men, for certain of the deadliest sins thrive best under cover. It confuses the boundaries between public opinion and itself, and pretends an alliance between prudence and discretion. This is a stratagem to be guarded against. For public opinion is within limits a legitimate power; and the man who, because he was devout, should lay it down as a principle that he would never respect public opinion

or be swayed by it, would be paving the way for the triumphs of delusion. Nothing can be more alien to the moderation of the Church. There is a vast difference between what my fellow-citizens expect of me, and show beforehand that they expect and give reasons for expecting, and the criticism they may pass upon my actions and my doing them rather with reference to that criticism than to the wish of God. Moreover human respect unsupernaturalizes actions, which are good in substance. It kills the nerve of the intention; but it gives us no such sharp warning as the nerve of a tooth does in dying. It is like a worm in a nut; it eats away the kernel of our motive, and lets the fruit hang as fairly from the tree as ever. Religion is so much a matter of motives that this amounts to destroying it altogether; and as human respect introduces a directly wrong motive in lieu of the right one, it destroys spirituality in the most fatal way. Thus it is one of the completest instruments, which corrupt nature puts into the devil's hands and at his disposal for the destruction of souls. What can be more hateful than this, and what more odious in the sight of God? A caricature is always odious, and it is odious in proportion to the beauty and dignity of what it caricatures; and, as we have seen, human respect is a caricature of the presence and judicial power of God.

Few are aware until they honestly turn to God, how completely they are the slaves of this vice. Then they wake up to a sense of it, and see how it is in their blood, as if it were their life and their identity, an inexplicable unconquerable vital thing. Its rise is a mystery for which we can only invent a theory. No one can tell for sure how it rose, or when, or why; it has been like an exhalation from pure humanity, the spreading of a silent pestilence that has no external symptoms. There is not a class of society which it has not mastered, no corner of private life that it has not invaded, no convent cell but its air is freighted with the poisonous influence. It rivals, what theologians call the pluri-presence of Satan. Its strength is so great that it can get the better of God's commandments and of the precepts of His Church, nay, of a man's own will, which last conquest even grace and penance find it difficult to achieve. It appears to increase with civilization and with the extension of all means of locomotion and publicity. In modern society men systematize it, acknowledge it as a power, uphold its claims, and punish those who refuse submission. God is an ex-king amongst us, legitimate perhaps but deposed. It is much if we build Him in His own kingdom a house made with hands that He may dwell therein, and keep Himself within doors. Surely if the Evil One has not preternaturally helped human respect, he has at least concentrated his energies on its spread and success. He is never more a prince than when he stoops to be the missionary of human respect.

Faber.

PILGRIMAGE OF ST. FRANCES OF ROME TO ASSISI.

IN the summer of the year 1426 Francesca decided upon performing a pilgrimage to Santa Maria, or as it is more commonly called "La Madonna degli Angeli", in honour of our Lady and of the seraphic Saint of Assisi. Vannoza and Rita eagerly agreed to accompany her; and they resolved to set off on the 2nd of August, in order to arrive in time for the celebrated indulgence del Perdono. "It was in poverty, not only of spirit—but of actual reality that they wished to perform their journey to the tomb of the great apostle of poverty,—to go on foot and unprovided with money, provisions, or comforts of any sort. Lorenzo and Paluzza, who had readily consented to the proposed pilgrimage, demurred for a while at this mode of carrying it out; but Francesca prayed in her oratory that God would incline their hearts to consent to it; and soon, with a reluctant smile, they consented to all she proposed, and both only ejaculated, "Go on your way in peace; do as you list, and only pray for us". Out of the gates of Rome they went, to that country so well known to those who have often visited the Eternal City; up the hill from whence the first sight of its domes and its towers, of its tombs and of its pines, is hailed with rapture, from whence a long last lingering look of love is cast upon what the heart whispers is its own Catholic home. It was the first, and as it would seem the only occasion (at least none other is mentioned in her life) in which Francesca left its walls, and trod other ground than that which so many martyrs have hallowed, the blood of so many saints has consecrated. The valleys of Veii on the one hand, the heights of Baccano on the other, the beautiful and stately mountain of Soracte, met their eyes as they do ours: would that we looked upon them with the same earth-abstracted gaze as theirs! The Gothic towers of Cività Castellana looked down upon the humble pilgrims as they passed by in humble meditation. The sound of their sweet voices reciting prayers or chanting hymns, mingled with the murmurs of the stream that bathes the old walls of Narni; and then through the wild defile of Monte Somma into the lovely Umbrian Vale they went, through that enchanting land where every tree and rock wears the form that Claude Lorraine or Salvator Rosa have made familiar to the eye and dear to the poetic mind; where the vines hang in graceful garlands, and the fire-flies at night dance from bough to bough; where the brooks and the rivers are of the colour of sapphire or the emerald, and the purple mountains smile rather than frown on the sunny landscape; where the towns and convents, the churches and the cottages are set like white gems in the deep verdure that surrounds them. There is no land more fair, no sky more tenderly blue, no breeze more balmy, than the land where Spoleto and Foligno and Assisi rise in their picturesque beauty, than the sky which spreads its azure roof over the Umbrian traveller's head, than the airs which are wafted from the heights of Monte Falco, or the hill of Perugia. Beautiful is that country! Fair these works of God!—but more beautiful still is the invisible world which Francesca

and her companions contemplated, the while, with weary patient feet, in the sultry August weather, they trod the lengthening road from one humble resting-place to another. Fairer the inward perfection of a soul which God has renewed, than all the gorgeous but evanescent loveliness of earth's most lovely scenes.

At length their pilgrimage is drawing to a close; the towers of the Madonna degli Angeli are conspicuous in the distance; half unconsciously they hasten in approaching it; but the heat is intense, and their lips parched with thirst; they can hardly speak, for their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths, when a stranger meets them, one of striking and venerable appearance, and clothed in the religious habit of St. Francis. He hails the travellers and straightway speaks of Mary and of Jesus, of the mystery of the Passion, of the wonders of Divine love. Never have such words of fire met the ear of the astonished pilgrims. Their hearts burn within them, and they are ready to exclaim, "Never did man speak like to this man". Francesca sees her angel assume his brightest aspect. Rays of light seem to dart from his form, and to envelope in a dazzling halo the monk who is addressing them. She knows him now and makes a sign to her companions. It is St. Francis himself. It is the seraphic saint of Assisi. He blesses the little troop, and touching a wild pear-tree by the road-side, he brings down to the ground a fruit of such prodigious size, that it serves to allay the thirst and restore the strength of the exhausted travellers.

That day they reached the shrine where they had so longed to kneel; that little hut once the abode of the saint which stands in its rough simplicity within the gorgeous church; where the rich and great of the world come daily to do homage to the apostle of poverty, the close imitator of Him who had not often where to lay His head. There they received communion the next morning; there they prayed for their absent friends; there Francesca had a vision, in which she was encouraged to persevere in her labours, to accomplish her pious design, and the protection of Jesus and His Mother was promised to her. Let us follow them in thought up the steep hill to Assisi—to the church where the relics of the saint, where his mortal remains are laid. Let us descend into the subterranean chapel, pause at every altar, and muse on the records of that astonishing life, the most marvellous perhaps of any which it has ever been permitted to mortal man to live. Let us go with them to the home of his youth, where his confessorship began in childish sufferings for the sake of Christ.—Let us venerate with them the relics of St. Clare, the gentle sister spirit—whose memory and whose order are linked with his; and for a moment think what prayers, what vows, what acts of faith, of hope and charity, must have risen like incense from those devoted hearts in such scenes, amidst such recollections. Doubtless they bore away with them a host of sweet and pious thoughts. Their faces must have shone with heaven's own light as they retraced their steps to the home where loving hearts were awaiting them. Few such pilgrimages can have ever been performed. Francesca at the tomb of St. Francis of Assisi must have been a blessed sight—even for an angel's eyes.

Lady Fullerton.

43.

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
 With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant hours, and elves,
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph, who wreathes her brows with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
 The pensive pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
 Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That from the mountain's side
 Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discover'd spires,
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

Collins.

44.

THE HALL OF EBLIS.*

A DEATHLIKE stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof; and their capitals of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek, that a fire might be kindled. "No", replied he, "there is no time left to think of such trifles; abide where thou art, and expect my commands". Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a blade of grass ever dared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin, and, though but of stone, they inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the Caliph the following words:—"Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back; but in favour of thy companion, and as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers".

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple

* Oriental Satan.

headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision; the camphorated vapour ascending from which gathered into a cloud under the hollow of the vault.

This appearance, instead of terrifying, gave new courage to the daughter of Fakreddin. Scarcely deigning to bid adieu to the moon and the firmament, she abandoned, without hesitation, the pure atmosphere, to plunge into these infernal exhalations. The gait of those impious personages was haughty and determined. As they descended by the effulgence of the torches, they gazed on each other with mutual admiration; and both appeared so resplendent, that they already esteemed themselves spiritual intelligences. The only circumstance that perplexed them was their not arriving at the bottom of the stairs. On hastening their descent with an ardent impetuosity, they felt their steps accelerated to such a degree, that they seemed not walking, but falling from a precipice. Their progress, however, was at length impeded by a vast portal of ebony, which the Caliph without difficulty recognised. Here the Giaour awaited them with the key in his hand. "Ye are welcome"! said he to them with a ghastly smile "in spite of Mahomet and all his dependents. I will now usher you into that palace where you have so highly merited a place". Whilst he was uttering these words, he touched the enamelled lock with his key, and the doors at once flew open with a noise still louder than the thunder of the dog days, and as suddenly recoiled the moment they had entered.

The Caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning. Between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of genii and other fantastic spirits of either sex danced wantonly at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding any thing around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie, some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts? "Perplex not yourselves with so much at once", replied he bluntly, "you will soon be acquainted with all; let us haste and present you to Eblis". They continued their way through the multitude, but notwithstanding their confidence at first, they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various perspective of halls and of galleries that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in solemn confusion. Here the choirs and dances were heard no longer. The light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of Elders, with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss, to tremble. At his presence the heart of the Caliph sunk within him, and he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis, for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as penetrated the soul and filled it with the deepest melancholy, said—"Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords; the treasures of the pre-adamite sultans; their fulminating sabres; and those talismans that compel the Dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient objects to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortresses of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind".

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour, "Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans". "Come", answered this wicked Dive, with his malignant grin, "come and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more". He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings

of iron. A funeral gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-adamite kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded one another with looks of dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, and Soliman Di Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the Dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This King, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart, yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a cataract visible in part through one of the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. "Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositaries", said the Giaour to Vathek, "and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded".

The Caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror, when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words:—"In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne, having, on my right hand, twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left, the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, hovering over me, served as a canopy against the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Ahernan, and the daughter of Pharaoh; and adored fire, and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the Holy City, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural beings, were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither, where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope; for an angel of life hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an

end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then, I am in torments—ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart”.

Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven in token of supplication; and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror, Nouronihar fell back, like one petrified, into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob—“Oh Giaour! whither hast thou brought us! Allow us to depart, and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. Oh Mahomet! remains there no more mercy!” “None, none!” replied the malicious Dive. “Know, miserable prince! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair. Thy heart, also, will be kindled like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period; employ them as thou wilt; recline on these heaps of gold; command the infernal potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains, no barrier shall be shut against thee. As for me, I have fulfilled my mission; I now leave thee to thyself”. At these words he vanished.

The Caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction. Their tears were unable to flow, and scarcely could they support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went falteringly from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps. Every portal opened at their approach. The Dives fell prostrate before them. Every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view, but they no longer felt the incentives of curiosity, of pride, or avarice. With like apathy they heard the chorus of genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them. They went wandering on from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, all without bounds or limit, all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom, all adorned with the same awful grandeur, all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames. Shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed by their looks to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them to wait, in direful suspense the moment which should render them to each other the like objects of terror.

Beckford.

45.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE IV.—A ROOM IN THE TOWER.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

BRAC.

Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

CLAR.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

BRAB.

What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

CLAB.

Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
 And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster
 That had befallen us. As we pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O heaven! methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl
 Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottoms of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BRAB.

Had you such leasure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

CLAB.

Methought, I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAB.

Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

CLAB.

No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
 O! then began the tempest to my soul!
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renown'd Warwick,
 Who cry'd aloud—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;— —
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

BRAK.

No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLAR.

O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
 That now give evidence against my soul,—
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:—
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

BRAK.

I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!—

(Clarence reposes himself on a Chair.)

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their troubles,
 An outward honour for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares:
 So that between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Shakspeare.

IMITATION IN ART.

THE subject of this discourse will be *Imitation* as far as a painter is concerned in it. By imitation, I do not mean imitation in its largest sense, but simply the following of other masters, and the advantage to be drawn from the study of their works.

Those who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of *inspiration*, as a *gift* bestowed upon peculiar favourites at their birth, seem to ensure a much more favourable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air, than he who attempts to examine, coldly, whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired; how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will show the way to eminence. It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the *cause* of any thing extraordinary to be astonished at the *effect*, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired, who see only what is the full result of long labour and application of an infinite number and infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them.

The travellers into the East tell us that, when the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are asked concerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining amongst them, the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long-lost science, they always answer that they were built by magicians. The untaught mind finds a vast gulf between its own powers and those works of complicated art, which it is utterly unable to fathom; and it supposes that such a void can be passed only by supernatural powers.

And, as for artists themselves, it is by no means their interest to undeceive such judges, however conscious they may be of the very natural means by which their extraordinary powers were acquired; though our art, being intrinsically imitative, rejects this idea of inspiration, more, perhaps than any other.

It is to avoid this plain confession of truth, as it should seem, that this imitation of masters, indeed almost all imitation, which implies a more regular and progressive method of attaining the ends of painting, has ever been particularly inveighed against with great keenness, both by ancient and modern writers.

To derive all from native power, to owe nothing to another, is the praise which men, who do not much think on what they are saying, bestow sometimes upon others, and sometimes on themselves; and their imaginary dignity is naturally heightened by a supercilious censure of the low, the barren, the grovelling, the servile imitator. It would be no wonder if a student, frightened by these terrific and disgraceful epithets, with which the poor imitators are so often loaded, should let fall his pencil in mere despair (conscious, as he must be, how much he has been indebted to the labours of others, how little, how very little of his art

was born with him); and consider it as hopeless to set about acquiring, by the imitation of any human master, what he is taught to suppose is matter of inspiration from Heaven.

Some allowance must be made for what is said in the gaiety of rhetoric. We cannot suppose that any one can really mean to exclude all imitation of others. A position so wild would scarce deserve a serious answer; for it is apparent, if we were forbid to make use of the advantages which our predecessors afford us, that art would be always to begin, and consequently would remain always in its infant state; and it is a common observation that no art was ever invented and carried to perfection at the same time.

But to bring us entirely to reason and sobriety, let it be observed that a painter must not only be of necessity an imitator of the works of nature, which alone is sufficient to dispel this phantom of inspiration, but he must be as necessarily an imitator of the works of other painters: this appears more humiliating but is equally true; and no man can be an artist, whatever he may suppose, upon any other terms.

However, those who appear more moderate and reasonable allow that our study is to begin by imitation; but maintain that we should no longer use the thoughts of our predecessors, when we are become able to think for ourselves. They hold that imitation is as hurtful to the more advanced student, as it was advantageous to the beginner.

For my own part, I confess, I am not only very much disposed to maintain the absolute necessity of imitation in the first stages of art, but am of opinion that the study of other masters, which I here call imitation, may be extended throughout our whole lives, without any danger of the inconveniences with which it is charged, of enfeebling, the mind, or preventing us from giving that original air which every work undoubtedly ought always to have.

I am, on the contrary, persuaded that by imitation only, variety, and even originality of invention is produced. I will go further; even genius, at least what generally is so called, is the child of imitation. But, as this appears to be contrary to the general opinion, I must explain my position before I enforce it.

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellences which are out of the reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.—This opinion of the impossibility of acquiring those beauties which stamp the work with the character of genius, supposes that it is something more fixed than in reality it is; and that we always do, and ever did, agree in opinion with respect to what should be considered as the characteristic of genius. But the truth is, that the *degree* of excellence which proclaims *Genius* is different, in different times and different places; and what shows it to be so is, that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter.

When the Arts were in their infancy, the power of merely drawing the likeness of any object was considered as one of its greatest efforts. The common people, ignorant of the principles of art, talk the same language even to this day. But when it was found that every man could be taught to do this, and a great deal more, merely by the observance of certain precepts, the name of Genius then shifted its application, and

was given only to him who added the peculiar character of the object he represented; to him who had invention, expression, grace, or dignity; in short those qualities, or excellences, the power of producing which could not *then* be taught by any known and promulgated rules.

We are very sure that the beauty of form, the expression of the passions, the art of composition, even the power of giving general air of grandeur to a work, is at present very much under the dominion of rules. These excellences were, heretofore, considered merely as the effects of genius; and justly, if genius is not taken for inspiration, but as the effect of close observation and experience.

He who first made any of these observations, and digested them, so as to form an invariable principle for himself to work by, had that merit, but probably no one went very far at once; and, generally, the first who gave the hint, did not know how to pursue it steadily and methodically; at least not in the beginning. He himself worked on it, and improved it; others worked more and improved further; until the secret was discovered, and the practice made as general as refined practice can be made. How many more principles may be fixed and ascertained we cannot tell; but, as criticism is likely to go hand in hand with the art which is its subject, we may venture to say, that, as that art shall advance, its powers will be still more and more fixed by rules.

But, by whatever strides criticism may gain ground, we need be under no apprehension that invention will ever be annihilated or subdued; or intellectual energy be brought entirely within the restraint of written law. Genius will still have room enough to expatiate, and keep always at the same distance from narrow comprehension and mechanical performance.

What we now call Genius, begins, not where rules, abstractedly taken, end; but where known vulgar and trite rules have no longer any place. It must of necessity be, that even works of Genius, like every other effect, as they must have their cause, must likewise have their rules; it cannot be by chance that excellences are produced with any constancy or any certainty, for this is not the nature of chance; but the rules by which men of extraordinary parts, and such as are called men of Genius, work, are either such as they discover by their own peculiar observations, or of such a nice texture as not easily to admit being expressed in words; especially as artists are not very frequently skilful in that mode of communicating ideas. Unsubstantial, however, as these rules may seem, and difficult as it may be to convey them in writing, they are still seen and felt in the mind of the artist; and he works from them with as much certainty as if they were embodied, as I may say, upon paper. It is true these refined principles cannot be always made palpable, like the more gross rules of art; yet it does not follow, but that the mind may be put in such a train, that it shall perceive, by a kind of scientific sense, that propriety, which words, particularly words of unpractised writers, such as we are, can but very feebly suggest.

Invention is one of the great marks of genius; but if we consult experience we shall find, that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others that we learn to invent, as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think.

Whoever has so far formed his taste as to be able to relish and feel the beauties of the great masters has gone a great way in his study; for, merely from a consciousness of this relish of the right, the mind swells with an inward pride, and is almost as powerfully affected as if it had itself produced what it admires. Our hearts, frequently warmed in this manner by the contact of those whom we wish to resemble, will undoubtedly catch something of their way of thinking; and we shall receive in our own bosoms some radiation at least of their fire and splendour. That disposition, which is so strong in children, still continues with us, of catching involuntarily the general air and manner of those with whom we are most conversant, with this difference only, that a young mind is naturally pliable and imitative; but in a more advanced state it grows rigid, and must be warmed and softened, before it will receive a deep impression.

From these considerations, which a little of your own reflection will carry a great way further, it appears, of what great consequence it is, that our minds should be habituated to the contemplation of excellence; and that, far from being contented to make such habits the discipline of our youth only, we should, to the last moment of our lives, continue a settled intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur. Their inventions are not only the food of our infancy, but the substance which supplies the fullest maturity of our vigour.

Reynolds.

47.

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASSED NOBODY AND EVERYBODY.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view.
 The traveler leaping o'er those bounds,
 The credit of his book confounds.
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
 Makes even his real courage doubted.
 But flattery never seems absurd;
 The flatter'd always takes your word:
 Impossibilities seem just;
 They take the strongest praise on trust.
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
 Will still come short of self conceit.
 So very like a painter drew
 That every eye the picture knew;
 He hit complexion, feature, air,
 So just, the life itself was there.
 No flattery, with his colors laid,
 To bloom restor'd the faded maid.
 He gave each muscle all its strength;
 The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;

His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
 And mark'd the date of age and youth.
 He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
 Truth should not always be reveal'd;
 In dusty piles his pictures lay,
 For no one sent the second pay.
 Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
 A Venus' and Apollo's face
 He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
 Whoever sat, he drew from these;
 From these corrected every feature,
 And spirited each awkward creature.
 All things were set, the hour was come,
 His pallet ready o'er his thumb.
 My lord appear'd; and seated right,
 In proper attitude and light,
 The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
 Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
 Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air.
 "Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there,

"Might well a Raphael's hand require,
 To give them all the native fire:
 The features fraught with sense and wit,
 You'll grant are very hard to hit;
 But yet, with patience, you shall view
 As much as paint and art can do.
 "Observe the work". My lord replied,
 "Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
 Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
 Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young".
 "Oh! pardon me", the artist cried:
 "In this we painters must decide.
 The piece e'en common eyes must strike.
 I warrant it extremely like".

My lord examin'd it anew;
 No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
 A lady came; with borrow'd grace
 He from his Venus form'd her face.
 Her lover prais'd the painter's art;
 So like the picture in his heart!
 To every age some charm he lent;
 Ev'n beauties were almost content.
 Through all the town his art they prais'd;
 His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
 Had he the real likeness shown,
 Would any one the picture own?
 But, when thus happily he wrought,
 Each found the likeness in his thought.
Gay.

48.

FROM IL PENSEROSO.

COME pensive Nun devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thy eyes:
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hear the Muses in a ring,
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first and chiefest with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist* along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,

Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke
 Gently o'er th'accustomed oak,
 Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, Chantress, of the woods among.
 I woo to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry, smooth, shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray,
 Through the heaven's wide, pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 But let my due feet never fail,**
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars, massy proof,
 And storied windows, richly dight,
 Casting a dim, religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heaven before my eyes.

* Hushed.

Milton.

THE PAPAL SUPREMACY AND PIUS VI.

THE benefit of the supremacy in preventing schisms, and in serving as a centre of union and an ensign of orthodoxy, has been seen and acknowledged not only by the ancient fathers, but also by modern Protestants. This however, is not the only benefit for which both Christianity and society have been indebted, in every age, to the Roman Pontiffs. They have been incessantly watchful and laborious in propagating the faith and morality of the gospel amongst infidel nations, in every part of the globe, in performing which they have spent no small part of those presents which the piety of surrounding nations conferred upon them. Our island, in particular, was twice rescued from the shades of barbarous paganism by their apostolic zeal. They vigorously and successfully protected, at several periods, all Christendom, from the fury and oppression of the Saracens, Tartars, Turks, and other infidels, under which it would otherwise have sunk. They supported the divine law and canons of the Church, admonishing and censuring those offenders who were too powerful to receive this correction from prelates, who were their own subjects, When they converted the different nations, they, at the same time, civilized them. What savages were not our ancestors, the Saxons, before St. Augustine and his companions were sent to instruct them by Pope Gregory the Great, who had himself set out to perform this heroic charity; as likewise the several nations of Germany and Scandinavia, before St. Boniface and other apostles were employed by succeeding Popes in converting them! Not to mention the Irish, the Scotch, and many other nations, who derive their refinement, together with their Christianity, from the same source. The Popes were incontestably the chief patrons and promoters, in every age, of literature, and the polite arts. Finally, they formed the Christian states into one great community, and for many ages preserved the liberties of Europe, by preserving the balance of its power. If they are accused of exciting some wars, they certainly prevented or put a stop to a great many more, and by the *Treue de Dieu* which they enforced, by their protection of the oppressed Jews, their institutions for ransoming captives, and by many others of the like nature, they most effectually served the cause of humanity, and manifested the genuine spirit of Christianity. The worst Popes, Sir, were of more service to the cause of religion by filling their station in the Church, and transacting its public business, than they were of detriment to it by the effect and scandal of their personal crimes. But how small is the number of those who have disgraced this station, in comparison with those who have done honour to it! In the catalogue of about 255 Pontiffs, who have filled the Chair of Rome, during a succession of almost 1800 years, since the days of St. Peter, perhaps not more than 30 names occur which dishonour it, while double that number have been persons of eminent virtues and heroic sanctity, whose example is publicly held out for the edification and example of Christians, and while the rest have been prelates of unblemished manners and edifying piety. Look at the present Pope, Pius VI. whose essential authority is not less real in the dungeons

of Dauphiny, than it was in the Lateran and Vatican basilics; view him in all the vicissitudes of his lengthened life, and say whether you discover in him any of *the marks of the beast, any of the characters of the man of sin*, the Antichrist of the Revelations, which your former colleague, or other angry controvertists and interpreters pretend to have found out. To do you justice, Sir, you yourself have said nothing of this sort. On the contrary, you have spoken with a humanity that does you honour, of his sufferings, as an insulted and persecuted old man, and with approbation of his good government and public spirit as a prince. But permit me, at the same time, to remind you of what is most to our present purpose, namely, of his edifying piety, patience, and charity, in private life, and of his unwearied watchfulness and zeal in the discharge of his public duties. These qualities were eminently displayed in his opposition to the unjust and irreligious innovations of the emperor Joseph II., when, laying aside all etiquette and personal considerations, he went to Vienna, in order to open the eyes of the deluded prince to his duty and interest. To the disaffection occasioned by the introduction of those innovations in the Low Countries, the subsequent loss of them to the French may justly be ascribed. We remark the same qualities in his zealous and persevering efforts, guided by learning and prudence, to reclaim the ecclesiastical electors of Germany, the bishop of Pistoria and others, who under the pretence of reforming abuses and errors, were cherishing the growth of that infidelity which has since shot up to such an astonishing height. With what firmness has he not stood against the constant attempts that have been made to seduce and intimidate him from pursuing the straight line of his duty, since the overwhelming force of that infidelity has spread itself over a great part of Europe, at a time when all the neighbouring states have, in a great measure, yielded to it. Pius VI. was well aware of the dangers, to which he exposed himself by refusing to sanction the Civil Constitution, as it was called, of the French clergy; but he also knew what he owed to the cause of truth and the Church, of which he was the head. He has accordingly seen himself stripped of his principality, his treasures, his works of art, his library, his conveniences and necessities of life, without complaint, being satisfied with the consciousness of having preserved the deposit of sacred truth and spiritual jurisdiction whole and inviolate as he had received it. His answer to the solicitations of the enemies of the Church, who were impatient to gain a triumph over it, by some improper condescension of its chief pastor, was this: *The property and monuments of religion are at your mercy, but the religion itself is out of your reach. It existed before you, and it will subsist after you. With respect to myself, I want not your pensions and favours. The meanest food and clothing will suffice for this wretched body, during the short time it has yet to remain above the earth.* This was a language and conduct worthy of the father of the faithful, and similar to that which had a little before been held by so many thousands of his children, the martyred and the exiled clergy of France. Whilst you, Sir, glory in the mutability of your creed, which, you give us to understand, can accomodate itself to fluctuating opinions, permit me to glory in the unchangeable nature of mine. Fixed on the firm basis of the *faith, which was once delivered to the saints*, it has

already withstood the violences and calamities of eighteen centuries, and it will, I am well assured, continue to withstand all opposition, until the second coming of its Divine Founder.

Milner.

50.

THE MAN WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD.

WITH aspect mild and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life
Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care, the future his,
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame, his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature, his exalt,
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities,
His the compos'd possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees.
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs in infinite to lose all bound.
Titles and honors (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse:
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,

And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
 Too dear he holds his int'rest to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade;
 Their int'rest, like the Lion, lives on prey.
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe.
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
 A cover'd heart their character defends;
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
 With nakedness his innocence agrees,
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
 Their no-joys end where his full feast begins;
 His joys create, theirs murder future bliss.
 To triumph in existence, his alone;
 And his alone trimphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was yesterday complete:
 Death, then, was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

Young.

51.

AVE MARIA.

AVE Maria! blessed Maid!
 Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
 Who can express the love
 That nurtur'd thee so pure and sweet,
 Making thy heart a shelter meet
 For Jesus, holy Dove?

Ave Maria! mother blest!
 To whom caressing and caress'd
 Clings the eternal Child;
 Favour'd beyond archangel's dream,
 When first on thee with tenderest gleam
 Thy new-born Saviour smil'd.

Ave Maria! Thou whose name
 All but adoring love may claim,
 Yet may we reach thy shrine:
 For he, thy Son and Saviour vows
 To crown all lowly, lofty brows
 With love and joy like thine.

Bless'd is the womb that bore Him! bless'd
 The bosom where his lips were press'd,
 And bless'd too are they
 Who hear his word and keep it well,
 The living homes where Christ shall dwell,
 And never pass away.

Keble.

MORTON'S INTERVIEW WITH BURLEY

AT

THE BLACK LINN* OF LINKLATER.

AS the morning began to appear on the mountains, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the humble apartment in which Morton slept, and a girlish treble voice asked him from without: "If he wad** please gang to the Linn ere the folk rose?"

He arose upon the invitation, and, dressing himself hastily, went forth and joined his little guide. The mountain maid tript lightly before him, through the grey haze, over hill and moor. It was a wild and varied walk, unmarked by any regular or distinguishable track, and keeping, upon the whole, the direction of the ascent of the brook, though without tracing its windings. The landscape as they advanced, became waster and more wild, until nothing but heath and rock encumbered the side of the valley.

"Is the place still distant?" said Morton.

"Nearly a mile off", answered the girl. "We'll be there directly".

"And do you often go this wild journey, my little maid?"

"When grannie† sends me wi' milk and meal to the Linn", answered the child.

"And are you not afraid to travel so wild a road alone?"

"Hout na, Sir", replied the guide; "nae living creature would touch sic a bit thing as I am, and grannie says we need never fear onything else when we are doing a gude†† turn".

"Strong in innocence as in triple mail!" said Morton to himself, and followed her steps in silence.

They soon came to a decayed thicket, where brambles and thorns supplied the room of the oak and birches of which it had once consisted. Here the guide turned short off the open heath, and, by a sheep-track, conducted Morton to the brook. A hoarse and sullen roar had in part prepared him for the scene which presented itself, yet it was not to be viewed without surprise, and even terror. When he emerged from the devious path which conducted him through the thicket, he found himself placed on a ledge of flat rock, projecting over one side of a chasm not less than a hundred feet deep, where the dark mountain stream made a decided and rapid shoot over the precipice, and was swallowed up by a deep, black, yawning gulf. The eye in vain strove to see the bottom of the fall; it could catch but one sheet of foaming uproar and sheer descent, until the view was obstructed by the projecting crags which enclosed the bottom of the waterfall, and hid from sight the dark pool which received its tortured waters. Far beneath, at the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile, the eye caught the windings of the stream as it emerged into a more open course. But, for that distance, they were lost to sight as much as if a cavern had been arched over them; and

* Water-fall. ** would. † grandmother. †† good.

indeed the steep and projecting ledges of rock through which they wound their way in darkness, were very nearly closing, and over-roofing their course.

While Morton gazed at this scene of tumult, which seemed, by the surrounding thickets and the clefts into which the water descended, to seek to hide itself from every eye, his little attendant, as she stood behind him on the platform of rock which commanded the best view of the fall, pulled him by the sleeve, and said, in a tone which he could not hear without stooping his ear near the speaker, "Hear till him! Eh! hear till him!"

Morton listened more attentively, and out of the very abyss into which the brook fell, and amidst the tumultuary sounds of the cataract, thought he could distinguish shouts, screams, and even articulate words, as if the tortured demon of the stream had been mingling his complaints with the roar of his broken waters.

"This is the way", said the little girl; "follow me, gin* ye please, Sir, but tak tent** to your feet"; and, with the daring agility which custom had rendered easy, she vanished from the platform on which she stood, and, by notches and slight projections in the rock, scrambled down its face into the chasm which it overhung. Steady, bold, and active, Morton hesitated not to follow her; but the necessary attention to secure his hold and footing in a descent where both foot and hand were needful for security, prevented him from looking around him, till, having descended nigh twenty feet, and being sixty or seventy above the pool which received the fall, his guide made a pause, and he again found himself by her side in a situation that appeared equally romantic and precarious. They were nearly opposite to the waterfall, and in point of level situated at about one-quarter's depth from the point of the cliff over which it thundered, and threefourths of the height above the dark, deep, and restless pool which received its fall. Both these tremendous points,—the first shoot, namely, of the yet unbroken stream, and the deep and sombre abyss into which it was emptied,—were full before him, as well as the whole continuous stream of billowy froth, which, dashing from the one, was eddying and boiling in the other. They were so near this grand phenomenon that they were covered with its spray, and well-nigh deafened by the incessant roar. But crossing in the very front of the fall, and at scarce three yards distance from the cataract, an old oak-tree, flung across the chasm in a manner that seemed accidental, formed a bridge of fearfully narrow dimensions and uncertain footing. The upper end of the tree rested on the platform on which they stood—the lower or uprooted extremity extended behind a projection on the opposite side, and was secured, Morton's eye could not discover where. From behind the same projection glimmered a strong red light, which, glancing in the waves of the falling water, and tinging them partially with crimson, had a strange preternatural and sinister effect when contrasted with the beams of the rising sun, which glanced on the first broken waves of the fall, though even its meridian splendour could not gain the third of its full depth. When he had looked around him for a moment, the girl again pulled his sleeve, and pointing to the oak and the projecting point beyond it (for hearing speech was now out of the question), indicated that there lay his farther

* if. ** take care of.

passage. Morton gazed at her with surprise; for although he well knew that the persecuted presbyterians had in the preceding reigns sought refuge among dells and thickets, caves and cataracts—in spots the most extraordinary and secluded—although he had heard of the champions of the Covenant, who had long abidden beside Dobs-linn on the wild heights of Polmoodi, and others who had been concealed in the yet more terrific cavern called Creehope-linn, in the parish of Closeburn,—yet his imagination had never exactly figured out the horrors of such a residence, and he was surprised how the strange and romantic scene which he now saw had remained concealed from him, while a curious investigator of such natural phenomena. But he readily conceived, that, lying in a remote and wild district, and being destined as a place of concealment to the persecuted preachers and professors of non-conformity, the secret of its existence was carefully preserved by the few shepherds to whom it might be known.

As, breaking from these meditations, he began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which skirted by the cascade, and rendered wet and slippery by its constant drizzle, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give him courage, tript over and back without the least hesitation. Envyng for a moment the little bare feet which caught a safer hold of the rugged side of the oak than he could pretend to with his heavy boots, Morton nevertheless resolved to attempt the passage, and, fixing his eye firm on a stationary object on the other side, without allowing his head to become giddy, or his attention to be distracted by the flash, the foam, and the roar of the waters around him, he strode steadily and safely along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the farther side of the torrent. Here he paused; for a light, proceeding from a fire of red-hot charcoal, permitted him to see the interior of the cave, and enabled him to contemplate the appearance of its inhabitant, by whom he himself could not be so readily distinguished, being concealed by the shadow of the rock. What he observed would by no means have encouraged a less determined man to proceed with the task which he had undertaken.

Burley, only altered from what he had been formerly by the addition of a grisly beard, stood in the midst of the cave, with his clasped Bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, dimly rud-died by the light of the red charcoal, seemed that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, and his gestures and words, as far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irregular. All alone, and in a place of almost unapproachable seclusion, his demeanour was that of a man who strives for life and death with a mortal enemy. “Ha! ha!—there—there!” he exclaimed, accompanying each word with a thrust, urged with his whole force against the impassible and empty air—“Did I not tell thee so? I have resisted, and thou fleest from me!—Coward as thou art—come in all thy terrors—come with mine own evil deeds, which render thee most terrible of all—there is enough betwixt the boards of this book to rescue me!—What mutterest thou of grey hairs?—It was well done to slay him—the more ripe the corn, the readier for the sickle.—Art gone? art gone?—I have ever known thee but a coward—ha! ha! ha!”

With these wild exclamations he sank the point of his sword, and remained standing still in the same posture, like a maniac whose fit is over.

"The dangerous time is by now", said the little girl who had followed; "it seldom lasts beyond the time that the sun's over the hill; ye may gang in and speak wi' him now. I 'll wait for you at the other side of the linn; he canna bide to see twa folk at anes".*

Slowly and cautiously, and keeping constantly upon his guard, Morton presented himself to the view of his old associate in command.

"What! comest thou again when thine hour is over?" was his first exclamation; and flourishing his sword aloft, his countenance assumed an expression in which ghastly terror seemed mingled with the rage of a demoniac.

"I am come, Mr. Balfour", said Morton, in a steady and composed tone, "to renew an acquaintance which has been broken off since the fight of Bothwell Bridge".

As soon as Burley became aware that Morton was before him in person—an idea which he caught with marvellous celerity—he at once exerted that mastership over his heated and enthusiastic imagination, the power of enforcing which was a most striking part of his extraordinary character. He sank his sword-point at once, and as he stole it composedly into the scabbard, he muttered something of the damp and cold which sent an old soldier to his fencing exercise, to prevent his blood from chilling. This done, he proceeded in the cold determined manner which was peculiar to his ordinary discourse.

"Thou hast tarried long, Henry Morton, and hast not come to the vintage before the twelfth hour has struck. Art thou yet willing to take the right hand of fellowship, and be one with those who look not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture, for their directions?"

"I am surprised", said Morton, evading the direct answer to his question, "that you should have known me after so many years".

"The features of those who ought to act with me are engraved on my heart", answered Burley; "and few but Silas Morton's son durst have followed me into this my castle of retreat. Seest thou that drawbridge of Nature's own construction?" he added, pointing to the prostrate oak-tree—"one spurn of my foot, and it is overwhelmed in the abyss below, bidding foemen on the farther side stand at defiance, and leaving enemies on this at the mercy of one who never yet met his equal in single fight".

"Of such defences", said Morton, "I should have thought you would now have had little need".

"Little need?" said Burley, impatiently—"What! little need, when incarnate fiends are combined against me on earth, and Satan himself? But it matters not", added he, checking himself—"Enough that I like my place of refuge—my cave of Adullam, and would not change its rude ribs of limestone rock for the fair chambers of the castle of the Earls of Torwood, with their broad bounds and barony. Thou, unless the foolish fever-fit be over, mayst think differently".

"It was of those very possessions I came to speak", said Morton; "and I doubt not to find Mr. Balfour the same rational and reflecting person which I knew him to be in times when zeal disunited brethren".

* He cannot bear to see two persons at once.

"Ay?" said Burley—indeed?—Is such truly your hope?—wilt thou express it more plainly?"

"In a word, then", said Morton, "you have exercised, by means at which I can guess, a secret but most prejudicial influence over the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and in favour of that base, oppressive apostate, Basil Olifant, whom the law, deceived by thy operations, has placed in possession of their lawful property".

"Sayest thou?" said Balfour.

"I do say so", replied Morton; "and face to face you will not deny what you have vouched by your handwriting".

"And suppose I deny it not?" said Balfour,—“and suppose that thy eloquence were found equal to persuade me to retrace the steps I have taken on matured resolve, what will be thy meed? Dost thou still hope to possess the fair-haired girl, with her wide and rich inheritance?"

"I have no such hope", answered Morton, calmly.

"And for whom, then, hast thou ventured to do this great thing, to seek to rend the prey from the valiant, to bring forth food from the den of the lion, and to extract sweetness from the maw of the devourer?—For whose sake hast thou undertaken to read this riddle, more hard than Samson's?"

"For Lord Evandale's, and that of his bride", replied Morton, firmly. "Think better of mankind, Mr. Balfour, and believe there are some who are willing to sacrifice their happiness to that of others".

"Then, as my soul liveth", replied Balfour, "thou art, to wear beard, and back a horse, and draw a sword, the tamest and most gall-less puppet that ever sustained injury unavenged. What! thou wouldst help that accursed Evandale to the arms of the woman that thou lovest?—thou wouldst endow them with wealth and with heritages, and thou think'st that there lives another man, offended even more deeply than thou, yet equally cold-livered and mean-spirited, crawling upon the face of the earth, and hast dared to suppose that one other to be John Balfour?"

"For my own feelings", said Morton, composedly, "I am answerable to none but Heaven—To you, Mr. Balfour, I should suppose it of little consequence whether Basil Olifant or Lord Evandale possess these estates".

"Thou art deceived", said Burley. "Both are indeed in outer darkness, and strangers to the light, as he whose eyes have never been opened to the day;—but this Basil Olifant is a Nabal—a Demas—a base churl, whose wealth and power are at the disposal of him who can threaten to deprive him of them. He became a professor because he was deprived of these lands of Tillietudlem—he turned a papist to obtain possession of them—he called himself an Erastian, that he might not again lose them, and he will become what I list while I have in my power the document that may deprive him of them. These lands are a bit between his jaws and a hook in his nostrils, and the rein and the line are in my hands to guide them as I think meet; and this they shall therefore be, unless I had assurance of bestowing them on a sure and sincere friend. But Lord Evandale is a malignant, of heart like flint, and brow like adamant; the goods of the world fall on him like leaves on the frost-bound earth, and unmoved he will see them whirled off by the first wind. The heathen virtues of such as he are more dangerous to us than

the sordid cupidity of those who, governed by their interest, must follow where it leads, and who, therefore, themselves the slaves of avarice, may be compelled to work in the vineyard, were it but to earn the wages of sin".

"This might have been all well some years since", replied Morton; "and I could understand your argument, although I could never acquiesce in its justice. But at this crisis it seems useless to you to persevere in keeping up an influence which can no longer be directed to an useful purpose. The land has peace, liberty, and freedom of conscience—and what would you more?"

"More!" exclaimed Burley, again unsheathing his sword, with a vivacity which nearly made Morton start. "Look at the notches upon that weapon; they are three in number, are they not?"

"It seems so", answered Morton; "but what of that?"

"The fragment of steel that parted from this first gap, rested on the skull of the perjured traitor who first introduced Episcopacy into Scotland;—this second notch was made in the rib-bone of an impious villain, the boldest and best soldier that upheld the prelatie cause at Drumclog;—this third was broken on the steel head-piece of the captain who defended the Chapel of Holyrood when the people rose at the Revolution—I cleft him to the teeth through steel and bone. It has done great deeds this little weapon, and each of these blows was a deliverance to the Church. This sword", he said, again sheathing it, "has yet more to do—to weed out this base and pestilential heresy of Erastianism—to vindicate the true liberty of the Kirk in her purity—to restore the Covenant in its glory,—then let it moulder and rust beside the bones of its master".

"You have neither men nor means, Mr. Balfour, to disturb the Government as settled", argued Morton; "the people are in general satisfied, excepting only the gentlemen of the Jacobite interest; and surely you would not join with those who would only use you for their own purposes?"

"It is they", answered Burley, "that should serve ours. I went to the camp of the malignant Claver'se, as the future King of Israel sought the land of the Philistines; I arranged with him a rising, and, but for the villain Evandale, the Erastians ere now had been driven from the west—I could slay him", he added, with a vindictive scowl, "were he grasping the horns of the altar!" He then proceeded in a calmer tone: "If thou, son of my ancient comrade, wert suitor for thyself to this Edith Bellenden, and wert willing to put thy hand to the great work with zeal equal to thy courage, think not I would prefer the friendship of Basil Olifant to thine; thou shouldst then have the means that this document" (he produced a parchment) "affords, to place her in possession of the lands of her fathers. This have I longed to say to thee ever since I saw thee fight the good fight so strongly at the fatal Bridge. The maiden loved thee, and thou her".

Morton replied firmly—"I will not dissemble with you, Mr. Balfour, even to gain a good end. I came in hopes to persuade you to do a deed of justice to others, not to gain any selfish end of my own. I have failed—I grieve for your sake, more than for the loss which others will sustain by your injustice".

"You refuse my proffer, then?" said Burley, with kindling eyes.

"I do", said Morton. "Would you be really, as you are desirous to be thought, a man of honour and conscience, you would, regardless of all other considerations, restore that parchment to Lord Evandale, to be used for the advantage of the lawful heir".

"Sooner shall it perish!" said Balfour; "and casting the deed into the heap of red charcoal beside him, pressed it down with the heel of his boot.

While it smoked, shrivelled, and crackled in the flames, Morton sprang forward to snatch it, and Burley catching hold of him, a struggle ensued. Both were strong men, but although Morton was much the more active and younger of the two, yet Balfour was the most powerful, and effectually prevented him from rescuing the deed until it was fairly reduced to a cinder. They then quitted hold of each other, and the enthusiast, rendered fiercer by the contest, glared on Morton with an eye expressive of frantic revenge.

"Thou hast my secret", he exclaimed; "thou must be mine, or die!"

"I condemn your threats", said Morton; "I pity you, and leave you".

But, as he turned to retire, Burley stepped before him, pushed the oak-trunk from its resting-place, and as it fell thundering and crashing into the abyss beneath, drew his sword, and cried out, with a voice that rivalled the roar of the cataract and the thunder of the falling oak,—“Now thou art at bay!—fight—yield, or die!” and standing in the mouth of the cavern, he flourished his naked sword.

"I will not fight with the man that preserved my father's life", said Morton; "I have not yet learned to say the words, I yield; and my life I will rescue as I best can".

So speaking, and ere Balfour was aware of his purpose, he sprang past him, and exerting that youthful agility of which he possessed an uncommon share, leaped clear across the fearful chasm which divided the mouth of the cave from the projecting rock on the opposite side, and stood there safe and free from his incensed enemy. He immediately ascended the ravine, and, as he turned, saw Burley stand for an instant aghast with astonishment, and then, with the frenzy of disappointed rage, rush into the interior of his cavern.

Walter Scott.

53.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears were like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail:
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Byron.

54.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
 Tossing about on the roaring sea,
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
 The sails are scatter'd abroad like weeds;
 The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
 The mighty cables and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
 They strain, and they crack; and hearts like stone
 Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down! up and down!
 From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
 And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
 The stormy petrel finds a home—
 A home if such a place may be
 For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
 And only seeketh her rocky lair
 To warm her young and to teach them to spring
 At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing.

O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
 Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish sleep,
 Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
 The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird
 Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
 Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
 Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
 Yet he ne'er falters: so petrel, spring
 Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing.

Barry Cornwall.

55.

THE ANCIENT DRUIDS.

THE time in which the Druid priesthood was instituted, is unknown. It probably rose, like other institutions of that kind, from low and obscure beginnings; and acquired from time, and the labours of able men, a form, by which it extended itself so far, and attained at length so mighty an influence over the minds of a fierce, and otherwise ungovernable, people. Of the place where it arose, there is somewhat less doubt: Caesar mentions it as the common opinion, that this institution began in Britain; that there it always remained in the highest perfection, and that from thence it diffused itself into Gaul. I own I find it not easy to assign any tolerable cause, why an order of so much authority, and a discipline so exact, should have passed from the more barbarous people to the more civilized; from the younger to the older; from the colony to the mother country: but it is not wonderful, that the early extinction of this order, and that general contempt, in which the Romans held all the barbarous nations, should have left these matters obscure and full of difficulty.

The Druids were kept entirely distinct from the body of the people; and they were exempted from all the inferior and burdensome offices of society, that they might be at leisure to attend to the important duties of their own charge. They were chosen out of the best families, and from the young men of the most promising talents; a regulation, which placed and preserved them in a respectable light with the world. None were admitted into this order but after a long and laborious novitiate, which made the character venerable in their own eyes by the time and difficulty of attaining it.

They were devoted to solitude, and thereby acquired that abstracted and thoughtful air, which is so imposing upon the vulgar. And when they appeared in public, it was seldom, and only on some great occasion; in the sacrifices of the gods, or on the seat of judgment. They prescribed medicine; they formed the youth; they paid the last honours to the dead; they foretold events; they exercised themselves in magic. They were at once the priests, lawgivers, and physicians of their nation; and consequently concentrated in themselves all that respect, that men have diffusively for those, who heal their diseases, protect their property, or reconcile them to the Divinity. What contributed not a little to the stability and power of this order, was the extent of its foundation, and the regularity and

proportion of its structure. It took in both sexes; and the female Druids were in no less esteem for their knowledge and sanctity than the males. It was divided into several subordinate ranks and classes; and they all depended upon a chief or Arch-Druid, who was elected to his place with great authority, and pre-eminence for life. They were further armed with a power of interdicting from their sacrifices, or excommunicating, any obnoxious persons. This interdiction, so similar to that used by the ancient Athenians, and to that since practised among Christians, was followed by an exclusion from all the benefits of civil community; and it was accordingly the most dreaded of all punishments. This ample authority was in general usefully exerted; by the interposition of the Druids differences were composed, and wars ended; and the minds of the fierce northern people, being reconciled to each other under the influence of religion, united with signal effect against their common enemies.

There was a class of the Druids, whom they called Bards, who delivered in songs (their only history) the exploits of their heroes; and who composed those verses, which contained the secrets of druidical discipline, their principles of natural and moral philosophy, their astronomy, and the mystical rites of their religion. These verses in all probability bore a near resemblance to the golden verses of Pythagoras; to those of Phocylides, Orpheus, and other remnants of the most ancient Greek poets. The Druids, even in Gaul, where they were not altogether ignorant of the use of letters, in order to preserve their knowledge in greater respect, committed none of their precepts to writing. The proficiency of their pupils was estimated principally by the number of the technical verses, which they retained in their memory: a circumstance, that shews this discipline rather calculated to preserve with accuracy a few plain maxims of traditionary science, than to improve and extend it. And this is not the sole circumstance which leads us to believe, that among them learning had advanced no further than its infancy.

The scholars of the Druids, like those of Pythagoras, were carefully enjoined a long and religious silence; for if barbarians come to acquire any knowledge, it is rather by instruction, than examination; they must therefore be silent. Pythagoras, in the rude times of Greece, required silence in his disciples; but Socrates, in the meridian of the Athenian refinement, spoke less than his scholars; every thing was disputed in the Academy.

The Druids are said to have been very expert in astronomy, in geography, and in all parts of mathematical knowledge. And authors speak, in a very exaggerated strain, of their excellence in these and in many other sciences. Some elemental knowledge I suppose they had; but I can scarcely be persuaded, that their learning was either deep or extensive. In all countries where Druidism was professed, the youth were generally instructed by that order; and yet was there little either in the manners of the people, in their way of life, or their works of art, that demonstrates profound science, or particularly mathematical skill. Britain, where their discipline was in its highest perfection, and which was therefore resorted to by the people of Gaul, as an oracle in Druidical questions, was more barbarous in all other respects than Gaul itself, or than any other country then known in Europe. Those piles of rude magnificence, Stonehenge

and Abury, are in vain produced in proof of their mathematical abilities. These vast structures have nothing, which can be admired, but the greatness of the work; and they are not the only instances of the great things, which the mere labour of many hands united, and persevering in their purpose, may accomplish with very little help from mechanics. This may be evinced by the immense buildings, and the low state of the sciences, among the original Peruvians.

The Druids were eminent, above all the philosophic lawgivers of antiquity, for their care in impressing the doctrine of the soul's immortality on the minds of their people, as an operative and leading principle. This doctrine was inculcated on the scheme of transmigration, which some imagine them to have derived from Pythagoras. But it is by no means necessary to resort to any particular teacher for an opinion, which owes its birth to the weak struggles of unenlightened reason, and to mistakes natural to the human mind. The idea of the soul's immortality is indeed ancient, universal, and in a manner inherent in our nature: but it is not easy for a rude people to conceive any other mode of existence than one similar to what they had experienced in life; nor any other world as the scene of such an existence, but this we inhabit, beyond the bounds of which the mind extends itself with great difficulty. Admiration, indeed, was able to exalt to heaven a few selected heroes: it did not seem absurd, that those, who in their mortal state had distinguished themselves as superior and overruling spirits, should after death ascend to that sphere, which influences and governs every thing below; or that the proper abode of beings, at once so illustrious, and permanent, should be in that part of nature, in which they had always observed the greatest splendour and the least mutation. But on ordinary occasions it was natural some should imagine, that the dead retired into a remote country, separated from the living by seas or mountains. It was natural, that some should follow their imagination with a simplicity still purer, and pursue the souls of men no further than the sepulchres, in which their bodies had been deposited; whilst others of deeper penetration, observing, that bodies, worn out by age, or destroyed by accidents, still afforded the materials for generating new ones, concluded likewise, that a soul being dislodged did not wholly perish, but was destined, by a similar revolution in nature, to act again, and to animate some other body. This last principle gave rise to the doctrine of transmigration; but we must not presume of course, that where it prevailed it necessarily excluded the other opinions; for it is not remote from the usual procedure of the human mind, blending, in obscure matters, imagination and reasoning together, to unite ideas the most inconsistent. When Homer represents the ghosts of his heroes appearing at the sacrifices of Ulysses, he supposes them endued with life, sensation, and a capacity of moving, but he has joined to these powers of living existence uncomeliness, want of strength, want of distinction, the characteristics of a dead carcass. This is what the mind is apt to do; it is very apt to confound the ideas of the surviving soul and the dead body. The vulgar have always, and still do confound these very irreconcilable ideas. They lay the scene of apparitions in church-yards; they habit the ghost in a shroud; and it appears in all the ghastly paleness of a corpse. A contradiction of this kind has given

rise to a doubt, whether the Druids did in reality hold the doctrine of transmigration. There is positive testimony that they did hold it. There is also testimony as positive, that they buried, or burned with the dead, utensils, arms, slaves, and whatever might be judged useful to them, as if they were to be removed into a separate state. They might have held both these opinions; and we ought not to be surprised to find error inconsistent.

The objects of the Druid worship were many. In this respect they did not differ from other heathens; but it must be owned, that in general their ideas of divine matters were more exalted than those of the Greeks and Romans; and that they did not fall into an idolatry so coarse and vulgar. That their gods should be represented under a human form, they thought derogatory to beings uncreated and imperishable. To confine, what can endure no limits, within walls and roofs, they judged absurd and impious. In these particulars there was something refined, and suitable enough to a just idea of the Divinity. But the rest was not equal. Some notions they had, like the greatest part of mankind, of a Being eternal and infinite; but they also, like the greatest part of mankind, paid their worship to inferior objects, from the nature of ignorance and superstition always tending downwards.

The first and chief objects of their worship were the elements; and of the elements, fire, as the most pure, active, penetrating, and what gives life and energy to all the rest. Among fires, the preference was given to the sun, as the most glorious visible being, and the fountain of all life. Next they venerated the moon, and the planets. After fire, water was held in reverence. This, when pure and ritually prepared, was supposed to wash away all sins, and to qualify the priest to approach the altar of the gods with more acceptable prayers; washing with water being a type natural enough of inward cleansing and purity of mind. They also worshipped fountains, and lakes, and rivers.

Oaks were regarded by this sect with a particular veneration, as by their greatness, their shade, their stability, and duration, not ill representing the perfections of the Deity. From the great reverence in which they held this tree, it is thought their name of Druids is derived, the word *Deru* in the Celtic language signifying an oak. But their reverence was not wholly confined to this tree. All forests were held sacred; and many particular plants were respected, as endued with a particular holiness. No plant was more revered than the mistletoe; especially if it grew on the oak; not only because it is rarely found upon that tree, but because the oak was among the Druids peculiarly sacred. Towards the end of the year, they searched for this plant, and when it was found, great rejoicing ensued; it was approached with reverence; it was cut with a golden hook; it was not suffered to fall to the ground, but received with great care and solemnity upon a white garment.

In ancient times, and in all countries, the profession of physic was annexed to the priesthood. Men imagined, that all their diseases were inflicted by the immediate displeasure of the Deity, and therefore concluded, that the remedy would most probably proceed from those, who were particularly employed in his service. Whatever, for the same reason, was found of efficacy to avert or cure distempers, was considered as

partaking somewhat of the Divinity. Medicine was always joined with magic; no remedy was administered without mysterious ceremony and incantation. The use of plants and herbs, both in medicinal and magical practices, was early and general. The mistletoe, pointed out by its very peculiar appearance and manner of growth, must have struck powerfully on the imaginations of a superstitious people. Its virtues may have been soon discovered. It has been fully proved against the opinion of Celsus, that internal remedies were of very early use. Yet if it had not, the practice of the present savage nations supports the probability of that opinion. By some modern authors the mistletoe is said to be of signal service in the cure of certain convulsive distempers, which, by their suddenness, their violence, and their unaccountable symptoms, have even been ever considered as supernatural. The epilepsy was by the Romans for that reason called *Morbis Sacer*; and all other nations have regarded it in the same light. The Druids also looked upon vervain, and some other plants, as holy, and probably for a similar reason.

The other objects of the Druid worship were chiefly serpents in the animal world, and rude heaps of stone, or great pillars without polish or sculpture, in the inanimate. The serpent by his dangerous qualities is not ill adapted to inspire terror; by his annual renewals to raise admiration; by his make, easily susceptible of many figures, to serve for a variety of symbols, and by all, to be an object of religious observance: accordingly no object of idolatry has been more universal. And this is so natural, that serpent veneration seems to be rising again even in the bosom of Mahometanism. The great stones, it has been supposed, were originally monuments of illustrious men, or the memorials of considerable actions; or they were landmarks for deciding the bounds of fixed property. In time, the memory of the persons or facts, which these stones were erected to perpetuate, wore away; but the reverence, which custom, and probably certain periodical ceremonies, had preserved for those places, was not so soon obliterated. The monuments themselves then came to be venerated; and not the less because the reason for venerating them was no longer known. The landmark was in those times held sacred on account of its great uses, and easily passed into an object of worship. Hence the god *Terminus* amongst the Romans. This religious observance towards rude stones is one of the most ancient and universal of all customs. Traces of it are to be found in almost all, and especially in these northern nations; and to this day in Lapland, where heathenism is not yet entirely extirpated, their chief divinity, which they call *Stor Junkare*, is nothing more than a rude stone.

Some writers among the moderns, because the Druids ordinarily made no use of images in their worship, have given in to an opinion, that their religion was founded on the unity of the Godhead. But this is no just consequence. The spirituality of the idea, admitting their idea to have been spiritual, does not infer the unity of the object. All the ancient authors, who speak of this order, agree, that, besides those great and more distinguishing objects of their worship already mentioned, they had gods answerable to those adored by the Romans. And we know, that the northern nations, who overran the Roman empire, had in fact

a great plurality of gods, whose attributes, though not their names, bore a close analogy to the idols of the southern world.

The Druids performed the highest act of religion by sacrifice, agreeably to the custom of all other nations. They not only offered up beasts, but even human victims; a barbarity almost universal in the heathen world, but exercised more uniformly, and with circumstances of peculiar cruelty, amongst those nations where the religion of the Druids prevailed. They held, that the life of a man was the only atonement for the life of a man. They frequently enclosed a number of wretches, some captives, some criminals, and when these were wanting, even innocent victims, in a gigantic statue of wicker-work, to which they set fire, and invoked their deities amidst the horrid cries and shrieks of the sufferers, and the shouts of those who assisted at this tremendous rite.

There were none among the ancients more eminent for all the arts of divination than the Druids. Many of the superstitious practices in use to this day among the country people for discovering their future fortune seem to be remains of Druidism. Futurity is the great concern of mankind. Whilst the wise and learned look back upon experience and history, and reason from things past about events to come, it is natural for the rude and ignorant, who have the same desires without the same reasonable means of satisfaction, to enquire into the secrets of futurity, and to govern their conduct by omens, dreams, and prodigies. The Druids, as well as the Etruscan and Roman priesthood, attended with diligence to the flight of birds, the pecking of chickens, and the entrails of their animal sacrifices. It was obvious, that not contemptible prognostics of the weather were to be taken from certain motions and appearances in birds and beasts. A people, who lived mostly in the open air, must have been well skilled in these observations. And as changes in the weather influenced much the fortune of their huntings or their harvests, which were all their fortunes, it was easy to apply the same prognostics to every event by a transition very natural and common; and thus probably arose the science of auspices, which formerly guided the deliberations of councils, and the motions of armies, though they now only serve, and scarcely serve, to amuse the vulgar.

The Druid temple is represented to have been nothing more than a consecrated wood. The ancients speak of no other. But monuments remain, which shew, that the Druids were not in this respect wholly confined to groves. They had also a species of building, which in all probability was destined to religious use. This sort of structure was indeed without walls or roof. It was a colonnade, generally circular, of huge rude stones, sometimes single, sometimes double; sometimes with, often without, an architrave. These open temples were not in all respects peculiar to the northern nations. Those of the Greeks, which were dedicated to the celestial gods, ought in strictness to have had no roof, and were thence called "*Hypæthra*".

Many of these monuments remain in the British islands, curious for their antiquity, or astonishing for the greatness of the work; enormous masses of rock, so poised as to be set in motion with the slightest touch, yet not to be pushed from their place by a very great power: vast altars, peculiar and mystical in their structure, thrones, basins, heaps, or kearns;

and a variety of other works, displaying a wild industry, and a strange mixture of ingenuity and rudeness. But they are all worthy of attention; not only as such monuments often clear up the darkness, and supply the defects, of history, but as they lay open a noble field of speculation for those, who study the changes, which have happened in the manners, opinions, and sciences of men, and who think them as worthy of regard as the fortune of wars and the revolutions of kingdoms.

The short account, which I have here given, does not contain the whole of what is handed down to us by ancient writers, or discovered by modern research, concerning this remarkable order. But I have selected those, which appear to me the most striking features, and such as throw the strongest light on the genius and true character of the Druidical institution.

Burke.

56.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

IN ancient times a castle stood, full stately in its pride,
Its splendour blaz'd through all the land, e'en to the azure tide;
'T was girt with sunny gardens, where bloom'd all fragrant flowers,
And fountains play'd refreshingly, and fell in rainbow showers.

There sat a haughty monarch, whom conquer'd millions hail,
He sat upon his lofty throne, so gloomy and so pale;
For rage inflames his hollow glance, his thoughts on treason pore,
And what he speaks, is chastisement, and what he writes, is gore.

Once journey'd to this castle high, a gentle minstrel pair.
The one had golden wavy locks, the other hoary hair;
The old man rode a comely steed, and held his harp in hand,
Beside him walk'd his youthful mate with buoyant air and bland.

The old man spake unto the youth: "Now then, my son, to-day,
Prepare to wake thy richest notes, recall our noblest lay,
Ply all our powers united of pleasure, ay, and pain!
To move the monarch's stony heart we must not strive in vain".

Already in the presence-hall the tuneful pair are seen;
The king is seated on his throne, beside him sits the queen;
He glares in awful splendour, like the lurid northern light,
She beams in tender softness like the full moon to the sight.

Then struck the hoary minstrel his harp so wondrous well,
That ever richer on their ears its strains enchanting fell;
And pour'd the youth his mellow voice with soul subduing fire,
His father's bass swell'd in between, as from angelic quire.

They sing of Love and laughing Spring, of blissful golden days,
Religion, honor, freedom, worth, and truth's celestial rays;
They sing of all that's sweet and fair to move a mortal heart,
They sing of all that's great and good high virtue to impart.

The circling crowd of courtiers indulge no mockery now,
The dauntless warriors of the king before the Godhead bow,
The Queen, by highest extasy, of joy and woe possess'd,
Flings to the minstrels for a boon, the rose that decks her breast.

"Ye have my people base beguil'd—what! conjure too my wife?"
The king cries starting wildly up, his looks with fury rife;
Then pierces with his flashing steel the youthful singer's heart,
Whence 'stead of golden melodies, red vital torrents start.

As scatter'd by some tempest's wrath, the courtiers all are fled,
The hapless youth hath groan'd his last, his sire bemoans him dead,
Enshrouds him in his mantle wide and sets him on his steed,
Secures him in the saddle fast, and from the hall doth speed.

But see! before the lofty gates stops short the minstrel gray,
Then takes his cherished harp in hand whose price no gold can pay,
Against a pillar shivers it in fragments on the ground,
Then lifts his voice whose awful tones through hall and bower resound.

"Woe! woe! thou castle proud and strong! may never joyous lay
Again be heard in thy saloons, nor harp's harmonious play:
No! sighs and groans alone resound, and shrieks of slaves in dread,
Until the demon of revenge to dust thy ruins tread!

"Woe! woe! ye fragrant gardens! the nursing sun's delight,
Behold the body of my boy, shun not the piteous sight!
That so ye may be blighted o'er, your every fountain dried,
And in the future times extend, a barren desert wide!

"Woe! woe! thou ruthless murderer! thou curse of minstrel race!
In vain be all thy bloody toil to win the conqueror's place;
Oh! be thy name forgotten quite, by utter darkness veild,
Be like the last groan passing forth in empty air exhal'd!"

The old man, he hath utter'd it, and heaven hath heard his cry,
The proud halls, they are desolate, the towers in ruins lie,
But one tall column stands to tell of vanish'd pomp and might,
And even that already rent, may topple over night.

Around instead of gardens fair, wild barren wastes expand,
No tree extends its pleasant shade, no spring bursts through the sand,
No hero-lay, no history, the monarch's name rehearse,
Forgotten, in oblivion sunk;—such is the Minstrel's Curse!

R. Raby.

ON SUBLIMITY.

IT is not easy to describe in words the precise impression which great and sublime objects make upon us when we behold them; but every one has a conception of it. It produces a sort of internal elevation and expansion; it raises the mind much above its ordinary state, and fills it with a degree of wonder and astonishment which it cannot well express. The emotion is certainly delightful, but it is altogether of the serious kind; a degree of awfulness and solemnity, even approaching to severity, commonly attends it when at its height, very distinguishable from the more gay and brisk emotion raised by beautiful objects.

The simplest form of external grandeur appears in the vast and boundless prospects presented to us by nature; such as wide extended plains, to which the eye can see no limits, the firmament of heaven, or the boundless expanse of the ocean. All vastness produces the impression of sublimity. It is to be remarked, however, that space, extended in length, makes not so strong an impression as height or depth. Though a boundless plain be a grand object, yet a high mountain, to which we look up, or an awful precipice or tower, whence we look down on the objects which lie below, is still more so. The excessive grandeur of the firmament arises from its height, joined to its boundless extent; and that of the ocean not from its extent alone, but from the perpetual motion and irresistible force of that mass of waters. Wherever space is concerned, it is clear that amplitude or greatness of extent in one dimension or other is necessary to grandeur. Remove all bounds from any object, and you presently render it sublime. Hence infinite space, endless numbers, and eternal duration, fill the mind with great ideas.

From this some have imagined that vastness or amplitude of extent is the foundation of all sublimity. But I cannot be of this opinion, because many objects appear sublime which have no relation to space at all. Such, for instance, is great loudness of sound. The burst of thunder or of cannon, the roaring of winds, the shouting of multitudes, the sound of vast cataracts of water, are all incontestably grand objects. "I heard the voice of a great multitude, as the sound of many waters, and of mighty thunderings, saying, Hallelujah". In general, we may observe that great power and force exerted always raise sublime ideas; and perhaps the most copious source of these is derived from this quarter. Hence the grandeur of earthquakes and burning mountains; of great conflagrations; of the stormy ocean and overflowing waters; of tempests of wind; of thunder and lightning; and of all the uncommon violence of the elements: nothing is more sublime than mighty power and strength. A stream that runs within its banks is a beautiful object, but when it rushes down with the impetuosity and noise of a torrent, it presently becomes a sublime one. From lions, and other animals of strength, are drawn sublime comparisons in poets. A race-horse is looked upon with pleasure; but it is the war-horse, "whose neck is clothed with thunder", that carries grandeur in its idea. The engagement of two great armies, as it is the highest exertion of human might, combines a variety of

sources of the sublime, and has accordingly been always considered as one of the most striking and magnificent spectacles that can be either presented to the eye, or exhibited to the imagination in description.

For the further illustration of this subject, it is proper to remark, that all ideas of the solemn and awful kind, and even bordering on the terrible, tend greatly to assist the sublime; such as darkness, solitude, and silence. What are the scenes of nature that elevate the mind in the highest degree, and produce the sublime sensation? Not the gay landscape, the flowery field, or the flourishing city; but the hoary mountains, and the solitary lake, the aged forest, and the torrent falling over the rock. Hence, too, night scenes are commonly the most sublime. The firmament, when filled with stars, scattered in such vast numbers, and with such magnificent profusion, strikes the imagination with a more awful grandeur than when we view it enlightened with all the splendour of the sun. The deep sound of a great bell, or the striking of a great clock, are at any time grand, but, when heard amid the silence and stillness of the night, they become doubly so. Darkness is very commonly applied for adding sublimity to all our ideas of the Deity. "He maketh darkness his pavilion, he dwelleth in the thick cloud". So Milton:—

How oft, amidst
Thick clouds and dark, does heaven's all ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness, round
Circles his throne.

Observe with how much art Virgil has introduced all those ideas of silence, vacuity, and darkness, when he is going to introduce his hero to the infernal regions, and to disclose the secrets of the great deep:—

Ye subterranean gods, whose awful sway
The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey;
Oh, Chaos, hear! and Phlegethon profound!
Whose solemn empire stretches wide around!
Give me, ye great tremendous powers, to tell
Of scenes and wonders in the depth of hell;
Give me, your mighty secrets to display,
From those black realms of darkness to the day.—

PITT.

Obscure they went, through dreary shades, that led
Along the vast dominions of the dead;
As wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.—

DRYDEN.

These passages I quote at present, not so much as instances of sublime writing, though in themselves they truly are so, as to show, by the effect of them, that the objects which they present to us belong to the class of sublime ones.

Obscurity, we are further to remark, is not unfavourable to the sublime. Though it render the object indistinct, the impression, however, may be

great; for, as an ingenious author has well observed, it is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it affecting to the imagination; and the imagination may be strongly affected, and, in fact, often is so, by objects of which we have no clear conception. Thus we see that almost all the descriptions given us of the appearances of supernatural beings, carry some sublimity, though the conceptions they afford us be confused and indistinct. Their sublimity arises from the ideas, which they always convey, of superior power and might, joined with an awful obscurity. We may see this fully exemplified in the following noble passage of the book of Job:—"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence; and I heard a voice—Shall mortal man be more just than God?" (Job. I, v. 15.) No ideas, it is plain, are so sublime as those taken from the Supreme Being, the most unknown, but the greatest of all objects; the infinity of whose nature, and the eternity of whose duration, joined with the omnipotence of his power, though they surpass our conceptions, yet exalt them to the highest. In general, all objects that are greatly raised above us, or far removed from us, either in space or in time, are apt to strike us as great. Our viewing them as through the mist of distance or antiquity is favourable to the impressions of their sublimity.

As obscurity, so disorder too is very compatible with grandeur; nay, frequently heightens it. Few things that are strictly regular and methodical appear sublime. We see the limits on every side; we feel ourselves confined; there is no room for the mind's exerting any great effort. Exact proportion of parts, though it enters often into the beautiful, is much disregarded in the sublime. A great mass of rocks, thrown together by the hand of nature with wildness and confusion, strike the mind with more grandeur than if they had been adjusted to one another with the most accurate symmetry.

In the feeble attempts which human art can make towards producing grand objects (feeble, I mean, in comparison with the powers of nature), greatness of dimensions always constitutes a principal part. No pile of buildings can convey any idea of sublimity, unless it be ample and lofty. There is, too, in architecture, what is called greatness of manner, which seems chiefly to arise from presenting the object to us in one full point of view, so that it shall make its impression whole, entire, and undivided upon the mind. A Gothic cathedral raises ideas of grandeur in our minds by its size, its height, its awful obscurity, its strength, its antiquity, and its durability.

There still remains to be mentioned one class of sublime objects, which may be called the moral or sentimental sublime, arising from certain exertions of the human mind, from certain affections and actions of our fellow-creatures. These will be found to be all, or chiefly of that class, which comes under the name of magnanimity or heroism; and they produce an effect extremely similar to what is produced by the view of grand objects in nature; filling the mind with admiration, and elevating it above itself. Wherever, in some critical and high situation, we behold

a man uncommonly intrepid, and resting upon himself, superior to passion and to fear; animated by some principle to the contempt of popular opinion, of selfish interest, of dangers, or of death, there we are struck with a sense of the sublime.

High virtue is the most natural and fertile source of this moral sublimity. However, on some occasions, where virtue either has no place, or is but imperfectly displayed, yet if extraordinary vigour and force of mind be discovered, we are not insensible to a degree of grandeur in the character; and from the splendid conqueror, or the daring conspirator, whom we are far from approving, we cannot withhold our admiration.

Blair.

58.

PARADISE LOST.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that with surpassing glory crown'd
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King;
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
 From me whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
 O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet, why not? some other power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
 Fell not but stand unshaken from within

Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
 Thou hadst; whom hast thou then, or what, t'accuse,
 But Heavn's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
 O then at last relent; is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.
 But say, I could repent and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconcilment grow,
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep;
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace;
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead
 Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.—
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heavn's King I hold;
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

Milton.

59.

T I M E.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are years,
 Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
 Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
 Claspest the limits of mortality!
 And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
 Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
 Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth on thee,
 Unfathomable Sea?

Shelley.

60.

**HOW MR. PICKWICK DROVE, AND MR. WINKLE RODE, TO
 MANOR FARM, DINGLEY DELL.**

BRIGHT and pleasant was the sky, balmy the air, and beautiful the appearance of every object around, as Mr. Pickwick leant over the balustrades of Rochester Bridge, contemplating nature and waiting for breakfast. The scene was indeed one which might well have charmed a far less reflective mind, than that to which it was presented.

On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some overhanging the narrow beach below in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of sea-weed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind; and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of its old might and strength, as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a windmill, or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it, as the thin and half formed clouds skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound, as their heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream.

Mr. Pickwick was roused from the agreeable reverie into which he had been led by the objects before him, by a deep sigh, and a touch on his shoulder. He turned round; and the dismal man was at his side.

"Contemplating the scene?" enquired the dismal man.

"I was", said Mr. Pickwick.

"And congratulating yourself on being up so soon?"

Mr. Pickwick nodded assent.

"Ah people need, to rise early, to see the sun in all his splendour, for his brightness seldom lasts the day through. The morning of day and the morning of life are but too much alike".

"You speak truly, Sir", said Mr. Pickwick.

"How common the saying", continued the dismal man "*'the morning's too fine to last'*". How well might it be applied to our every-day existence. God! what would I forfeit to have the days of my childhood restored, or to be able to forget them for ever"!

"You have seen much trouble, sir", said Mr. Pickwick compassionately.

"I have", said the dismal man hurriedly; "I have. More than those who see me now would believe possible". He paused for an instant, and then said, abruptly.

"Did it ever strike you on such a morning as this, that drowning would be happiness and peace?"

"God bless me, no!" replied Mr. Pickwick edging a little from the balustrade, as the possibility of the dismal man's tipping him over, by way of experiment, occurred to him rather forcibly.

"I have thought so, often", said the dismal man without noticing the action. "The calm, cool water seems to me to murmur an invitation to repose and rest. A bound, a splash, a brief struggle; there is an eddy for an instant, it gradually subsides into a gentle ripple; the waters have closed above your head, and the world has closed upon your miseries and misfortunes for ever". The sunken eye of the dismal man flashed brightly as he spoke, but the momentary excitement quickly subsided, and he turned calmly away, as he said—

"There, enough of that. I wished to see you on another subject. You invited me to read that paper, the night before last, and listened attentively while I did so".

"I did", replied Mr. Pickwick, "and I certainly thought"—

"I asked for no opinion", said the dismal man, interrupting him, "and I want none. You are travelling for amusement and instruction. Suppose I forwarded you a curious manuscript—observe not curious because wild or improbable, but curious as a leaf from the romance of real life. Would you communicate it to the club, of which you have spoken so frequently?"

"Certainly", replied Mr. Pickwick, "if you wished it; and it would be entered on their Transactions".

"You shall have it", replied the dismal man. "Your address?" and Mr. Pickwick having communicated their probable route, the dismal man carefully noted it down in a greasy pocket-book, and, resisting Mr. Pickwick's pressing invitation to breakfast, left that gentleman at his inn, and walked slowly away.

Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare, and the appetites of its consumers.

"Now about Manor Farm", said Mr. Pickwick, "how shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps", said Mr. Tupman; and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen,—cross road—post-chaise, Sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two", said Mr. Pickwick.

True, Sir—beg your pardon, Sir.—Very nice four-wheel chaise, Sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—Oh! beg your pardon, Sir—that 'll only hold three".

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, Sir", suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle horses, Sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester, bring 'em back, Sir".

"The very thing", said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horse-back?"

Now Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly, I should enjoy it, of all things".

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource.

"Let them be at the door by eleven", said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, Sir", replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bed-rooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition. Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. A hostler stood near it, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, "who's to drive? I never thought of that".

"Oh! you, of course", said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course", said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, Sir", interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, Sir"; an infant in arms might drive him".

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, Sir? He wouldn't shy, Sir, if he was to meet a waggon-load of monkeys, with their tails burnt off".

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny William", said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'l'm'n the reins". Shiny William—so called probably from

his sleek air and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand, and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Woo!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo—o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'l'm'n", said the head hostler, encouragingly; "just catch hold on him, William". The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, Sir, if you please".

"Blowed, if the gen'l'm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side", whispered a grinning post-boy, to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right", replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go" cried the hostler—"Hold him in, Sir"; and away went the chaise, and the saddle horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine", replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was going up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail to the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this, or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a by-stander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly, every now and then, to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manoeuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know" replied Mr. Tupman. "It *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo!" said that gentleman, "I have dropped my whip".

"Winkle", cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of his exercise. "Pick up the whip, there's a good fellow". Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle, had no sooner touched the reins, than it slipped them over its head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow", said Mr. Winkle soothingly—"poor fellow—good old horse". The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery; the more Mr. Winkle tried to get near him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and his horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time, each was precisely at the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him!"

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike" replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him".

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle. The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him, with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance; but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the

wheels from the body, the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

An hour's walking brought the travellers to a little road-side public-house, with two elm trees, a horse trough, and a sign-post in front, one or two deformed hay-ricks behind, a kitchen garden at the side, and rotten sheds and mouldering out-houses jumbled in strange confusion, all about it. A red-headed man was working in the garden; and to him Mr. Pickwick called lustily—"Hallo there!" The red-headed man raised his body, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared long and coolly at Mr. Pickwick and his companions.

"Hallo there!" repeated Mr. Pickwick.

"Hallo!" was the red-headed man's reply.

"How far is it to Dingley Dell?"

"Better nor seven mile".

"Is it a good road?"

"No t'an't". Having uttered this brief reply, and apparently satisfied himself with another scrutiny, the red-headed man resumed his work.

"We want to put this horse up here", said Mr. Pickwick. "I suppose we can, can't we?"

"Want to put that ere horse up, do you?" repeated the red-headed man, leaning on his spade.

"Of course", replied Mr. Pickwick, who by this time had advanced, horse in hand, to the garden rails.

"Missus!" roared the man with the red head, emerging from the garden, and looking very hard at the horse—"Missus!"

A tall bony woman—straight all the way down—in a coarse blue pelisse, with the waist an inch or two below her armpits, responded to the call.

"Can we put this horse up here, my good woman?" said Mr. Tupman, advancing and speaking in his most seductive tones. The woman looked very hard at the whole party; and the red-headed man whispered something in her ear.

"No", replied the woman after a little consideration. "I 'm afraid of it".

"Afraid!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick "what's the woman afraid of?"

"It got us in trouble the last time" said the woman turning into the house. "I won't have nothing to say to him".

"Most extraordinary thing I ever met with in my life!" said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"I—I—really believe" whispered Mr. Winkle, as his friends gathered round him "that they think we have come by this horse in some dishonest manner".

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick in a storm of indignation. Mr. Winkle modestly repeated his suggestion.

"Hallo, you fellow!" said the angry Mr. Pickwick, "do you think we stole this horse?"

"I 'm sure you did", replied the red-headed man, with a grin which agitated his countenance from one auricular organ to the other. Saying which, he turned into the house and banged the door after him.

"It 's like a dream, ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, "a hideous dream. The idea of a man walking about, all day, with a dreadful horse he can't get rid of!"

The depressed Pickwickians turned moodily away, with the tall quadruped, for which they all felt the most unmitigated disgust, following slowly at their heels.

It was late in the afternoon, when the four friends, and their four-footed companion, turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm; and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would otherwise have experienced was materially damped, as they reflected on the singularity of their appearance, and the absurdity of their situation. Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and, above all, the horse. Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse: he had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; more than once he had calculated the probable amount of the expense he would incur by cutting his throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force. He was roused from a meditation on these dire imaginings, by the sudden appearance of two figures at a turn of the lane. It was Mr. Wardle and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.

"Why where *have* you been?" said the hospitable old gentleman, "I 've been waiting for you all day. "Well, you do look tired. What! Scratches! no hurt I hope—eh? Well, I *am* glad to hear that—very. So you 've been spilt—eh? Never mind. Common accident in these parts. Joe, take that horse from the gentleman, and lead it into the stable.

The fat boy sauntered heavily behind them with the animal; and the old gentleman condoling with his guests in homely phrase, on so much of the day's adventures as they thought proper to communicate, led the way to the kitchen.

"We'll have you put to rights here", said the old gentleman "and then I 'll introduce you to the people in the parlour. Emma, bring out the cherry brandy; now, Jane, a needle and thread, here; towels and water, Mary. Come, girls, bustle about".

Three or four buxom girls speedely dispersed in search of the different articles in requisition, while a couple of large-headed, circular-visaged males rose from their seats in the chimney corner (for although it was a May evening, their attachment to the wood fire appeared as cordial as if it were Christmas), and dived into some obscure recess, from which they speedily produced a bottle of blacking, and some half-dozen brushes.

"Bustle", said the old gentleman again; but the admonition was quite unnecessary, for one of the girls poured out the cherry brandy, and another brought in the towels, and one of the men suddenly seizing Mr. Pickwick by the leg, at the imminent hazard of throwing him off his balance,

brushed away at his foot, till his corns were red-hot, while the other shampoo'd Mr. Winkle with a heavy clothes brush, indulging, during the operation in that hissing sound, which hostlers are wont to produce, when engaged in rubbing down a horse.

Mr. Snodgrass, having concluded his ablutions, took a survey of the room, while standing with his back to the fire, sipping his cherry brandy with heartfelt satisfaction. He describes it as a large apartment, with a red brick floor, and a capacious chimney; the ceiling garnished with hams, sides of bacon, and ropes of onions. The walls were decorated with several hunting whips, two or three bridles, a saddle and an old rusty blunderbuss, with an inscription below it that it was "Loaded"—as it had been, on the same authority, for half a century at least. An old eight-day clock of solemn and sedate demeanour, ticked gravely in one corner; and a silver watch, of equal antiquity, dangled from one of the many hooks which ornamented the dresser.

"Ready?" said the old gentleman enquiringly, when his guests had been washed, mended, brushed, and brandied.

"Quite" replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Come along then;" and the party having traversed several dark passages, arrived at the parlour door.

"Welcome," said their hospitable host, throwing it open and stepping forward to announce them. "Welcome, Gentlemen, to Manor Farm!"

Dickens.

61.

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalise,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
 Who bidst me honour, with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.
 My mother! when I learn'd that thou art dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah! that maternal smile!—it answers—yes.
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
 And disappointed still, was still deceiv'd,
 By expectation every day beguill'd,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
 Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
 'T is now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
 Short-liv'd possession! But the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interpos'd too often makes;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may;

Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little notic'd here.
 Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flowers,
 The violet, the pink and jessamine,
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart:—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
 Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
 And thy lov'd consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
 Me, howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
 Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
 And now, farewell! Time unrevok'd has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of the thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in this theft,—
 Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left.

Cowper.

62.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
 In happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill!
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee;
 All that summer-hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice:
 Man for thee does sow and plow;
 Farmer he and landlord thou!
 Innocently dost thou enjoy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year!
 Thee Phoebus loves, and does inspire;
 Phoebus is himself thy sire.
 To thee of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect! happy thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal!)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Cowley.

63.

SPIRITUAL READING.

THE mere knowledge gained by reading spiritual books, even books
 which are very indirectly spiritual, is of incalculable importance. I am
 not speaking of erudition. I am aware that there is a consent among
 the great ascetics of the seventeenth century, that learned persons are

R a b y, Prose and Verse.

10

nearly the most difficult to lead to perfection, both because the absorption of learning engrosses their interest and interferes with habits of contemplation, and also because the process of study withers the freshness of the mind for prayer, and dries the affections as if an east wind had passed over them. But knowledge and learning are two different ideas. It is not easy to think out for ourselves even very obvious things. Reading suggests them to us. It increases the light round about us, and also the light within us. We gain time by appropriating through books the experience of others. We learn methods, which shorten roads. We multiply our motives of action, and we infuse new vigour into old motives by understanding them better. It is instructive to observe, that, when God is pleased to raise ignorant and illiterate persons to a high state of perfection, He infuses into them supernatural science, making them very frequently even accomplished theologians and profound expositors of Scripture; as if knowledge must lie in the spiritual soul either as a cause or an effect of holiness, or more probably as both. It is the common rule, that an ill-instructed person can never attain any considerable heights in devotion. He must have, for the most part, a knowledge of spiritual things, and even some knowledge of theology.

In the next place, we must take into account the direct assistance in our combat, which we derive from reading books about God, and the soul, and the virtues or the lives of the saints. They stir up our affections to God as we read. They elicit by a gentle compulsion continued acts of love, or hope, or faith, or desire, or contrition. They are like inspirations to us. Silent divine voices leap into our souls from off the page. Spiritual reading is in itself an essential exercise. It is a special and peculiar form of prayer, the management of which is one of the important features of our spiritual day. Historically speaking, the reading of the lives of the saints alone has been a most energetic power of holiness in the Church for long ages. It will almost surprise us if we make an effort to remember how much we ourselves owe, in our little efforts after spirituality, to the study of the lives of the saints.

Every one must have experienced the good effects of religious reading as connected with prayer. Prayer is the grand difficulty of most souls. Solve that difficulty, and other difficulties are solved with it. Now reading feeds and furnishes prayer. It supplies matter. It plants the wilderness. It irrigates what it has planted. The old masters call it oil for the lamp of prayer. How often do men, not beginners only, but men who are far from their beginnings now, complain that they do not know what to think about at meditation, or what to say to God. It is not too much to affirm, that regular and rightly-practised spiritual reading obviates at least half the difficulties of meditation. It is a sad thing to have been twenty years serving God, and to be still fighting with our morning meditation; although it is a comfort to think that St. Teresa was engaged in those hostilities for seventeen years.

Reading is also of no inconsiderable service simply as an occupation of time. The use of time is one of the chief difficulties of the spiritual life. If we may distinguish the one from the other, we should be less frightened at St. Teresa's vow, Always to do what was most perfect, than of St. Alphonso's, Never to waste a moment of time; and the most

impressive thing in those wonderful eighty-eight years of St. Andrew Avellino is his never having let a moment glide by unperceived and unoccupied. It tries our faith to think of it. Now we cannot always keep our mind fixed on God, I mean we who are not saints. We may doubt it of the saints, gravely doubt it, but, having no experience of sainthood, we cannot dogmatize about it. Yet, when the effort to do so would be too much for us, there are in most of our days gaps of time which would be filled up with inutilities. Inutilities would be the most innocent filling up of them, yet how spirit-wasting also! Then reading, not our regular spiritual reading, which is a more serious and direct intercourse with God, but conscientiously chosen reading, even of a secular sort, comes in, and not only saves us from evil by being harmless, but does us a positive good in itself.

Moreover it takes possession of the mind, of which the evil one is always on the watch to take possession. It occupies it. It garrisons it. It peoples it with thoughts which are directly or indirectly of God. Now in these days there are two contagious influences in the atmosphere around us, which are most deleterious to the spiritual life. They are the multiplicity of interests, and the rapidity of objects. It is sad to see the success with which these two things thrust God out of our minds, perpetually edging a little more forward, and a little more, and a little more. The mere occupation of our minds, therefore, with religious objects, has become of serious importance in devotion, especially to those who are living in the world, and so are forced to hear its roar, and to turn giddy at the sight of its portentously swift whirling and revolving, as if it were a machine of God got loose from His control. I need not dwell on this, but it would not be easy to make too much of it. For, what has taken possession of the current of our thoughts, has taken possession of our whole selves. A taste for reading is therefore especially necessary for these times, because of their perils and their peculiarities.

It is by this occupation of our thoughts, that reading hinders castle-building, which is an inward disease wholly incompatible with devotion. Perhaps it is speaking too broadly to say, that reading hinders it altogether, but at least it makes it much less likely, and confines it within much narrower bounds. In temptations also, it is a twofold help, both negative and positive. Negative, because all occupation involves the non-existence of a great many temptations; and positive, because it furnishes an actual distraction while we are under temptation, as well as gives us light in our warfare with them, and a heating of the heart which prevents our being chilled by their icy touch. It also delivers us from listlessness, which is a dangerous enemy of devotion, especially to those who live in the world, and have not the help of an always pressing rule, and the soft uninterrupted pulsations of community-acts. Towards afternoon a person, who has nothing to do, drifts rapidly away from God. To sit down in a chair without an object is to jump into a thicket of temptations. A vacant hour is always the devil's hour. When time hangs heavy, the wings of the spirit flap painfully and slow. Then it is that a book is a strong tower, nay a very church, with angels lurking among the leaves, as if they were so many niches.

Faber.

64.

O N M A N.

I SAW him in his glory,
 Bewilder'd in his bliss,
 And every joy that earth could give,
 And every smile was his;
 Mirth spread its wings on the balmy gale,
 And laughter stifled the voice of wail,
 But his heart still yearned for something more,
 For a fairer land, for a happier shore.
 Man was not made for this.

I saw him in the battle,
 His hand was black with gore,
 And his eye flash'd fire as the bickering steel
 Each beating bosom tore;
 And in scenes of slaughter he revell'd wild,
 Like the frantic mother that's lost her child;
 But that demon scowl, and that Bacchanal rage,
 Bring not a glow to the breast of the sage:
 Man was not made for this.

I saw him court ambition,
 I saw him mount her car,
 And blast the earth with his noxious breath,
 A solitary star.
 And o'er vanquish'd worlds he soar'd supreme,
 Like the eagle that dares the day-star's beam;
 But a mighty void still crav'd in his breast,
 And wild dreams stole on his nightly rest:—
 Man was not made for this.

I saw him scan the heavens,
 And pierce through nature's laws,
 And read the secrets of the deep,
 And tell each hidden cause.
 But his spirit beat 'gainst its mortal cage,
 As eager to scan an ampler page,
 And the brightness of each diadem star,
 Only told of a something lovelier far:—
 Man was not made for this.

I saw him at the altar,
 In sadness and alone,
 And his bosom heav'd and his lips were mov'd
 In humble orison.

And the thought of his frailties woke a sigh,
 And the tear of repentance stole to his eye,
 And he bow'd him down to the lowly sod,
 To ask forgiveness of his God.

Oh! Man was made for this.

I saw him on his death bed,
 No frantic fear was there,
 But seraph Hope was thron'd in his breast,
 As he mutter'd a last fond pray'r.
 A crucifix was in his hand,
 Redeeming pledge of a brighter land.
 To clasp his dying Saviour he tried,
 And in that effort of love he died.

Oh! Man was made for this.

Maurice O'Connell.

65.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again;
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
 The sorryest wight may find release of pain,
 The dryest soil suck in some moistening shower;
 Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune does not ever flow,
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
 Her tides have equal times to come and go;
 Her loom does weave the fine and coarsest web;
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
 No endless night, yet not eternal day;
 The saddest bird a season finds to sing;
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
 That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
 In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
 Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
 Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

Southwell.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

A DREAM.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, (*Sat. i. l. 1, ver. 1*) which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change condition with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediatly grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds. There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but, after a few vain efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones, who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one

advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaden with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length, I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances. As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him.

Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, who had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled

the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up instead the gout, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned before, who went off a very well shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure

of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure: after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgement of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

Addison.

67.

M A N.

KNOW thou thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Plac'd in this isthmus of a middle state
 A being darkly wise and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die and reasoning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little or too much;
 Chaos of thought and passion all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
 Created half to rise and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of truth in endless error hurl'd
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
 Go wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old time and regulate the sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first wisdom and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself and be a fool!

Pope.

68.

OF THE OPEN SKY.

IT is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of the creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than any other part of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organisation; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and every thing well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright or good for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort, and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross; sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful—never the same for two moments together. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations, we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the South, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves! All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestation of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and which yet vary eternally, which are never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

Ruskin.

69.

THE CLOUD.

I.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

II.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,

In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits;
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the cags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

III.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead.
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

IV.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer,
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each pav'd with the moon and these.

V.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch, through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 Whilst the moist earth was laughing below.

VI.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky:
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and upbuild it again.

Shelley.

70.

A THANKSGIVING.

LORD, in this dust thy sovereign voice
 First quicken'd love divine;
 I am all thine—thy care and choice,
 My very praise is thine.

I praise Thee, while thy providence
 In childhood frail I trace,
 For blessings given, ere dawning sense
 Could seek or scan thy grace;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
 Bright dreams and fancyings strange,
 Blessings, when reason's awful power
 Gave thought a bolder range;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
 Unask'd, unhop'd, have come;
 And choicer still, a countless store
 Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
 I shrine those seasons sad,
 When looking up, I saw thy face
 In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet is memory now.

Yes! let the fragrant scars abide,
Love-tokens in thy stead,
Faint shadows of the spear-pierc'd side,
And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray,
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth; far, far remove
The lure of power or name;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness, love,
And, faith, in this world's shame.

Newman.

71.

OLD ENGLISH MONASTERIES.

LET us ask whether reason do not reject with disdain the slander that has been heaped on the monastic institutions? England, more, perhaps, than any other country in Europe, abounded in such institutions, and these more richly endowed than any where else. In England there was, on an average, more than twenty of those establishments to a county. They flourished for nine hundred years; they were beloved by the people; they were destroyed by violence, by the plunderer's grasp, and the murderer's knife. Was there ever anything, vicious in itself, or evil in its effects, held in veneration by a whole people for so long a time? If the Monasteries had been the cause of evil, would they have been protected with such care by so many wise and virtuous kings, legislators, and judges? Perhaps Alfred was the greatest man that ever lived. What writer of eminence, whether poet, lawyer, or historian, has not selected him as the object of his highest praises? As king, as soldier, as patriot, as lawgiver, in all his characters he is, by all, regarded as having been the greatest, wisest, most virtuous of men. And is it reasonable then for us to suppose that he whose whole soul was wrapped up in the hope of making his people free, honest, virtuous, and happy; is it reasonable to suppose that he would have been, as he was, one of the most munificent founders of Monasteries, if those institutions had been vicious in themselves, or had tended to evil? We have not these institutions and their effects immediately before our eyes. We do not actually see the Monasteries. But we know of them two things; namely, that they were most anxiously cherished by Alfred and his tutor Saint Swithin; and that

they were destroyed by the bloody tyrant, Henry the Eighth, and the not less bloody ruffian Thomas Cromwell. Upon these two facts alone we might pretty safely decide on the merits of these institutions.

The hospitality and other good things proceeding from the Monasteries, are not to be forgotten; but we must take a closer view of the subject, in order to do full justice to these calumniated institutions. It is our duty to show that they were founded in great political wisdom, as well as in real piety and charity, that they were great diffusers of general prosperity, happiness and content; and that one of their natural and necessary effects was, to prevent that state of things which sees but two classes of people in a community, *masters* and *slaves*, a very few enjoying the extreme of luxury and millions doomed to the extreme of misery.

From the land all the good things come. Somebody must *own* the land. Those who own it must have the *distribution* of its revenues. If these revenues be chiefly distributed amongst the people, from whose labour they arise, and in such a way as to afford to them a good maintenance on easy terms, the community must be happy. If the revenues be *alienated* in very great part; if they be carried away to a great distance, and expended amongst those from whose labour no part of them arise, the main body of the community must be miserable; poor-houses, jails, and barracks must arise. Now one of the greatest advantages attending the Monasteries was, that they of necessity caused the revenues of a large part of the lands of the country to be spent on the spot whence those revenues arose. The hospitals, and all the other establishments of the kind, had the same tendency. There were, of the whole, great and small, not less, on an average, than fifty in each county; so that the revenues of the land diffused themselves, in great part, immediately amongst the people at large. We all well know how the state of a parish becomes instantly changed for the worse, when a noble or other great land-owner quits the mansion in it, and leaves that mansion shut up. Every body knows the effect which such a shutting up has upon the poor-rates of a parish. It is notorious, that the non-residence of the clergy, and of the noblemen and gentlemen is universally complained of as a source of evil to the country. One of the arguments, and a great one it is, in favour of severe game-laws, is, that the game causes noblemen and gentlemen to *reside*. What then must have been the effect of twenty rich Monasteries in every county, expending constantly a large part of their incomes on the spot?

Somebody must own the lands; and the question is, whether it be best for them to be owned by those who constantly live, and constantly must live, in the country and in the midst of their estates; or, by those who always may and frequently will and do, live at a great distance from their lands, and draw away the revenues of them to be spent elsewhere. The monastics are by many called drones. Bishop Tanner has shown us that this charge is very false. But, if it were true, is not a drone in a cowl as good as a drone in a hat and top-boots? By drones are meant those who do not work; and do land-owners usually work? The lay land-owner and his family spend more of their revenues in a way not useful to the people than the monastics possibly could. But, besides this, besides the hospitality and charity of the monastics, and besides, moreover, the

lien, the *legal lien*, which the main body of the people had, in many cases, to a share, directly or indirectly, in the revenues of the Monasteries, we are to look at the monks and nuns in the very important capacity of *landlords* and *landladies*. All historians agree that they were "easy landlords" that they let their lands at low rents and on leases of a long term of years, so that, says even Hume "the *farmers* regarded themselves as a species of *proprietors* always taking care to renew their leases before they expired". And was there no good in a class of landlords of this sort? Did not they naturally and necessarily create, by slow degrees, men of property? Did they not thus cause a class of yeomen to exist, real yeomen, independent of the aristocracy? Monastics could possess no private property, they could save no money, they could bequeath nothing. They had a life interest in their estate, and no more. They lived, received, and expended in common. Historians need not have told us that they were "easy landlords". They must have been such, unless human nature had taken a retrograde march expressly for their accommodation. And was it not happy for the nation that there was such a class of landlords?

Then, look at the monastics as causing, in some of the most important human affairs, that *fixedness* which is so much the friend of rectitude in mores, and which so powerfully conduces to prosperity, private and public. The Monastery was a proprietor that *never died*: its tenantry had to do with a deathless landlord; its lands and houses never changed owners; its tenants were liable to none of many of the uncertainties that other tenants were; its oaks had never to tremble at the axe of the squandering heir: its manors had not to dread a change of lords; its villagers had all been born and bred up under its eye and care; their character was of necessity a thing of great value, and, as such, would naturally be an object of great attention. A Monastery was the centre of a circle in the country, naturally drawing to it all that were in need of relief, advice and protection, and containing a body of men or of women, having no cares of their own, and having wisdom to guide the inexperienced, and wealth to relieve the distressed. And was it a good thing, then, to plunder and devastate these establishments; to squander estates thus employed, upon lay persons, who would not, who could not, and did not do any part or particle of those benevolent facts and acts of public utility, which naturally arose out of the monastic institutions?

Nor must we by any means overlook the effects of the Monasteries on the mere face of the country. That soul must be low and mean indeed which is insensible to all feeling of pride in the noble edifices of its country. Love of country, that variety of feelings which, all together, constitute what we call patriotism, consist in part in the admiration of, and veneration for, ancient and magnificent proofs of skill and of opulence. The monastics built as well as wrote for posterity. The never-dying nature of their institutions set aside, in all their undertakings, every calculation as to time and age. Whether they built or planted, they set the generous example of providing for the pleasure, the honour, the wealth and greatness of generations upon generations yet unborn. They executed everything in the very best manner; their gardens, fish-ponds, farms, in all, in the whole of their economy, they set an example tending to make the country beautiful, to make it

an object of pride with the people, and to make the nation truly and permanently great. Go into any county, and survey, even at this day, the ruins of its, perhaps, twenty Abbeys and Priories; and then ask yourself: "what have we in exchange for these?" Go to the site of some once opulent convent. Look at the cloister, now become in the hands of a rack-renter the receptacle of dung, fodder, and fagot-wood; see the hall, where, for ages, the widow, the orphan, the aged, and the stranger found a table ready spread; see a bit of its walls now helping to make a cattle-shed, the rest having been hauled away to build a work-house, in the side of a barn, a part of the once magnificent chapel: and if, chained to the spot by your melancholy musings, you be admonished of the approach of night by the voice of the screech-owl, issuing from those arches, which once, at the same hour, resounded with the vespers of the monks, and which have for seven hundred years, been assailed by storms and tempests in vain; if thus admonished of the necessity of seeking food, shelter, and a bed, lift your eyes and look at the white-washed and dry-rotten shell on the hill, called the "gentleman's house"; and, apprised of the "board wages" and "spring-guns", suddenly turn your head; jog away from the scene of devastation; with "old English Hospitality" in your mind, reach the nearest inn, and there, in a room half warmed and half lighted, and with reception precisely proportioned to the presumed length of your purse, sit down and listen to an account of the hypocritical pretences, the base motives, the tyrannical and bloody means, under which, from which, and by which, that devastation was effected, and that hospitality banished for ever from the land.

Cobbett.

72.

THE BROKEN ALTAR.

ALL moss o'ergrown and ruthless cast aside,
 A So chok'd with weeds its form you scarce descried.
 I could not choose but linger near the spot,
 And give a sigh and meditate its lot.

How many years have sped their chequer'd race,
 Since Licence tore thee from thy pride of place?
 Where are the worshippers that round thee knelt,
 When erst the mystic Godhead on thee dwelt?
 O! if thou hadst a voice what wouldst thou say
 Of many a solemn rite and festal day,
 Whose awful pomp emblazon'd thee around!
 Of anthems loud that made the roofs resound—
 The towering roofs of some proud fane of yore
 Whose very site we recognise no more.

The rank grass wraps thy desecrated form,
 Thou liest marred and naked to the storm,
 Thou that once stood'st superior to a throne!
 The blistering thorns and briars around upgrown
 Perform no homage, though of old to thee
 Imperial chieftains humbly bent the knee;
 And golden lamps before thee ever burn'd;
 And hearts, by cruel fortune outrag'd, spurn'd,
 How oft to thee for healing balm have turn'd!

Methinks I see the widow's weeping eyes
 Fix'd on thy cross, I hear her broken sighs.
 Prone at thy foot she throws her troubled form,
 And pours her supplication deep and warm.
 I see her rise, I see her brow serene,
 Compos'd, reliev'd, she quits thy sacred scene.

A dark brow'd man, advancing slow appears,
 Whose deep worn lines bespeak invading years,
 Whose eye profanely bold and haughty air
 The unbelieving reprobate declare.
 With scornful look he views the widow's grief,
 With scornful smile her pure and blest relief;
 Leans o'er thy rail, surveys thy rich array,
 Reverts to days when he too came to pray.
 But mark at last his hoary head decline,
 His harden'd glance with soften'd lustre shine,
 The cast of anxious thought spreads o'er his brow—
 Whose retrospective themes absorbing grow.
 His wayward heart, long callous to its core,
 Begins to melt as memory yields her lore,
 And early days of innocence and youth
 Resume once more their freshness and their truth.
 Thy hallow'd spell subdues his stubborn breast,
 Ascendant vice, confounded, lowers her crest.
 The starting tear his saving shame reveals,
 As on thy step with clasp'd hands he kneels.

The bridal pair, behold, before thee stand,
 Declare the heart, and join the willing hand;
 Then through long years of undecaying love,
 Date from thy rites the seal of Heaven above.

And all the varied scene of joy and woe,
 Still, as I muse, the retrospect doth show,
 Gather'd around, nor vainly nor too late,
 Where high thou stood'st supreme in hallow'd state.

But these are past; and time's absorbing tide,
 Rolls o'er the record dreary, dark, and wide.

Yet broken wrecks, at times unthought, appear,
To stir the soul and draw th'indignant tear.
And thus it is the shatter'd shrine forlorn,
Calls to my heart to meditate and mourn.

R. Raby.

73.

THE CHAMELEON.

OFt has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times pertier than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you 'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know".—
So begs you 'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that;
Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal", cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:
"A lizard's body lean and long,
"A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
"Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How slow its pace! and then its hue—
"Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
"Hold there", the other quick replies,
"Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
"As late with open mouth it lay,
"And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
"Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
"And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And must again affirm it blue;
"At leisure I the beast survey'd

"Extended in the cooling shade".
"Tis green, t'is green, Sir, I assure ye".
"Green!" cries the other in a fury:
"Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"Twere no great loss", the friend replies;
"For if they always serve you thus,
"You 'll find them but of little use".
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they reffer'd:
And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs", cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
I mark'd it well, 't was black as jet—
You stare—but sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it".—"Pray, Sir, do;
I 'll lay my life the thing is blue".
"And I 'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you 'll pronounce him green".
"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt",
Replies the man, "I 'll turn him out:
"And when before your eyes I've set him,
"If you dont find him black, I 'll eat him".
He said; and full before their sight
Produc'd the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both star'd, the man look'd wonderous wise—
"My children", the Chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
"When next you talk of what you view,
"Think others see as well as you:
"Nor wonder if you find that none
"Prefers your eye-sight to his own".

Merrick.

NEWTON AND SHAKSPEARE.

TO Newton was given the sway over the science of the civilised world; to Shakspeare the sovereignty over its literature.

The one stands before us passionless and grave, embracing in his intellectual grandeur every portion of the universe, from the stars, to him invisible, to the rippling of the tiny waves which the tide brought to his feet. The host of heaven, that seemed in causeless dispersion, he marshalled into order, and bound in safest discipline. He made known to his fellow-men the secret laws of heaven, the springs of movement, and the chains of connexion, which invariably and unchangeably impel and guide the course of its many worlds.

In this aspect one's imagination figures him as truly the director of what he only describes—as the leader of a complicated army, who, with his staff, seems to draw or to send forward the wheeling battalions, intent on their own errands, combining or resolving movements far remote; or, under a more benign and pleasing form, we may contemplate him, like a great master in musical science, standing in the midst of a throng, in which are mingled together the elements of sublimist harmonies, confused to the eye, but sweetly attuned to the ear, mingling into orderly combination and flowing sequence, as they float through the air, which, though he elicit not, nor produce, he seems by his outstretched hand to direct, or, at least, he proves himself fully to understand. For what each one separately does, unconscious of what even his companion is doing, he from afar knows, and almost beholds, understanding from his centre the concerted and sure results of their united action. And so Newton, from his chamber on this little earth, without being able more than the most helpless insect to add power or give guidance to one single element in the composition of this universe, could trace the orbits of planet or satellite, and calculate the oscillations and the reciprocal influences of celestial spheres.

Then his directing wand seems to contract itself to a space within his grasp. It becomes that magic prism with which he intercepts a ray from the sun on his passage to earth; and as a bird seizes in its flight the bee laden with honey, and robs it of its sweet treasure—even so he compels the messenger of light to unfold itself before us, and lay bare to our sight the rich colours which the rainbow had exhibited to man since the deluge, and which had lain concealed since creation, in every sunbeam that had passed through our atmosphere. And further still, he bequeaths that wonderful alembic of light to succeeding generations, till, in the hand of new discoverers, it has become the key of Nature's laboratory, in which she has been surprised melting and compounding, in crucibles huge as ocean, the rich hues with which she overlays the surfaces of suns and stars, yet, at the same time, breathes its delicate blush upon the tenderest petals of the opening rose.

And all the laws and all the rules which form his code of nature seem engraved, as with a diamond point, upon a granite surface of the

primitive rocks—inflexible, immoveable, unchangeable as the system which they represent.

Beside him stands the ruler of that world, which, though even sublimely intellectual, is governed by him with laws in which the affections, even the passions, the moralities, and the anxieties of life have their share; in which there is no severity but for vice, no slavery but for baseness, no unforgiveness but for calculating wickedness. In his hand is not the staff of authority; whether it take the form of a royal sceptre or of a knightly lance, whether it be the shepherdess's crook or the fool's bauble, it is still the same, the magician's wand. Whether it be the divining rod with which he draws up to light the most hidden streams of nature's emotions, or the potential instrument of *Prospero's* spells, which raises storms in the deep or works spirit-music in the air, or the wicked implement with which the witches mingle their unholy charm, its cunning and its might have no limit among created things. But it is not a world of stately order which he rules, nor are the laws of unvarying rigour by which it is commanded. The wildest paroxysms of passion, the softest delicacy of emotions; the most extravagant accident of fortune, the tenderest incidents of home; the king and the beggar, the sage and the jester, the tyrant and the victim; the maiden from the cloister and the peasant from the mountains; the Italian schoolchild and the Roman matron; the princes of Denmark and the lords of Troy—all these and much more are comprised in the vast embrace of his dominions. Scarcely a rule can be drawn from them, yet each forms a model separately, a finished group in combination. Unconsciously as he weaves his work, apparently without pattern or design, he interlaces and combines in its surface and its depth images of the most charming variety and beauty; now the stern mosaic, without colouring, of an ancient pavement, now the flowing and intertwining arabesque of the fanciful east; now the rude scenes of ancient mediæval tapestry like that of Beauvais, and then the finished and richly tinted production of the Gobelins loom.

And yet through this seeming chaos the light permeates, and that so clear and so brilliant as equally to define and to dazzle. Every portion, every fragment, every particle, stands forth separate and particular, so as to be handled, measured, and weighed in the balance of critic and poet. Each has its own exact form and accurate place, so that, while separately they are beautiful, united they are perfect. Hence their combinations have become sacred rules, and have given inviolable maxims not only to English but to universal literature. Germany, studies with love and almost veneration every page of Shakspeare; national sympathies and kindred speech make it not merely easy but natural to all people of Teutonic family to assimilate their literature to that of its highest standard. France has departed, or is fast departing from its favourite classical type, and adopting, though with unequal power, the broader and more natural lines of the Shaksperian model. His practice is an example, his declarations are oracles.

Still, as I have said, the wide region of intellectual enjoyment over which our great bard exerts dominion, is not one parcelled out or divided into formal and state-like provinces. While the student of science is reading in his chamber the great "Principia" of Newton, he must keep

before him the solution of only one problem. On that his mind must undistractedly rest, on that his power of thought be intensely concentrated. Woe to him if imagination leads his reason into truant wanderings; woe if he drop the thread of finely-drawn deductions! He will find his wearied intelligence drowsily floundering in a sea of swimming figures and evanescent quantities, or floating amidst the fragments of a shipwrecked diagram. But over Shakspeare one may dream no less than pore; we may drop the book from our hand and the contents remain equally before us. Stretched in a shade by a brook in summer, or sunk in the reading chair by the hearth in winter, in the imaginative vigour of health, in the drooping spirits of indisposition, one may read, and allow the trains of fancy which spring up in any scene to pursue their own way, and minister their own varied pleasure or relief; and when, by degrees, we have become familiar with the inexhaustible resources of his genius, there is scarcely a want in the mind or the affections that needs no higher than human succour, which will not find in one or other of his works that which will soothe suffering, comfort grief, strengthen good desires, and present some majestic example to copy, or some fearful phantom. But when we endeavour to contemplate all his infinitely varied conceptions as blended together in one picture, so as to take in, if possible, at one glance the prodigious extent of his prolific genius, we thereby build up what he himself so beautifully called the "fabric of a vision", matchless in its architecture, as in the airiness of its materials. There are forms fantastically sketched in cloud-shapes, such as *Hamlet* showed to *Polonius*, in the midst of others rounded and full, which open and unfold ever-changing varieties, now gloomy and threatening, then tipped with gold and tinted with azure, ever-rolling, ever-moving, melting the one into the other, or extricating each itself from the general mass. Dwelling upon this maze of things and imaginations, the most incongruous combinations come before the dreamy thought, fascinated, spell-bound, and entranced. The wild Ardenne and Windsor park seem to run into one another, their firs and their oaks mingle together; the boisterous ocean boiling round "the still vexed Bermoothes" runs smoothly into the lagoons of Venice; the old grey porticos of republican Rome, like the transition in a dissolving view, are confused and entangled with the slim and fluted pillars of a Gothic hall; here the golden orb, dropped from the hand of a captive king, rolls on the ground side by side with a jester's mouldy skull—both emblems of a common fate in human things. Then the grave chief justice seems incorporated in the bloated *Falstaff*; *King John* and his barons are wassailing with *Poins* and *Bardolph* at an inn door; *Coriolanus* and *Shylock* are contending for the right of human sensibilities; *Macbeth* and *Jaques* are moralising together on tenderness even to the brute. And so of other more delicate creations of the poet's mind—*Isabella* and *Ophelia*, *Desdemona* and the Scotch Thane's wife produce respectively composite figures of inextricable confusion. And around and above is that filmy world, *Ariel* and *Titania* and *Peasblossom* and *Cobwel* and *Moth*, who weave us a gossamer cloud around the vision, dimming it gradually before our eyes, in the last drooping of weariness, or the last hour of wakefulness.

Wiseman.

VANITY OF REASON IN THINGS DIVINE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
 Is reason to the soul: and as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here; so reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear,
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
 So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
 And found that one first principle must be:
 But what, or who, that universal He;
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball
 Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
 Or various atoms' interfering dance,
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
 Or this great All was from eternity;
 Not ev'n the Stagyrte himself could see,
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state,
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind;
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
 One thought Content the good to be enjoy'd;
 This every little accident destroy'd:
 The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil,
 A thorny or at best a barren soil:
 In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
 But found their line too short, the well too deep,
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul:
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;
 How can the less the greater comprehend?
 Or finite reason reach infinity?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.

Dryden.

I S A B E L.

EYES not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
 With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
 Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
 Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
 Of her still spirit; locks not wide dispread,
 Madonna-wise on either side her head;
 Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
 The summer calm of golden charity,
 Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
 Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
 The stately flower of female fortitude,
 Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

The intuitive decision of a bright
 And thorough-edged intellect to part
 Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
 The laws of marriage character'd in gold
 Upon the blanch'd tablets of her heart;
 A love still burning upward, giving light
 To read those laws: an accent very low
 In blandishment, but a most silver flow
 Of subtle-paced counsel in distress
 Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
 Winning its way with extreme gentleness
 Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
 A courage to endure and to obey;
 A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
 Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life
 The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon;
 A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,
 Till in its onward current it absorbs
 With swifter movement and in purer light
 The vexed eddies of its wayward brother:
 A leaning and upbearing parasite,
 Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite,
 With cluster'd flower-bells and ambrosial orbs
 Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other—
 Shadow forth thee:—the world hath not another
 (Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,
 And thou of God in thy great charity)
 Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

Tennyson.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

MR. JONES being in a state of good spirits, agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was, to attend Mrs. Miller, and her youngest daughter, into the gallery at the Play-house, and to admit Partridge as one of the company. For, as Jones had really that taste for humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated, by art.

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her younger daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the overture was played, he said, it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out. While the fellow was lighting the upper candles he could not help observing to Mrs. Miller with a sigh, when they were all lighted, 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night, to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelve month!'

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which, he asked Jones, 'What man that was in the strange dress; something', said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered, 'That is the ghost'. To which Partridge replied with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, Sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to; No, no, Sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior on the stage? 'O, la! Sir', said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any thing, for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person'.—'Why, who' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?'—'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you? Ay, to be sure, Who's fool then? Will you? Lord have mercy upon such foolhardiness!—Whatever happens, it is good enough for you.—Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil, for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already, farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions'. Jones offered to speak, but Partridge

cried, 'Hush, hush, dear Sir! don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible! 'Nay, Sir', answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to be only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me'.—'And dost thou imagine, then, Partridge', cries Jones, 'that he was really frightened?'—'Nay, Sir' said Partridge 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case. But hush! what noise is that? There he is again! Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are'.—Then turning his eyes upon Hamlet, 'Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses, nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well', said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces! Who would think by looking into the king's face that he had ever committed a murder?' He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than, 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire'.

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cries out, 'There, Sir, now, what say you, now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears; I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name?—Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.'—'Indeed you saw right' answered Jones.—'Well, well' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play; and, besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for, as to you, Sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there, ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty is forfeited by such wicked doings.—Ay, go about your business, I hate the sight of you'.

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he had no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, 'If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched? though he is', said he, 'a good actor, and

doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again'.

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of the skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, that it was one of the most famous burial places about town. 'No wonder then', cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing; you had rather sing than work, I believe'. Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out 'Well it is strange to see how fearless some men are. I could never bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man, on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought.'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him, 'Which of the players he had liked best?'—To this he answered with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The king without doubt'.—'Indeed, Mr. Partridge', says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the best player that ever was on the stage'.—'He the best player!' cries Partridge with a contemptuous sneer, 'Why, I could act as well as he myself; I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done, just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man, that is, any good man, that hath such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, Madam, though I never was at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Any body may see he is an actor'.—Thus ended the adventure at the Play-house; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after he perspired two or three hours before he went to sleep, with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord have mercy upon us, there it is!'

Fielding.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declar'd how much he knew,
 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could guage:
 In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
 For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame, the very spot,
 Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Goldsmith.

CONDEMNATION OF BISHOP FISHER AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

THE form of the oath, for the refusal of which More and Fisher were committed, had not then obtained the sanction of the legislature. But the two houses made light of the objection, and passed against them a bill of attainder for misprision of treason, importing the penalty of forfeiture and perpetual imprisonment. Under this sentence More had no other resource for the support of life than the charity of his friends, administered by the hands of his daughter, Margaret Roper. Fisher, though in his seventieth year, was reduced to a state of destitution in which he had not even clothes to cover his nakedness. But their sufferings did not mollify the heart of the despot; he was resolved to

triumph over their obstinacy, or to send them to the scaffold. With this view they were repeatedly and treacherously examined by commissioners, not with respect to any act done or any word uttered by them since their attainder, but with regard to their private opinions relative to the King's supremacy. If they could be induced to admit it, Henry would have the benefit of their example; should they deny it, he might indict them for high treason. Both answered with caution; the Bishop, that the statute did not compel any man to reveal his secret thoughts; More, that under the attainder he had no longer any concern with the things of this world, and should therefore confine himself to the preparation of his soul for the other. Both hoped to escape the snare by evading the question; but Henry had been advised that a refusal to answer was proof of malice, and equivalent to a denial; and a special commission was appointed to try the two prisoners on a charge of high treason. In the meantime news arrived that the Pontiff, at a general promotion, had named Fisher to the purple. To the person who brought him the intelligence the prisoner replied, that, "If the hat were lying at his feet he would not stoop to take it up; so little did he set by it". Henry on the other hand is reported to have exclaimed, "Paul may send him the hat, but I will take care that he have never a head to wear it on". Previously to trial more examinations took place, but nothing criminal was elicited; and therefore the searching and fatal questions were put to each: "Would he repute and take the King for supreme head of the church? Would he approve the marriage of the King with the most noble Queen Anne to be good and lawful? Would he affirm the marriage with the lady Catherine to have been unjust and unlawful?" More replied that to questions so dangerous he could make no answer: Fisher, that he should abide by his former answer to his first question; and that with respect to the second, he would obey the act, saving his conscience, and defend the succession as established by law; but to say absolutely Yea or No, from that he begged to be excused. These replies sealed their doom.

The Bishop was the first placed at the bar, and charged with having "falsely, maliciously and traitorously wished, willed, and desired, and by craft imagined, invented, practised and attempted to deprive the King of the dignity, title and name of his royal estate, that is, of his title and name of supreme head of the Church of England, in the Tower, on the 7th of May last, when, contrary to his allegiance, he said and pronounced, in the presence of different true subjects, falsely, maliciously, and traitorously, these words: *The King our sovereign lord is not supreme head on earth of the Church of England*".—If these words were ever spoken, it is plain, both from his habitual caution and the place where the offence is stated to have been committed, that they were drawn from him by the arts of the commissioners or their instruments, and could not have been uttered with the malicious and traitorous intent attributed to him. He was, however, found guilty and beheaded. Whether it was that Henry sought to display his hatred for his former monitor, or to diffuse terror by the example of his death, he forbade the body to be removed from the gaze of the people. The head was placed on London Bridge; but the trunk, despoiled of the garments, the per-

quisite of the executioner, lay naked on the spot till evening, when it was carried away by the guards and deposited in the church of All Hallows, Barking.

The fate of Fisher did not intimidate his fellow victim. To make the greater impression on the people, perhaps to add to his shame and sufferings, More was led on foot, in a coarse woollen gown, through the most frequented sheets, from the Tower to Westminster Hall. The colour of his hair, which had lately become grey, his face, which, though cheerful, was pale and emaciated, and the staff, with which he supported his feeble steps, announced the rigor and duration of his confinement. At his appearance in this state at the bar of that court in which he was wont to preside with so much dignity, a general feeling of horror and sympathy ran through the spectators. Henry dreaded the effect of his eloquence and authority; and therefore, as if it were meant to distract his attention and overpower his memory, the indictment had been framed of enormous length and unexampled exaggeration, multiplying the charges without measure, and clothing each charge with a load of words, beneath which it was difficult to discover its real meaning. As soon as it had been read, the Chancellor who was assisted by the Duke of Norfolk, Fitzjames, the Chief Justice, and six other commissioners, informed the prisoner that it was still in his power to close the proceedings, and to recover the royal favour by abjuring his former opinion. With expressions of gratitude he declined the favour, and commenced a long and eloquent defence. Though, he observed, it was not in his power to recollect one third part of the indictment, he would endeavour to show that he had not offended against the statute, nor sought to oppose the wishes of the sovereign. He must indeed acknowledge, that he had always disapproved of the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, but then he had never communicated that disapprobation to any other person than the King himself, and not even to the King, till Henry had commanded him on his allegiance to disclose his real sentiments. In such circumstances to dissemble would have been a crime, to speak with sincerity was a duty. The indictment charged him with having traitorously sought to deprive the King of his title of Head of the Church. But where was the proof? That, on his examination in the Tower he had said, he was by his attainder become civilly dead; that he was out of the protection of the law, and therefore could not be required to give an opinion of the merits of the law; and that his only occupation was and would be to meditate on the passion of Christ, and to prepare himself for his own death. But what was there of crime in such an answer? It contained no word, it proved no deed against the statute. All that could be objected against him was silence; and silence had not yet been declared treason. 2. It was maintained that in different letters written by him in the Tower he had exhorted Bishop Fisher to oppose the supremacy. He denied it. Let the letters be produced; by their contents he was willing to stand or fall. 3. But Fisher on his examination had held the same language as More, a proof of a conspiracy between them. What Fisher had said he knew not; it could not excite surprise if the similarity of their case had suggested to each similar answers. This he could

affirm with truth, that, whatever might be his own opinion, he had never communicated it to any, not even to his dearest friends.

But neither innocence nor eloquence could avert his fate. Rich, the solicitor-general, afterwards Lord Rich, now deposed, that in a private conversation in the Tower, More had said: "The parliament cannot make the King head of the Church, because it is a civil tribunal without any spiritual authority". It was in vain that the prisoner denied this statement, showed that such a declaration was inconsistent with the caution which he had always observed, and maintained that no one acquainted with the former character of Rich would believe him even upon his oath; it was in vain that the two witnesses, who were brought to support the charge, eluded the expectation of the accuser by declaring that, though they were in the room, they did not attend to the conversation; the judges maintained that the silence of the prisoner was a sufficient proof of malicious intention; and the jury without reading over a copy of the indictment which had been given to them, returned a verdict of guilty. As soon as judgement of death had been pronounced, More attempted, and, after two interruptions, was suffered to address the court. He would now, he said, openly avow, what he had hitherto concealed from every human being, his conviction that the oath of supremacy was unlawful. It was indeed painful to him to differ from the noble lords whom he saw on the bench; but his conscience compelled him to bear testimony to the truth. This world, however, had always been a scene of dissension; and he still cherished a hope that the day would come when both, he and they, like Stephen and Saul, would be of the same sentiment in heaven. As he turned from the bar, his son threw himself on his knees and begged his father's blessing; and as he walked back to the Tower, his daughter Margaret twice rushed through the guards, folded him in her arms, and, unable to speak, bathed him with her tears.

He met his fate with constancy, even with cheerfulness. When he was told that the King, as a special favour, had commuted his punishment to decapitation, "God", he replied, "preserve all my friends from such favours!" On the scaffold the executioner asked his forgiveness. He kissed him, saying, "Thou wilt render me to-day the greatest service in the power of any mortal: but (putting an angel* into his hand) my neck is so short that I fear thou wilt gain little credit in the way of thy profession". As he was not permitted to address the spectators, he contented himself with declaring that he died a faithful subject to the King and a true Catholic before God. His head was fixed on London Bridge.

By these executions the King had proved that neither virtue nor talent, neither past favour nor past services, could atone in his eyes for the great crime of doubting his supremacy. In England the intelligence was received with deep but silent sorrow; in foreign countries with loud and general execration. The names of Fisher and More had long been familiar to the learned; and no terms were thought too severe to brand the cruelty of the tyrant by whom they had been sacrificed.

Lingard.

* A gold coin stamped with an angel.

80.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

FAITH of our Fathers! living still
 In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
 Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whenc'er we hear that glorious word:
 Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
 We will be true to thee till death!

Our Fathers, chain'd in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free:
 How sweet would be their children's fate
 If they, like them, could die for thee!
 Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
 We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
 Shall win our country back to thee;
 And through the truth that comes from God
 England shall then indeed be free.
 Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
 We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our Fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife:
 And preach thee too as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life:
 Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
 We will be true to thee till death!

Faber.

81.

THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHENFELS.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scatter'd cities crowning these
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send thee lilies given to me;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must wither'd be,
 But yet reject them not as such;
 For I have cherish'd them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh
 And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine
 And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round:
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

Byron.

82.

SCIENCE AND ART.

SCIENCE and art are commonly distinguished by the nature of their actions; the one as knowing, the other as changing, producing, or creating. But there is a still more important distinction in the nature of the things they deal with. Science deals exclusively with things as they are in themselves; and art exclusively with things as they affect the human senses and human soul. Her work is to portray the appearances of things, and to deepen the natural impressions which they produce upon living creatures. The work of science is to substitute facts for appearances, and demonstrations for impressions. Both, observe, are equally concerned with truth; the one with truth of aspect, the other with truth of essence. Art does not represent things falsely, but truly

as they appear to mankind. Science studies the relations of things to each other; but art studies only their relations to man; and it requires of every thing which is submitted to it imperatively this, and only this,—what that thing is to the human eyes and human heart, what it has to say to men and what it can become to them: a field of question just as much vaster than that of science, as the soul is larger than the material creation.

Take a single instance. Science informs us that the sun is ninety-five millions of miles distant from, and 111 times broader than, the earth; that we and all the planets revolve round it; and that it revolves on its own axis in 25 days, 14 hours, and 4 minutes. With all this, art has nothing whatsoever to do. It has no care to know anything of this kind. But the things which it does care to know, are these: that in the heavens God hath set a tabernacle for the sun, “which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and that rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof”.

This, then, being the kind of truth with which art is exclusively concerned, how is such truth as this to be ascertained and accumulated? Evidently, and only, by perception and feeling. Never either by reasoning or report. Nothing must come between Nature and the artist's sight; nothing between God and the artist's soul. Neither calculation nor hearsay,—be it the most subtle of calculations, or the wisest of sayings,—may be allowed to come between the universe, and the witness which art bears to its visible nature. The whole value of that nature depends on the being *eye-witness*; the whole genuineness, acceptableness, and dominion of it depend on the personal assurance of the man who utters it. All its victory depends on the veracity of the one preceding word, “Vidi”.

The whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing and feeling creature; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness, that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded, or fade from the book of record. It is not his business either to think, to judge, to argue, or to know. His place is neither in the closet, nor on the bench, nor at the bar, nor in the library. They are for other men and other work. He may think, in a by-way; reason now and then, when he has nothing better to do; know, such fragments of knowledge as he can gather without stooping, or reach without pains; but none of these things are to be his care. The work of his life is to be two-fold only; to see, to feel.

Nay, but the reader perhaps pleads with me, one of the great uses of knowledge is to open the eyes; to make things perceivable which never would have been seen, unless first they had been known.

Not so. This could only be said or believed by those who do not know what the perceptive faculty of a great artist is, in comparison with that of other men. There is no great painter, no great workman in any art, but he sees more with the glance of a moment than he could learn

by the labour of a thousand hours. God has made every man fit for his work; He has given to the man whom he means for a student, the reflective, logical, sequential faculties; and to the man whom He means for an artist, the perceptive, sensitive, retentive faculties. And neither of these men, so far from being able to do the other's work, can even comprehend the way in which it is done. The student has no understanding of the vision, nor the painter of the process; but chiefly the student has no idea of the colossal grasp of the painter's vision and sensibility.

The labour of the whole Geological society, for the last fifty years, has but now arrived at the ascertainment of those truths, respecting mountain form which Turner saw and expressed with a few strokes of a camel's hair pencil fifty years ago, when he was a boy. The knowledge of all the laws of the planetary system, and of all the curves of the motion of projectiles, would never enable a man of science to draw a waterfall or a wave; and all the members of Surgeons' Hall helping each other could not at this moment see, or represent, the natural movement of a human body in vigorous action, as a poor dyer's son, Tintoret, did two hundred years ago.

But surely, it is still insisted, granting this peculiar faculty to the painter, he will still see more as he knows more, and the more knowledge he obtains, therefore, the better. No; not even so. It is indeed true, that, here and there, a piece of knowledge will enable the eye to detect a truth which might, otherwise have escaped it; as, for instance, in watching a sunrise, the knowledge of the true nature of the orb may lead the painter to feel more profoundly, and express more fully the distance between the bars of cloud that cross it, and the sphere of flame that lifts itself slowly beyond them into the infinite heaven. But, for one visible truth to which knowledge thus opens the eyes, it seals them to a thousand: that is to say, if the knowledge occur to the mind so as to occupy its powers of contemplation at the moment when the sight-work is to be done, the mind retires inward, fixes itself upon the known fact, and forgets the passing visible ones; and a *moment* of such forgetfulness loses more to the painter than a day's thought can gain. This is no new or strange assertion. Every person accustomed to careful reflection of any kind, knows that its natural operation is to close his eye to the external world. While he is thinking deeply, he neither sees nor feels, even though naturally he may possess strong powers of sight and emotion. St. Bernard who, having journey'd all day beside the Leman Lake, asked of his companions, at evening, where it was, probably was not wanting in sensibility; but he was generally a thinker, not a perceiver. And this instance is only an extreme one of the effect which, in all cases, knowledge, becoming a subject of reflection, produces upon the sensitive faculties. It must be but poor and lifeless knowledge, if it has no tendency to force itself forward, and become ground for reflection, in despite of the succession of external objects. It will not obey their succession. The first that comes gives it food enough for its day's work; it is its habit, its duty, to cast the rest aside, and fasten upon that. The first thing that a thinking and knowing man sees in the course of the day, he will not easily quit. It is not his way to quit anything

without getting to the bottom of it, if possible. But the artist is bound to receive all things on the broad, white, lucid field of his soul, not to grasp at one. For instance, as the knowing and thinking man watches the sunrise, he sees something in the colour of a ray, or the change of a cloud, that is new to him; and this he follows out forthwith into a labyrinth of optical and pneumatical laws, perceiving no more clouds nor rays all the morning. But the painter must catch all the rays, all the colours that come, and see them all truly, all in their real relations and succession; therefore, everything that occupies room in his mind he must cast aside for the time, as completely as may be. The thoughtful man is gone far away to seek; but the perceiving man must sit still, and open his heart to receive. The thoughtful man is knitting and sharpening himself into a two-edged sword, wherewith to pierce. The perceiving man is stretching himself into a four-cornered sheet, wherewith to catch. And all the breadth to which he can expand himself, and all the white emptiness into which he can blanch himself, will not be enough to receive what God has to give him.

What, then, it will be indignantly asked, is an utterly ignorant and unthinking man likely to make the best artist? No, not so neither. Knowledge is good for him so long as he can keep it utterly, servilely subordinate to his own divine work, and trample it under his feet, and out of his way the moment it is likely to entangle him.

And in this respect, observe, there is an enormous difference between knowledge and education. An artist need not be a *learned* man, in all probability it will be a disadvantage to him to become so; but he ought, if possible always, to be an *educated* man: that is, one who has understanding of his own uses and duties in the world, and therefore of the general nature of the things done and existing in the world; and who has so trained himself or been trained, as to turn to the best and most courteous account whatever faculties or knowledge he has. The mind of an educated man is greater than the knowledge it possesses; it is like the vault of heaven, encompassing the earth which lives and flourishes beneath it; but the mind of an uneducated and learned man is like a caoutchouc band, with an everlasting spirit of contraction in it, fastening together papers which it cannot open, and keeps others from opening.

Half our artists are ruined for want of education, and by the possession of knowledge; the best that I have known have been educated, and illiterate. The ideal of an artist, however, is not that he should be illiterate, but well read in the best books, and thoroughly high bred, both in heart and in bearing. In a word he should be fit for the best society, *and should keep out of it.*

Ruskin.

83.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky,
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud Philosophy
 To teach me what thou art—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
 A midway station given,
 For happy spirits to alight
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
 Thy form to please me so,
 As when I dreamt of gems and gold
 Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,
 What lovely visions yield their place
 To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
 But words of the Most High
 Have told why first thy robe of beams
 Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undelug'd earth
 Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
 How came the world's grey fathers forth
 To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smil'd
 O'er mountains yet untrod,
 Each mother held aloft her child
 To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
 The first-made anthem rang,
 On earth deliver'd from the deep,
 And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
 Unraptur'd greet thy beam:
 Theme of primeval prophecy,
 Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
 The lark thy welcome sings,
 When glittering in the freshen'd fields
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,
 Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
 A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem,
 As when the eagle from the Ark
 First sported in thy beam:

For, faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age
 That first spoke peace to man.

Campbell.

84.

KLEITUS AND ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

DURING this halt at Marakanda (Samarkand) the memorable banquet occurred wherein Alexander murdered Kleitus. It has been already related that Kleitus had saved his life at the battle of the Granikus, by cutting off the sword arm of the Persian Spithridates when already uplifted to strike him from behind. Since the death of Philothas, the important function of general of the Companion-cavalry had been divided

between Hephaestion and Kleitus. Moreover the family of Kleitus had been attached to Philip, by ties so ancient, that his sister, Lanikê, had been selected as the nurse of Alexander himself when a child. Two of her sons had already perished in the Asiatic battles. If therefore there were any man who stood high in the service, or was privileged to speak his mind freely to Alexander, it was Kleitus.

In this banquet at Marakanda, when wine, according to the Macedonian habit, had been abundantly drunk, and when Alexander, Kleitus, and most of the other guests were already nearly intoxicated, enthusiasts or flatterers heaped immoderate eulogies upon the King's past achievements. They exalted him above all the most venerated legendary heroes; they proclaimed that his superhuman deeds proved his divine paternity, and that he had earned an apotheosis like Herakles, which nothing but envy could withhold from him even during his life. Alexander himself joined in these boasts, and even took credit for the later victories of the reign of his father, whose abilities and glory he depreciated. To the old Macedonian officers, such an insult cast on the memory of Philip was deeply offensive. But among them all, none had been more indignant than Kleitus, with the growing insolence of Alexander—his assumed filiation from Zeus Ammon, which put aside Philip as unworthy—his preference for Persian attendants, who granted or refused admittance to his person—his extending to Macedonian soldiers the contemptuous treatment habitually endured by Asiatics, and even allowing them to be scourged by Persian hands and Persian rods. The pride of a Macedonian general in the stupendous successes of the last five years, was effaced by his mortification when he saw that they tended only to merge his countrymen amidst a crowd of servile Asiatics, and to inflame the prince with high-flown aspirations transmitted from Xerxes or Ochus. But whatever might be the internal thoughts of Macedonian officers, they held their peace before Alexander, whose formidable character and exorbitant self-estimation would tolerate no criticism.

At the banquet of Marakanda, this long-suppressed repugnance found an issue, accidental indeed and unpremeditated, but for that very reason all the more violent and unmeasured. The wine, which made Alexander more boastful and his flatterers fulsome to excess, overpowered altogether the reserve of Kleitus. He rebuked the impiety of those who degraded the ancient heroes in order to make a pedestal for Alexander. He protested against the injustice of disparaging the exalted and legitimate fame of Philip; whose achievements he loudly extolled, pronouncing them to be equal, and even superior, to those of his son. For the exploits of Alexander, splendid as they were, had been accomplished, not by himself alone, but by that unconquerable Macedonian force which he had found ready made to his hands; whereas those of Philip had been his own—since he had found Macedonia prostrate and disorganised, and had had to create for himself both soldiers, and a military system. The great instruments of Alexander's victories had been Philip's old soldiers, whom he now despised—and among them Parmenio, whom he had put to death.—Remarks such as these, poured forth in the coarse language of a half-intoxicated Macedonian veteran, provoked loud contradiction from many, and gave poignant offence to Alexander; who now for the first time heard

the outburst of disapprobation, before concealed and known to him only by surmise. But wrath and contradiction, both from him and from others, only made Kleitus more reckless in the outpouring of his own feelings, now discharged with delight after having been so long pent up. He passed from the old Macedonian soldiers to himself individually. Stretching forth his right hand towards Alexander, he exclaimed—"Recollect that you owe your life to me; this hand preserved you at the Granikus. Listen to the outspoken language of truth, or else abstain from asking freemen to supper, and confine yourself to the society of barbaric slaves." All these reproaches stung Alexander to the quick. But nothing was so intolerable to him as the respectful sympathy for Parmenio, which brought to his memory one of the blackest deeds of his life—and the reminiscence of his preservation at the Granikus, which lowered him into the position of a debtor towards the very censor under whose reproof he was now smarting. At length wrath and intoxication together drove him into uncontrollable fury. He started from his couch, and felt for his dagger to spring at Kleitus; but the dagger had been put out of reach by one of his attendants. In a loud voice and with the Macedonian word of command, he summoned the body guards and ordered the trumpeter to sound an alarm. But no one obeyed so grave an order, given in his condition of drunkenness. His principal officers, Ptolemy, Perdikkas and others, clung round him, held his arms and body, and besought him to abstain from violence; others at the same time tried to silence Kleitus and hurry him out of the hall, which had now become a scene of tumult and consternation. But Kleitus was not in a humor to confess himself in the wrong by retiring; while Alexander, furious at the opposition now, for the first time, offered to his will, exclaimed, that his officers held him in chains as Bessus had held Darius, and left him nothing but the name of a king. Though anxious to restrain his movements, they doubtless did not dare to employ much physical strength; so that his great personal force, and continued efforts, presently set him free. He then snatched a pike from one of the soldiers, rushed upon Kleitus, and thrust him through on the spot, exclaiming, "Go now to Philip and Parmenio!" No sooner was the deed perpetrated, than the feelings of Alexander underwent an entire revolution. The spectacle of Kleitus, a bleeding corpse on the floor—the marks of stupefaction and horror evident in all the spectators, and the reaction from a furious impulse instantaneously satiated—plunged him at once into the opposite extreme of remorse and self-condemnation. Hastening out of the hall, and retiring to bed, he passed three days in an agony of distress, without food or drink. He burst into tears and multiplied exclamations on his own mad act; he dwelt upon the names of Kleitus and Lanikê with the debt of gratitude which he owed to each, and denounced himself as unworthy to live after having requited such services with a foul murder. His friends at length prevailed on him to take food, and return to activity. All joined in trying to restore his self-satisfaction. The Macedonian army passed a public vote that Kleitus had been justly slain, and that his body should remain unburied; which afforded an opportunity to Alexander to reverse the vote, and to direct that it should be buried by his own order. The prophets comforted him by the assurance

that his murderous impulse had arisen, not from his own natural mind, but from a maddening perversion intentionally brought on by the God Dionysus, to avenge the omission of a sacrifice due to him on the day of the banquet, but withheld. Lastly, the Greek sophist or philosopher, Anaxarchus of Abdera, revived Alexander's spirits by well-timed flattery, treating his sensibility as nothing better than generous weakness; reminding him that in his exalted position of conqueror and Great King, he was entitled to prescribe what was right and just, instead of submitting himself to laws dictated from without. Kallisthenes the philosopher was also summoned, along with Anaxarchus to the King's presence, for the same purpose of offering consolatory reflections. But he is said to have adopted a tone of discourse altogether different, and to have given offence rather than satisfaction to Alexander.

To such remedial influences, and probably still more to the absolute necessity for action, Alexander's remorse at length yielded. Like the other emotions of his fiery soul, it was violent and overpowering while it lasted. But it cannot be shown to have left any durable trace on his character, nor any effects justifying the unbounded admiration of Arrian; who has little but blame to bestow on the murdered Kleitus, while he expresses the strongest sympathy for the mental suffering of the murderer.

Grote.

85.

**THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD'S RETREAT IN HIS
ADVERSITY.**

OUR little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before: on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted but of one story, and was covered with thatch which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children. The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which

freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest and best, was to have a half-penny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well so ever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, I found them still secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces and ribands; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be drest early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, drest out in all their former splendour, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command, but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.—“Surely, my dear, you jest”, cried my wife “we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now”.—“You mistake child”, returned I, “we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us”.—“Indeed”, replied my wife, “I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him”.—“You may be as neat as you please”, interrupted I, “and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children”, continued I more gravely, “those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us who want the means of decency. I do not know whether

such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain”.

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

Goldsmith.

86.

EVENING.

THIS gone that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou, Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near,
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest,
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The Rulers of the Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou thy priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor;
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers pure and light.

Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Kelle.

MY OWN FIRE-SIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys,
 At ball or concert, rout or play;
 Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
 Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
 I while the wintry eve away,
 Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
 And marvel how I e'er could stray
 From thee—my own fire-side!

My own fire-side! Those simple words
 Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
 Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
 And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
 What is there my wild heart can prize,
 That doth not in thy sphere abide;
 Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
 My own—my own fire-side!

A gentle form is near me now;
 A small white hand is clasp'd in mine:
 I gaze upon her placid brow,
 And ask, what joys can equal thine:
 A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
 In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
 Where may love seek a fitter shrine,
 Than thou—my own fire-side!

What care I for the sullen war
 Of winds without, that ravage earth;
 It does but bid me prize the more
 The shelter of thy hallow'd hearth;—
 To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth;
 Then let the churlish tempest chide,
 It cannot check the blameless mirth
 That glads my own fire-side!

My refuge ever from the storm
 Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
 Though, thunder-clouds the skies deform,
 Their fury cannot reach me there;
 There all is cheerful, calm and fair;
 Wrath, envy, malice, strife or pride,
 Hath never made its hated lair,
 By thee—my own fire-side!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
 Where no harsh feeling dares intrude
 Where life's vexations lose their sting
 Where even grief is half subdued;
 And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
 Then let the world's proud fool deride;
 I'll pay my debt of gratitude
 To thee—my own fire-side!

Shrine of my household duties;
 Bright scene of home's unsullied joys;
 To thee my burthen'd spirit flies,
 When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys!
 Thine is the bliss that never cloy;
 The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;—
 What, then, are this world's tinsel toys,
 To thee—my own fire-side!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
 That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
 Thus ever guide my wandering feet
 To thy heart soothing sanctuary!
 Whate'er my future years may be,
 Let joy or grief my fate betide,
 Be still an Eden bright to me,
 My own—my own fire-side!

A. Watts.

THE OLD ENGLISH MIRACLE-PLAYS.

FEW illustrations of society in the Middle Ages are more remarkable than the Miracle-Plays. It is well known how popular they were in those ages all over Europe. To the Miracle-Plays our modern drama traces its origin and thus, however irreligious it may now have become,

its infancy and youth were none the less fostered in the bosom of the Church, and its first essays made on the steps of the altar.

In the earliest times of the Church holy doctors and prelates sought to promote her cause by dramatic composition. The most illustrious example of this was St. Gregory Nazianzen, Archbishop of Constantinople in the fourth century, who composed both tragedies and comedies in imitation of Euripides and Menander on subjects of Holy Writ. Apollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea, a contemporary of St. Gregory Nazianzen, also wrote classical plays on sacred subjects for the use of his schools in his diocese. In the reign of Charlemagne, the Abbot Angilbert is said to have composed religious dramas under the auspices of that glorious emperor. One of his pieces in Latin verse on the birth of our Saviour is still extant.

About this time, namely, the tenth century, the clergy began to devise sacred scenes and interludes for the common people in order to wean them from various old heathen shows and buffooneries in which, christian though the people were, they still took delight for want of better entertainment. In this manner arose the first forms of the Miracle-Plays, consisting, as it would seem, of Latin recitative or chant, intermingled with rhymed verses in the vernacular of an explanatory character. Their subjects were taken from the liturgy and from Scripture. Gradually, however, the vernacular and secular portion of the dialogue took the lead of the solemn Latin recitative, and drove it into the background. Masks and grotesque gesticulation were introduced. These were improper for the interior of a church; incompatible with the dignity of the priesthood. The consequence was that, in the year 1210, Pope Innocent III. forbade the acting of Miracle-Plays inside the churches, forbade the clergy to appear as actors. Various synods of the period followed the Pope's example. The abuse appears to have ceased pretty generally. The Miracle-Plays were transferred to the churchyard, to the court of a convent, to the public market-place. In all large towns, guilds and confraternities were formed for their regular performance.

In Catholic England Miracle-Plays were popular at a very early date. William Fitzstephen, writing in the twelfth century, describes them as they were acted in London. He says they represented the miracles wrought by holy Confessors, or the torments by which the constancy of the Martyrs was glorified. Especially after Pope Urban IV. had instituted the feast of Corpus Christi in the year 1264 were Miracle-Plays performed in every town and village in the kingdom. The text of many of these plays is still preserved in the British Museum and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Their subjects are mainly supplied by Scripture. "They go through the principal incidents of the Old and New Testaments" says Payne Collier in the second volume of his "Annals of the Stage". How completely does not this fact refute the very common error that, in the Middle Ages, the people were kept in ignorance of the Bible! In times when the art of printing was unknown, and books laboriously copied by the hand, were too dear for any one to buy except the wealthy few, what possible means could have been devised better calculated to spread a knowledge of the Scriptures among the people than the periodical performance in the market-place of dramas like the Miracle-Plays, composed expressly to illustrate the most important scriptural

truths and events?—The Miracle-Plays, especially those taken from the Old Testament, were commonly seasoned with much broad comedy. But when, as was not unfrequently the case, the comic vein ran riot, ran into excess, the Miracle-Plays incurred the severe censures of the clergy, and were even wholly prohibited when those censures proved fruitless. On the other hand, so long as due measure was kept, and the earnest feeling of faith in every one concerned remained steadfast and pure, the facetious parts did no harm, they only served as a foil to the grave and solemn scenes of the piece.

A favourite scene of comic humour in our English Miracle-Plays was where Noah builds his ark, and fills it with the various tribes of animals, but cannot get his wife to enter it with him, she setting his authority at defiance in the most termagant style, swearing by Christ and St. John, that she will not desert her "good gossips" and go on board. In vain he bids her in no unpoetical terms "behold the heavens, how all the cataracts both great and small are open, how the seven planets have quitted their stations, and thunders and lightnings are striking down the strong halls and bowers, castles and towers!" The dispute between the pair lasts a long time till, after much scolding and coaxing, Noah overcomes the obstinacy of his wife. In all the old Miracle-Plays containing the history of Noah this farcical quarrel occurs more or less varied. Many other scenes, equally harmless and absurd, might be quoted. Even the Miracle-Play of our Saviour's passion was not without its comic parts. One of them was Mary Magdalen, before her conversion, singing gay songs and dancing before her looking glass. Another was Judas haggling with Caiaphas about the thirty pieces of silver which the High Priest seeks to pay him in bad coin. King Herod usually made his appearance on the scene as a character of the Bombastes Furioso stamp, vowing annihilation against the infant Messiah, and threatening to kill every one who made the least noise. On his death by suicide, however, King Herod was made to convey an awful lesson. For while, on an upper stage, his body was seen conveyed with regal pomp in a gilded coffin to the tomb, his soul appeared on a lower stage horribly tormented by the infernal fiends. It was the prince of these fiends, Satan, or the Devil himself, that was ever the great comic personage of the Miracle-Plays, who, much against his will, had to excite the mirth and derision of the spectators. This he commonly did as the overwise devil, the poor devil, the foolish devil, or the stupid devil. For, in the Middle Ages it was by no means the fashion to clothe him in such imposing attributes as we are accustomed to do at the present day, chiefly since Milton's grandiose delineation of his character in *Paradise Lost*. Our Catholic forefathers in medieval times had simply no other conception of the Prince of Darkness, nor wished to have any, than that of a being who ought to excite only feelings of unmitigated horror, disgust and contempt. Hence, instead of representing him as Milton does in the second book of his great epic as —"Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,

—And godlike imitated state";

they produced him to public view as a hideous cloven footed monster, dressed in feathers or shaggy hair, horned and tailed to match, with an excessively wide mouth, staring eyes, a huge bottle-nose, and a

red beard, flourishing a pitchfork, and roaring out his Ho! Ho! Ho! as the traditional cry assigned to him and his fellow demons. Moreover he was often dogged at the heels by an allegorical impersonation of vice, who was a leading merry-andrew of the stage. "It was a pretty part in the old Church-Plays" says a quaint author named Harsenet, writing on this subject in 1603, "when the nimble vice would skip up nimbly like a jack-an-apes into the devil's neck, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger till he made him roar, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so vice-haunted". Surely a sight not less significant than farcical!

About this grotesque costume of the devil the following facetious story is told: It once happened that the part was played at a town in Suffolk by a man named John Adroyns who lived at an adjacent village. When the play was over he started home in the evening wearing his theatrical costume because he had no change of clothes. On his way he passed through a rabbit-warren belonging to the squire of the village. Some poachers were just then busily engaged ferreting out the rabbits. No sooner did they see John Adroyns approaching, dressed up like the devil, than they thought it was really the devil, come to fetch them for their evil deeds, and took to flight. In their hurry and confusion they left their horse laden with rabbits behind them. John Adroyns, on perceiving what had occurred, mounted the horse and rode forwards to the squire's mansion with the intention of restoring the rabbits to their lawful owner, and getting rewarded for so doing. On reaching the mansion he knocked at the gate for admission. A servant calling out: Who's there? presently opened it, but, on catching a glimpse of John Adroyns in his ominous disguise, immediately closed it. In the utmost alarm the man runs to his master with the news that the devil was at the gate and wanted to co come in. On hearing this the squire sent another servant to enquire who it was. He, however, durst not open the gate like the first, but cried out in a loud voice, Who's there? In an equally loud voice John Adroyns answered, that he must needs speak to the squire immediately or else he would go away. Trembling from head to foot, the servant delivered this message to his master, declaring that, true enough, the devil was at the gate, sitting on a horse laden with souls, and, without doubt, was come for his worship's soul which, unless, he obtained, he would not depart. The squire now began to be as frightened as the rest, and sent for the chaplain to come with holy water, and a crucifix. Then they all proceeded with as many more as had courage to the gate where the chaplain, in a solemn tone of voice, exclaimed: In the name of the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost, I command and charge thee in God's holy name, tell me wherefore thou comest hither? Here-upon, John Adroyns, perceiving their mistake made answer: Nay, fear me not. I am a good devil. I am John Adroyns your neighbour here in the village, who acted the devil to-day in the play. I am only come to restore his honor a dozen rabbits which have been poached from the warren. John's voice was at once recognised, the gate was thrown open to him, and the rest of the evening till a late hour was devoted by the squire to a jovial commemoration of the event.

The theatrical apparatus employed in the getting up of an old Miracle-Play was of a gigantic and gorgeous character. The stage, a movable one, on four, sometimes, six wheels, was divided into three compartments or stories one above another, the uppermost of which represented Heaven, where God Almighty was seated, and the throne of the Blessed Trinity stood surrounded by Saints and Angels. The lowest compartment represented Hell, shaped like a dragon, from whose expanded jaws the devils made their appearance on the scene. In the middle, between Heaven and Hell, the Earth and Purgatory were situated. The actors, when not engaged in performing their parts, sat or stood in a semicircle on the boards. Those who played God the Father, the Angels, and Apostles, were arrayed in priestly vestments, our Saviour always as a Bishop. The benches for the spectators were ranged in rows, one above another, and, according to their situation received the same names as the different compartments of the stage. The loftiest seats of all were called Paradise. It is no doubt a remnant of this old custom that in our English theatres at the present day we still call the occupants of the gallery, in popular language, "the gods", and designate the lowest seats on which they look down "the pit".

No effort of art was spared on the machinery and decorations. Heaven was often elaborately painted with the sun, moon and stars, and all the signs of the zodiac. Sometimes it was painted all of flame with the words *Coelum Empyreum* inscribed upon it. An artist who had painted Heaven for a Miracle-Play of the Passion performed at Saumur in France, went about boasting of his work to every one. "There", said he "is the finest Heaven you ever yet saw, or ever will see!"

The performance of a Miracle-Play usually began about noon, and, not unfrequently, lasted several days. The number of actors was often very considerable, in many instances amounting to three or four hundred persons. Neither were they all by any means of a professional character hired for the occasion, but included ecclesiastics and laymen of the highest rank, prompted by a religious motive. At the opening of the play, the whole troop intoned the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. Then came forward the *Expositor Ludi*, as some saint, or as the "old heathen" Virgil, and delivered a prologue, explanatory of the time, place and moral of the Miracle-Play about to be presented. At the conclusion *Te Deum* was sung in which the actors and audience equally joined.

No doubt a theatrical display like this will appear strange enough to our present feelings and tastes. Modern writers, indeed, with few exceptions, if they go beyond a cold antiquarian spirit in treating the subject, only do so in order to place it in a mean and ludicrous light, as if it were capable of no other. They can pardon a hundred defects in the dramas of Shakspeare for the sake of the wonderful genius those dramas display. But the faults and drawbacks of the old Miracle-Plays are such, it would seem, as wholly to shut out their peculiar merits from view; in other words, their sublime purport and significancy, the marvellous depth of conception with which they so frequently wrought up the whole life of man into a symbol of the greatest event in the history of the world. If we but fairly consider them in this their true light, and then in imagination transport ourselves to the times when they used

to be performed, taking our seat among the vast crowd of spectators, all inspired by one intense feeling of faith in what they are assembled to see, the actors equally so in what they represent; if, in addition to the picturesque costumes and gorgeous decorations which dazzle our eyes, we drink in with our ears the solemn harmonies of the Church-song, floating in the air above us like strains from an invisible world;—surely our cause of wonder will not be that dramatic entertainments of this description should have become everywhere national in the poetical Middle-Ages, but rather, that, after such a beginning, we, in our day, should have degenerated in thought so low, as complacently to tolerate and admire the pernicious and absurd frivolities which form the staple of our modern stage.

R. Raby.

89.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. A Court of Justice.

ENTER THE DUKE; THE MAGNIFICOES; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO,
SALARINO, SALANIO, AND OTHERS.

DUKE.

What, is Antonio here?

ANT.

Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE.

I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANT.

I have heard,

Your grace hath ta'en great pain to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE.

Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALAN.

He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

ENTER SHYLOCK.

DUKE.

Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought,
 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enow to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint.
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 — We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY.

I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:
 But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
 Masters of passion sway it to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer.
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

BASS.

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY.

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS.

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY.

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS.

Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY.

What! would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANT.

I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
 His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency,
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASS.

For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHY.

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

DUKE.

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

SHY.

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
 Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
 The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought, 't is mine, and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie upon your law!
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
 I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE.

Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,

Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALAR.

My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE.

Bring us the letter: call the messenger.

ENTER NERISSA,

dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

DUKE.

Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER.

From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
(Presents a letter.)

BASS.

Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHY.

To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

GRA.

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY.

No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

DUKE.

This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he?

NER.

He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE.

With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to his place.

Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

(Clerk reads.) "Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

DUKE.

You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

(ENTER PORTIA,

dressed like a doctor of laws.)

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

POR.

I did, my lord.

DUKE.

You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

POR.

I am informed thoroughly of the cause.—

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE.

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR.

Is your name Shylock?

SHY.

Shylock is my name.

POR.

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger, do you not?

(To Antonio.)

ANT.

Ay, so he says.

POR.

Do you confess the bond?

ANT.

I do.

POR.

Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY.

On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

POR.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'T is mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself,
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—

That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY.

My deeds upon my head. I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR.

Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASS.

Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea; twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth: and, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR.

It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

SHY.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O, wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

POR.

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY.

Here 't is, most reverend doctor; here it is.

POR.

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHY.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

POR.

Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.

SHY.

When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law; your exposition
 Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

ANT.

Most heartily I do beseech the court
 To give the judgment.

POR.

Why then, thus it is:—
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHY.

O, noble judge! O excellent young man!

POR.

For the intent and purpose of the law,
 Hath full relation to the penalty
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY.

'T is very true. O, wise and upright judge!
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR.

Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

SHY.

Ay, his breast;

So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
 Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

POR.

It is so. Are there balances here to weigh
 The flesh?

SHY.

I have them ready.

POR.

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
 To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHY.

Is it so nominated in the bond?

POR.

It is not so express'd; but what of that?
 'T were good you do so much for charity.

SHY.

I cannot find it: 't is not in the bond.

POR.

You, merchant, have you anything to say?

ANT.

But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
 Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.
 Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
 For herein fortune shows herself more kind
 Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
 To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
 An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
 Of such misery doth she cut me off.
 Commend me to your honourable wife;
 Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
 Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
 Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
 And he repents not that he pays your debt,
 For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASS.

Antonio, I am married to a wife,
 Which is as dear to me as life itself;
 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.— —

SHY.

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

POR.

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
 The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY.

Most rightful judge!—

POR.

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
 The law allows it and the court awards it.

SHY.

Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!

POR.

Tarry a little: there is something else.—
 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
 The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
 Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
 Unto the state of Venice.

GRA.

O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!

SHY.

Is that the law?

POR.

Thyself shalt see the act;
 For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

GRA.

O learned judge! Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!

SHY.

I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

BASS.

Here is the money.

POR.

Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA.

O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

POR.

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, —be it so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRA.

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

POR.

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHY.

Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASS.

I have it ready for thee: here it is.

POR.

He has refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

GRA.

A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!--
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY.

Shall I not have barely my principal?

POR.

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHY.

Why then the devil give him good of it.
I'll stay no longer question.

POR.

Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien,
 That by direct, or indirect attempts,
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
 Shall seize one half his goods: the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,
 That, indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
 Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRA.

Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
 Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE.

That thou shalt see thee difference of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it,
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR.

Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

SHY.

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
 You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR.

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA.

A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

ANT.

So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
 To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter:
 Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
 He presently become a Christian;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

DUKE.

He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

POR.

Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

SHY.

I am content.

POR.

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY.

I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.

I am not well. Send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

DUKE.

Get thee gone, but do it.

Shakspeare.

90.

CHRISTIAN AND FAITHFUL AT VANITY FAIR.

THEN I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them; and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair called Vanity-Fair: It is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity-Fair because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity; and also, because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing: I will show you the original of it. Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through the town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair—a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity; and it should last all the year long: therefore, at this fair, are all such merchandises sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not. And, moreover, at this fair there are at all times to be seen, jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind. Here are to be seen too (and that for nothing) thefts, murders, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour. And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets, (viz Countries and Kingdoms) where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain-Row, the French-Row, the Italian-Row, the Spanish-Row, the German-Row; where several sorts of vanities are to be sold.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through the town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day too: yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town; yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities: but He had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town without laying out so much as one farthing on these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through the fair. Well, so they did: but, behold, even as they entered the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons: for,

First; The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing at them: some said they were fools; some, they were bedlams; and some, they were outlandish men.

Secondly; And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said; they naturally spoke the language of Canaan: but they that kept the fair were men of this world; so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians to each other.

Thirdly; But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers, was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity'; and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic were in heaven.

Fourthly; One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, 'What will ye buy?' But they looking gravely on him, said, 'We buy the truth'. At that, there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them.

At last things came to a hubbub, and great stir in the fair, in so much that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down and deputed some of his most trusty friends, to take those men into an examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination: and they that sat upon them asked them, whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb? The men told them, that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to stop them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth.

But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them and besmeared them with dirt; and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men in the fair.

There, therefore, they lay for sometime, and were made the objects of any man's sport or malice, or revenge; the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing; and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done; some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They therefore in angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers in their misfortunes. The others replied that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded to their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men they had abused.

Thus after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them) they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf to join themselves unto them.

But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignomy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison with the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into greater rage, insomuch, that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn; but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks. Here, therefore, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist; and were the more confirmed in their ways and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best on it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Bunyan.

DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ON Tuesday, the 7th of February 1587, the two Earls arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the Queen, read in her presence the warrant for her execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul", said she, "is not worthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot". And laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the request contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated with particular earnestness, that now in her last moment, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief. And falling on her knees, with all her domestics round her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank and merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper, she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the high Sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at her altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An 'Agnus Dei' hung by a pomander

chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle, and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded, for some weeks, from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears: and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied: "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present greater cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness, that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son, tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his right; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood".

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants, and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the sign of the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for her execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the Church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood, and lifting up, and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil, and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the Dean crying out: "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies", the Earl of Kent alone answered "Amen".

The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears, being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

Robertson.

92.

CLEANSING FIRES.

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace,	In the cruel fire of Sorrow
Thy red gold, precious and bright,	Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Do not fear the hungry fire,	Let thy hand be firm and steady,
With its caverns of burning light:	Do not let thy spirit quail:
And thy gold shall return more precious,	But wait till the trial is over,
Free from every spot and stain;	And take thy heart again;
For gold must be tried by fire,	For as gold is tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!	So a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
 Of the golden chain you wear,
 By your heart's calm strength in loving,
 Of the fire, they have had to bear.
 Beat on, true heart, for ever;
 Shine bright, strong golden chain;
 And bless the cleansing fire,
 And the furnace of living pain!

Adelaide Procter.

93.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

I COME to thee, O Earth!
 With all my gifts: for every flower, sweet dew,
 In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
 The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
 Far amidst folding hills or forest-leaves,
 But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
 A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star:
 Making thy streams, that on their noon-day track
 Gave but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
 Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace : I shed
 Sleep through thy wood-walks o'er the honey-bee,
 The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
 The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
 The weary babe, and, sealing with a breath
 Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
 The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things !
 Who calls me silent?—I have many tones:
 The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans
 Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
 From the deep organ of the forest-shades,
 Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
 Till the bright day is done.

But in the human breast
 A thousand still small voices I awake,
 Strong in their sweetness from the soul to shake,
 The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past ;
 From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
 From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,
 Make their tone heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb ;
 O'er the sad couch of late repentant love,
 They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—
 Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train :
 Who calls me lonely? Hosts around me tread,
 Th' intensely bright, the beautiful, the dread—
 Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes,
 These are my lightnings!—fill'd with anguish vain,
 Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
 They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control
 Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
 I am th' Avenging One!—the arm'd, the strong,
 The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
 Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest birth
 Of memory, thought, remorse: be holy, Earth!
 I am the solemn Night!

Felicia Hemans.

94.

WHAT GOES TO THE SAVING OF A SOUL.

LET us see what goes to the saving of a soul, and what is involved in its being saved. In the first place it was absolutely necessary that God should become man, in order that the soul should be saved, according to the dispensation of God. It was absolutely necessary that Jesus should be born, teach, act, pray, merit, satisfy, suffer, bleed, die, for the saving of that single soul. It was necessary that there should be a Catholic Church, faith, sacraments, saints, the Pope, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, for that one soul. It was necessary that there should be a supernatural substance or quality, a marvellous participation of the Divine Nature, called sanctifying grace, and that on this should be accumulated loving acts and impulses of the Divine Will, in the shape of manifold actual graces, preventing, accompanying, following, and efficacious, else that soul cannot be saved. Martyrs must die, doctors must write, Popes and Councils must expose and condemn error, missionaries must travel, priests be ordained, for the safety of that single soul. When all these preparations are completed, and, by an act of merciful Omnipotence, that soul is created out of nothing, then there must be a guardian angel appointed to watch over it; all through its life Jesus must be occupied about it; Mary must have a great deal to do with it; all the angels and saints must pray and interest themselves about it. To every good thought, pious word, and devout action (and, of course, they soon come to be innumerable), a participation of the Divine Nature must concur. Unseen evil spirits have to be warded off from it, and foiled in their attempts upon it. Hourly temptations have to cause more or less emotion among its advocates in Heaven. Every attribute of God vouchsafes to legislate for its advantage, so that it plays upon them all, like one who fingers the keys of a musical instrument. The precious Blood has to be communicated to it through extraordinary sacraments, which are full of mystery, and were invented, both as to form and matter, by our Lord himself. All sorts of things, water, oil, candles, ashes, beads, medals, scapulars, have to be filled with a strange undefinable power by ecclesiastical benedictions in its behalf. The Body, Soul, Divinity of the Incarnate Word have to be communicated to it over and over again, till it becomes quite a common occurrence, though each time it is, in reality, a more stupendous action than the creation of the World. It can speak up to Heaven and be heard and obeyed there. It can spend the satisfactions of Jesus as if they were its own, and can undo bolts and bars in Purgatory, and choose, by its determinate will, whom it will liberate and whom

it will pass over. And all the time it is so near to God, and its heart is a place so sacred and so privileged, that none but God himself can communicate grace to it, not even the angels, nor the Mother of God herself, blessed throughout all ages!

All this goes to the salvation of a soul. To be saved it has to be God's child, God's brother, and to participate in God's nature. Now see what is involved in its being saved. Look at that soul yonder that has just been judged: Jesus has this instant spoken; the sound of his sweet words has hardly died away; they that mourn have scarcely yet closed the eyes of the deserted body. Yet the judgement has come and gone; all is over; it was swift but merciful; more than merciful; there is no word to say what it was. It must be imagined. One day, please God! we shall experience it. That soul must be very strong to bear what it is feeling now. God must support it, or it will fall back into nothingness. Life is over. How short it has all been! Death is done with. How easy was its passing sharpness! How little the trials look, how puny the sorrows, how childish the affections! And now something has happened to it, which is to be for ever more. Jesus has said it. There can be no doubt of it. What is that something? Eye has not seen, nor ear heard. It sees God. There is stretched before it an illimitable eternity. Weakness has fallen off from it. Time is vanished, that cramped it so. There is no ignorance. It sees God. Its understanding is inundated with unspeakable delights; it is strengthened by unimaginable glory; it abounds in that Vision to which earthly science is illiterate stupidity. The will is flooded with love; excessive happiness thrills through every affection. As a sponge is filled with the sea, so it is filled with light, beauty, bliss, ravishment, immortality, God. These are foolish words, lighter than feathers, weaker than water. They are not a shadow of what it feels. Eye has not seen, ear has not heard, heart has not conceived. There it is on the threshold of it all; the same soul that but for a moment ago was sobbing in pain, feeble as an unmanly child. There can be no mistake about it.

But not only so. There is not the slightest risk of its being forfeited. All is sure. All is its own, its very own, inalienable and forever. Sin can never come nigh it. Imperfection cannot breathe upon it. It knows no change, though its variety is infinite. It knows no inequality, though its joys are multitudinous and its delights innumerable. It is crowned king and for ever. And the empire of all this magnificence, how cheaply has it been purchased! Those transient toils and cares of life, which grace turned into contentment, and love to real pleasures! And now, here is this come, the light of glory, and the beauty of the Everlasting Vision! It would appear but a dream, only that the marvellous calm of the soul tells of the power and the depth of its new life. Its ability to bear its own consciousness is the gage of its freshness and its immortality. And all this is involved in the saving of a soul! How wonderful is the world if we remember how many of its inhabitants die every moment of the day and night; and there is, probably, never a moment in which there is not some soul in this predicament, just judged, its sentence favourable, and its eyes opened on the incommunicable beauty and goodness of God. O dull and weary, and weary and dull. This is all

we can say, when we turn our thoughts back to our own petty cares, teasing temptations, vexatious self-love, annoying littleness, ungenerous shabbiness with God! He has gone, is judged, it is well with him! O how well! And we still here: One great risk yet to be run! O dull and weary, weary and dull!

Faber.

95.

G O D F R I D.

GODFRID was a dyer in the town of Bruchsal, in the diocese of Spire, a frequenter of drinking houses, and a singer of light songs, scurrilous, addicted to cups and tables, gesticulations and rhymes, and one who never thought about saving his soul. Falling sick, he had great remorse and profound sorrow; so he sent for a priest, to whom he made a devout confession, received the communion, promising aloud to do penance if God should spare him. Relapsing into silence in about an hour after, he seemed to expire. This was about seven o'clock in the evening, on the 25th of May 1321. As the night was advancing they would not bury him till the next day; so during that night the neighbours assembled and sat round his body, which was placed on a bier, and talked variously about the fate of his soul. At two o'clock in the morning he sat up and said: "O God, how just and hidden are thy judgements! Blessed be thy name who hath been merciful to me penitent".

All in an instant fled; some through the window, as the door was too small, others over the people's heads, in short as they could. Godfrid rose, went into the garden, and knelt down, where he was found still kneeling at sun-rise. The crowds gathered round, and the priest, who had heard his confession came and said: "Godfrid, how is it with you?" But he making the cross on his mouth said: "O wehe! o wehe!" and thus groaning walked to the church and entered, followed by the priest and all the people. There he fell prone on the pavement before the altar, with arms extended in a cross, and remained two hours. Then rising up he said to the priest: "Lord, what doth this people want?" "They wish to know", replied the priest, "whether you were really dead, or where you were, or how you have come back to life." To whom he replied: "There is a time for speaking and a time for silence: let them go home, for they will hear nothing from me at present". So saying he prostrated himself again on the earth. The people by the priest's order, left the church, all but four of the chief inhabitants with three priests. And when the crowd was gone, the priests charged Godfrid on obedience to speak. "O! good men of God", cried he, "if I had one hundred mouths, and as many tongues, I could not relate the one thousandth part of what I have seen and heard since with those below. Yea, I was dead, and for penitence by God's mercy, permitted to return to the body. After my soul, with incredible pressure and grief, had gone out, I was presented at the divine judgement, though how, or by whom, I know not. So full of sadness was I, that the whole world could not contain

or understand it. All the sins of my life, to the very least, were clear and open before me. O good God, what confusion, what immense calamity encompassed me! I cannot say it, nor, without unutterable horror of heart, think of it; neither can I relate what was said to me by the judge, and the surrounding angels, and the demons, for it was ineffable. In a moment I was in the place of eternal and of temporal punishment, where I saw more souls tormented than I thought could have existed from the beginning, or would ever exist till the end. Yet I knew and understood who every one was. I saw souls in Hell of whose salvation no one in this life ever doubted; and I saw souls in Purgatory, reserved for salvation, whom the judgement of men had pronounced to be unquestionably in Hell. Think not that the disposition, quality, and mode of punishment, bore any resemblance to what painters and preachers represent. I felt that these torments could never be expressed by signs or tongues of men, for they are quite beyond what the human intelligence can conceive; so that our description of them, compared to reality, seemed like child's play. O! I would rather weep now than speak, only that you command me on obedience to speak. O, misery of all miseries! far surpassing all thought, how horridly and unutterably are to be dreaded the torments of eternal woe! For the perpetual fire of Hell lasts in the soul, which is always agitated with a fury inconceivable, always desolated with a terrific sadness, always associated with restless demons, without hope, without consolation, without any respite—only every thing is seen and heard, and felt spiritually, and not as we figure it. There are various places of purifying flame; daily some are liberated, daily some arrive, all have the certain hope of deliverance, though the hour is not known. Much availeth the suffrages made in the charity of God, and the pure fasts in the love of Christ, and the immolation of the Lord's body and blood in the church. At the moment of my presentation, such a crowd of souls came from the world to be judged, that it seemed as if the whole human race had died with me, and lo! all of them save twelve heard the sentence of the reprobate! Of these twelve one was a friar of the rule of St. Francis, the other a poor beggar and leper, and these two passed straight to Heaven, and the other ten had to pass first through Purgatory. Lo! all that I have said is still only uttered in the way of similitudes, for I saw nothing with my carnal eyes, but remote from all senses, without a voice or any similitude, in a moment I spiritually saw and heard all. And now, Lord, that I have obeyed you and spoken, spare me and yourself from henceforth, for I will speak of it no more to you or any one. Endeavour to lead the people to repent, and preach to them what you think useful”.

From that time Godfrid lived twelve years in such austerity of life, that no one could doubt but that he had seen greater things than he had related. No one ever after saw him smile, or joyous, or sleeping, or idle; no word useless or idle ever passed his lips more; no one saw him angry or impatient, or heard him murmur against any one, or speak evil of those by whom he was injured, and they were many. Winter and summer he went barefoot, in one grey vest always clad, he never shaved his beard, he daily fasted save on Sunday, neither ate fish nor flesh, nor tasted wine; injured or derided, always was he silent, and however

injured never did he change his countenance. With the labour of his hands he supported his wife and children; he was always employed, constantly in prayer; he slept four hours at night; daily before the crucifix he knelt and gave himself stripes, seven times he repeated the Pater, and seven times kissed the earth in form of a cross; he often confessed and daily heard mass. On feast days he either prayed alone in his chamber with the door shut, or withdrawing into a neighbouring grove he walked alone with God. He slept on the naked ground, and had a stone for his pillow; and so lived till his death, when he was buried in the parish church before the altar of St. George.—For such a soul, terror, perhaps, was the only medicine.

Digby.

96.

THE COLISEUM.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
 I linger yet with Nature; for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 Than that of man; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness
 I learn'd the language of another world.
 I do remember me that in my youth,
 When I was wandering, upon such a night
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
 'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome:
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
 The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
 More near, from out the Caesars' Palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bow-shot. Where the Caesars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through levelled battlements
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
 But the gladiators' bloody circus, stands
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection;
 While Caesar's chambers and the Augustan halls
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this; and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old—
 The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns!

Byron.

97.

THE VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRÉ, THE HOME OF EVANGELINE.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretch'd to the eastward,
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had rais'd with labor incessant,
 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
 Spreading afar and unfenc'd o'er the plain, and away to the northward
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
 Sea-fogs pitch'd their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
 Look'd on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
 There, in the midst of its farms, repos'd the Acadian village.
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
 Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
 Thatch'd were the roofs, with dormar windows; and gables projecting
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.
 There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
 Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens,
 Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
 Paus'd in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
 Reverend walk'd he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
 Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevail'd. Anon from the belfry
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest liv'd in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
 Gentle Evangeline liv'd, his child, and the pride of the village.
 Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is cover'd with snow-flakes;
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oakleaves.
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
 Down the long street she pass'd, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
 Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
 But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
 Homeward serenely she walk'd with God's benediction upon her.
 When she had pass'd, it seem'd like the ceasing of exquisite music.
 Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
 Rudely carv'd was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappear'd in the meadow.
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss grown
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
 There were the folds for the sheep and there, in his feather'd seraglio,
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates,
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Liv'd on his sunny farm, and Evangeline govern'd his house-hold.

Longfellow.

98.

THE VENERABLE MÈRE DÉVOS.

HUMBLE in her thoughts, in her words and in her actions, she honestly thought herself the last and worst of God's servants. The nearer she was to Him "who was meek and humble of heart", the more she saw her own imperfections in the light of his holiness and purity. As soon as one of her old Confessors at Rochefort heard of her dangerous illness, he exclaimed, "She was too humble to be put in the first place; the position has killed her". Sometimes her sisters would say to her, "But you forget you are our '*Très honorée Mère!*'" she would reply, "Ah! I wish I could; the very idea crushes me. I try all I can to forget it; and to feel that I am only filling a certain office like the rest, of which I must strive to fulfil the duties as well as I can". The most simple circumstance gave her the opportunity of practising this virtue. If she gave a commission to one of the sisters, or any directions, she would instantly add, "I am sure you will do it much better than I". If her sisters showed her the least extra deference or respect, or tried in any way to do little services for her, she would exclaim, "I cannot let you wait on me. I am here to serve you, not to be served". If any word she had ever spoken had given pain, she would go through the House to find the sister whose feelings had been wounded, and ask her pardon on her knees. One day, in writing out a list, she had put one name for the other by mistake. It was read out by a sister, who corrected the error; but the Mère Dévos thought she had missed an occasion for humbling herself, and directly said, "I did not say that the fault was mine; it was my pride which shut my mouth. See how unworthy I am, I humbly ask your pardon". It is said that "honours often change people." With her, they seemed only to deepen her belief in her own littleness and insufficiency. Often, when Superior, or, as they are so simply and beautifully called in the Society, "*Soeur Servante*", she was searched for in vain. She delighted in performing the most fatiguing and the most menial offices. In the kitchen, in the laundry, wherever the press of work was greatest, there she was always to be found, only distinguished from the rest by her superior sanctity. When compelled to "keep her place" as Mère Générale, it was a perfect martyrdom to her. She used to try in every way to avoid it. She would profit by the fact of the younger sisters not knowing her, to let them pass before her, to wait upon them at table, or the like. On one occasion, when,

at the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, strangers were admitted into the chapel, she contrived so well that she had not even a corner in which to kneel or to sit for the evening exercise. An old workman occupied her chair, never dreaming that he was taking the place of the Superior of the Community. One of the sisters relates of herself that on a certain occasion she had been unjustly blamed for a fault she had not committed, and had justified herself rather hotly to her Superior. Her conscience, however, would not let her rest. It was the eve of the holy Communion. She felt she could not meet our Lord, and the hour for Confession was past. In this strait she went to the Mère Générale and told her all. The Mère Dévos listened to her with great tenderness, and after some encouraging words said, "You did wrong to answer again. You must go and beg pardon, not excusing yourself this time, but letting them believe you committed the fault".—"But ma Mère, I cannot say I did it; it would not be true".—"Never mind", she replied, "humble yourself as if you had done it". This seemed to the sister beyond her strength, and she was retiring in silence, when the Mother called her back. "Where are you going?"—"To my Office, dear Mother."—"But it is not the hour; it is the time of Recreation." The sister replied, "How can I go there in tears as I am?" The mother said, gently, "And what will God say, if you are not where the Rule tells you to be? Go for a minute first before the Tabernacle." The sister went; Grace had conquered; she felt herself courageous enough to bear the mortification which the Mother had imposed upon her; and peace returned to her soul. On another occasion, the Mother said to one of the sisters, "I was vexed yesterday."—"At what?" she replied. "At seeing that you went out of the room at the moment something disagreeable was being said to you. It was the very occasion to stop and to offer it up to our Lord, who would have been pleased with you. Every thing that happens here is of so little importance! *Can one be troubled by some few unkind words from our fellow-creatures, when we seek only God?*" Again an undeserved reproach had been addressed to another sister, who was about to express her regret at the annoyance of which she had not been the cause. "Say nothing", she whispered to her; "remain quiet. *'The Master' knows the rights of it; let it pass in silence*". She tried to make her sisters not only remain silent on such occasions, but strive not even to *feel* them. One of the superiors was detailing to her the many difficulties of the kind that she met with in a position of singular trial, and asked her whether it would not be wiser for her to change. The Mother reflected a little, and then said, "I think you make too much of the words and proceedings which are painful to you. You dwell upon them in your own mind till they become unnecessarily magnified. Believe me, do not try to alter the circumstances in which you are placed. Our Lord has put you in your present position. He has given you the occasion to do good in it. Have the courage to bear what He sends. He may not see fit to make your place easier. You may be perhaps even more tried—more humiliated. Every one may despise you. Well, it is for God you are working; let all the rest pass by. I feel sure that with His grace you can do without anything else".

Four members of her own family had joined the Community. The Mother was especially anxious that no distinction whatever should be

made in their favour; and, on the contrary, never missed an occasion of teaching them lessons of mortification and humility. "My poor child," she said to one of them, "you are very far from having the look of a real Sister of Charity. You must try and keep out of the way as much as possible. Let no one find out that you are in the House; if our sisters are kind enough to employ you, do your best; but do not forget • that you are a greater hindrance than help. *Lead, above all things, a hidden life*".

Next to her humility was its twin-sister *simplicity*, in word, thought, action, and intention. It arose from her intense truthfulness and absence of all thought of self. She saw nothing but God, as Witness, as Judge, and as her final Reward. The idea of "What will people say?" or "What will people think?" never entered her head. She went straight to her point, having for guides her conscience, her superiors, and, above all, her Rule. "If '*the Master*' is pleased, all the rest is nothing," was her favourite answer. One of the sisters relates that during the time she was at Rosary, she was often sent for to go to the Royal children, and to get to their apartment had to traverse a succession of rooms and encounter the whole *suite* of the Court. The sister who accompanied her, said, "She felt shy and very uncomfortable". The Mère Dévos replied, "Why? Do like me. I don't think of them any more than if they were a row of cabbages!" Nothing, in fact, ever altered her modest, recollected manner, in her dealings with the authorities at Bayonne, Rochefort, and Madrid, she obtained every thing by the straightforward simple way, in which she asked for the assistance she sought, or gave her advice when any plan was proposed to her. She abhorred anything like "*ruse*" or double-dealing. If any one, to gain a particular end, deviated in the slightest degree from the truth, she would say, "Take care, it is not so and so; one must state things exactly as they are". Her language was generally simple and to the point, whether in suggesting the subject for meditation, or giving counsel, or dictating a letter. She would say, "I am too ignorant to employ fine language. I like words just to express what I want to say and nothing more". When she was ill, she begged to be taken to the common infirmary, that she might, as she said, "*be with the rest*", and have the privilege of hearing the Mass, which was said in the ward. The nursing sister having suggested that one of the Rochefort sisters (Soeur Philomène) should be sent for to nurse her, knowing that she had a great affection for her, she replied, "Oh! no. Let her stay where she is, if you will only be kind enough to take care of me with the others". In her piety she was as simple as in all the rest. She sought for nothing beyond what her holy Rule afforded her. Life in Community with its daily acts of renouncement and self-denial, was sufficient for her needs. She once said to a sister, "I never allowed myself to ask for permission to perform extraordinary penances, much as I should have wished it; for I thought that in devoting myself to the mortification of every sense, and the continual renunciation of my will, I should enter better into the path traced out for us by our Lord. I do not blame those who adopt those practises. Only I thought, for myself, I could practise mortifications better in this way, than in any other". In talking of books, she would delight in any which gave her new and

holy thoughts; but she would add, "I am an *ignoramus*, who have read nothing—I never have had the time; but in our holy Rule we learn quite enough to show us the road to Heaven, if we could only follow it!"

Her *prudence* was as remarkable as her simplicity. She had shown, from a child, a maturity of judgment and a clearness of comprehension which astonished her superiors. She knew when to speak and when to be silent; and this spirit, like all the rest, she drew from the fountain of Grace. When she was in any difficulty, she went simply to the feet of our Lord, and His Spirit directed her course. Sometimes her intuition seemed to her sisters almost miraculous. They could not believe "she had not been told such and such a thing by one of the others". She would prove to them the injustice of their suspicions, and add: "Be yourselves without fault, and then let people say what they will". She would never speak of things without necessity, and if compelled to admit one or the other of the sisters into any matter of confidence, she would add, "I reckon upon your discretion, above all, do not talk". One may, in fact, say of her, that she followed to the letter the rule our blessed Lord gave to His Apostles when He told them to unite "the prudence of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove".

Her *faith and trust in God* struck every one who came in contact with her. She had the profoundest veneration for holy places, and holy things—for Holy Water, among others, which she took on every occasion, especially if she feared having committed some slight infraction of the Rule. Her manner in church impressed every one. It was as if she saw Jesus Christ Himself on His altar. However long the service might be, she always remained on her knees, her hands clasped as she had been taught in the Seminary, her eyes cast down, or fixed on her book, or, if not, on the Tabernacle which contained Him on whom her heart was fixed. The Sign of the Cross reminded her of the triple gift of our Creation, Redemption, and Sanctification. She would exclaim, "If we did but know the force and the power of the Holy Spirit, and how in an instant He revives the spark of grace and love in the heart of the most hardened! How sublime a prayer is the Sign of the Cross! It unites us, as it were, with the Three Adorable Persons, and cleanses us from the venial sins into which our weakness so continually betrays us". When, at three o'clock, she fell on her knees for the Act of Adoration, one would have thought she was on Calvary itself. Her respect for her directors, and especially for N. T. H. Père, may be measured by her belief in their being the representatives to her of God on earth. She would read the precious letters of the T. H. Père on her knees, and when desired by him to write on any subject, she was most careful to use his very words. "It is the voice of God," she would say. Again, in her continual intercourse with the poor, it would frequently happen that she was almost worn out with their numbers and importunity, and that the sisters would often propose to her to put them off to another day. "Not for all the world!" she would exclaim: If our Saviour asked to speak to you, would you have the face to put Him off, or make Him wait?" One day, when she was overwhelmed with begging letters, one of the sisters asked her, with a smile, "If she did not think our Lord wrote to her rather too often?" "Never too often," replied that faithful

servant of the poor: "Ought one ever to weary of listening to other people's troubles, and trying to relieve them?" Thus did she judge of everything. This was the keynote of her life. Seeing God in her superiors, in her poor, in her companions—in all. And faith of this nature engenders hope. The knowledge of God and belief in His Mysteries, leads necessarily to confidence in His goodness and love. It was not the fear of the slave for the master, but the filial tenderness of the child for the parent, which made her dread to offend Him in the smallest particular. In all her trials, God alone was her stay. She never thought elsewhere either for joy or consolation. To one of her sisters, whom she found discouraged and desponding, she exclaimed: "Ah! my child! If you could but understand the love and tenderness of our Gentle Master, you would have but one fear, that of displeasing Him". But it was during her last illness that her confidence in God shone forth most brightly. "I cannot understand how it is, I feel such peace," she said; "but I find it impossible to fear. I, who so dreaded God's judgments, cannot even think of them. I am so afraid of having too much confidence". Some one read aloud the passage, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant". "I cannot think of His judgments," she repeated; "I can see and feel nothing but His incomparable mercies. The merits of my Saviour are my sole hope and consolation. I feel as if He would open Heaven to me "*gratis*". She continued, after a few moments, "How good is God to me! Our Saviour has paid all my debts. His precious blood has washed away all my sins. Clothed in His righteousness, I have nothing to fear". A little later she said again: "I cannot understand it, but the thoughts of the *Great Judge* have ceased to alarm me. I see Him only as my Saviour and my Sponse; and at my last hour, I feel His Mother will be there, and will present my poor soul to Him".—What an end for a Sister of Charity, who, in the very face of her Judge, could feel and speak like this!

Lady Herbert.

99.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honour and wealth,
 Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health,
 Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
 And her motion shook perfume from every fold;
 Joy revell'd around her, love shone at her side,
 And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
 And light was her step in her mirth-sounding hall,
 When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
 That call'd her to live for her suffering race;
 And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
 Rose quickly like Mary and answer'd: "I come!"

She put from her person the trappings of pride,
 And pass'd from her home with the joy of a bride,
 Nor wept at the threshold as onward she mov'd,
 For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion, to vanity lost;
 That beauty that once was the song and the toast;
 No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
 But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
 Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
 For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
 Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
 For she barter for Heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
 Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
 Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and gem,
 Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
 That voice, that once echoed the song of the vain,
 Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
 And the hair, that was shining with diamond and pearl,
 Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed, a pallet, her trinkets, a bead;
 Her lustre, one taper, that serves her to read;
 Her sculpture, the crucifix nailed by her bed;
 Her paintings, one print of the thorn-crowned head;
 Her cushion, the pavement that wearies her knees;
 Her music, the psalm or the sigh of disease:
 The delicate lady lives mortified there,
 And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
 Are the cares of that Heaven-minded virgin confined,
 Like Him whom she loves, to the mansion of grief
 She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief;
 She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
 And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
 Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
 The sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
 Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapours of death;
 Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,
 Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
 How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
 With looks that are lighted with holiest grace!
 How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
 For she sees in the wounded the image of Him!

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
 Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
 Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days—
 Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise!
 Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men,
 Ye fire-side philanthropists, great at the pen,
 How stands in the balance your eloquence weigh'd.
 With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

G. Griffin.

100.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
 Gentle Death!
 Let her leave thee with no strife,
 Tender, murmuring, mournful Life!
 She hath seen her happy day,
 She hath had her bud and blossom;
 Now she pales and sinks away,
 Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

 She hath done her bidding here,
 Angels dear!
 Bear her perfect soul above,
 Seraph of the skies, sweet Love!
 Good she was and fair in youth;
 And her mind was seen to soar,
 And her heart was wed to truth:
 Take her, then, for ever more—
 For ever—ever more!

Barry Cornwall.

101.

CAPTURE OF A CAYMAN.

THE Indian had made his instrument to take the Cayman. It was very simple; there were four pieces of tough, hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as your little finger, and barbed at both ends; they were tied round the end of a rope in such a manner, that if you conceive the rope to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head, so that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrowhead, while the other end of the sticks expanded at equal distances round the rope. Now it is evident, that if the Cayman swallowed this, (the other end of the rope, which was thirty yards long, being

fastened to a tree) the more he pulled, the faster the barbs would stick in his stomach. The wooden hook, if you may so call it, was well baited with flesh, and the entrails were twisted round the rope for about a foot above it. Nearly a mile from where we had our hammocks, the sandbank was steep and abrupt, and the river very still and deep; there the Indian pricked a stick into the sand. It was two feet long, and on its extremity was fixed the machine: it hung suspended about a foot from the water, and the end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven well into the sand. The Indian then took the empty shell of a land tortoise, and gave it some heavy blows with an axe. I asked him, why he did that. He said, it was to let the Cayman hear that something was going on. In fact the Indian meant it as the Cayman's dinner bell. Having done this, he went back to the hammocks, not intending to visit it again till morning.

During the night the Jaguars roared and grumbled in the forest, as though the world was going wrong with them, and at intervals we could hear the distant Caymans. The roaring of the Jaguars was awful, but it was music to the dismal noise of these hideous and malicious reptiles. About half past five in the morning the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place he set up a tremendous shout. We all jumped out of our hammocks, and ran to him. We found a Cayman, ten and a half feet long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do, but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. We mustered strong: there were three Indians from the Creek; there was my own Indian, Jan Daddy Quashi; a negro, called James; Mr. Edmonston's man, whom I was instructing to preserve birds, and lastly myself. I informed the Indians that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it; the Cayman would worry some of us. On saying this, they squatted on their hams with the most perfect indifference. Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice: he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried; and apologized for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked me, if I would allow them to shoot half a dozen of arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would ruin all. I had come about three hundred miles on purpose to get a Cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful look upon the Indians. Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sandbank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead for fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the Cayman's jaws. There then we stood in silence, like a calm before a thunderstorm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

I now walked up and down, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet

long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down on one knee, and held the mast in the same position, as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the Cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians, they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river. Brave squads, said I to myself, now that you have got me between yourselves and danger! I then mustered all hands for the last time before the battle. We were four South-American savages, two negroes from Africa, a Creole from Trinidad, and myself, a white man from Yorkshire. In fact a strange group in dress and language. Daddy Quashi hung in the rear; I showed him a large spanish knife, which I always carried in the waist-band of my trousers; it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair.

The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all my people at the end of the rope and ordered them to pull, till the Cayman appeared on the surface of the water, and then let him go again into the deep. I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand, and sunk down upon one knee, about two yards from the water's edge, determined to thrust it down the Cayman's throat, in case he gave me an opportunity. The people pulled the Cayman to the surface: he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again, on their slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly with my eye fixed steadfastly on him. By this time, the Cayman was within a few yards from me, and I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in the right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and by main force twisted them on his back, and thus they served me for a bridle.

He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of the reach of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and to strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time, before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden farther in land. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under the water with the Cayman. The people now dragged me above forty yards on the sand. After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the Cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them. We had now another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome and

again remained quiet. He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had suspended our hammocks. Here I cut his throat, and after breakfast was over, commenced the dissection.

Waterton.

102.

D O R A.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
 William and Dora. William was his son,
 And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
 And often thought: "I'll make them man and wife".
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
 And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
 He had been always with her in the house,
 Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
 When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son:
 I married late, but I would wish to see
 My grandchild on my knees before I die!
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
 To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
 She is my brother's daughter: he and I
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
 For I have wish'd this marriage night and day,
 For many years". But William answer'd short,
 "I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
 I will not marry Dora". Then th' old man
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
 "You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
 But in my time a father's word was law,
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to't;
 Consider, William: take a month to think,
 And let me have an answer to my wish;
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
 And never more darken my doors again".
 But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
 And broke away. The more he look'd at her
 The less he lik'd her; and his ways were harsh;
 But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
 The month was out he left his father's house,
 And hir'd himself to work within the fields;
 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed

A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
 Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
 His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
 But if you speak with him, that was my son,
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
 My home is none of yours. My will is law".
 And Dora promis'd, being meek. She thought
 "It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"
 And days went on, and there was born a boy
 To William; then distresses came on him;
 And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
 Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
 But Dora stor'd what little she could save,
 And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
 Who sent it; till at last a fever seiz'd
 On William and in harvest time he died.
 Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
 And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
 Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
 "I have obey'd my uncle until now,
 And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro'me
 This evil came on William at the first.
 But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
 And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
 And for this orphan, I am come to you:
 You know there has not been for these five years
 So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
 And I will set him in my uncle's eye
 Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
 Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone".
 And Dora took the child, and went her way
 Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
 That was unsown, where many poppies grew;
 Far off the farmer came into the field
 And spied her not; for none of all his men
 Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
 And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
 But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
 But when the morrow came, she rose and took
 The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
 And made a little wreath of all the flowers
 That grew about, and tied it round his hat
 To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
 Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
 He spied her; and he left his men at work,
 And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
 Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
 So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,

And answer'd softly: "This is William's child!"
 "And did I not", said Allan, "did I not
 Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
 "Do with me as you will, but take the child
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
 And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
 I must be taught my duty, and by you!
 You knew my word was law, and yet you dar'd
 To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
 But go you hence, and never see me more".
 So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
 And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
 At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
 More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
 Remembering the day when first she came,
 And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
 And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
 Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
 Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
 Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
 To God that help'd her in her widowhood.
 And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
 He says that he will never see me more".
 Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
 His mother; therefore, thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home:
 And I will beg of him to take thee back;
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one house,
 And work for William's child, until he grows
 Of age to help us".

So the women kiss'd

Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
 The door was off the latch: they peep'd, and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
 Like one that lov'd him; and the lad stretch'd out
 And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in: but when the boy beheld
 His mother, he cried out to come to her:
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said:

"O Father!—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child; but now I come
 For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
 O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
 With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
 He could not ever rue his marrying me—
 I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
 "God bless him!" he said, "and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone thro'! "Then he turn'd
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
 But now' Sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
 His father's memory; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before".
 So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room;
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
 "I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
 I have kill'd him—but lov'd him—my dear son.
 May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
 Kiss me, my children".

Then they clung about
 The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times,
 And all the man was broken with remorse;
 And all his love came back a hundredfold,
 And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
 Thinking of William.

So those four abode
 Within one house together, and as years
 Went forward, Mary took another mate;
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

Tennyson.

103.

ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE sources of the noblest rivers which spread fertility over continents,
 and bear richly laden fleets to the sea, are to be sought in wild and
 barren mountain tracts, incorrectly laid down in maps, and rarely ex-
 plored by travellers. To such a tract the history of our country during
 the thirteenth century may not unaptly be compared. Sterile and ob-
 scure as is that portion of our annals, it is there that we must seek for
 the origin of our freedom, our prosperity, and our glory. Then it was
 that the great English people was formed, that the national character
 began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained, and
 that our fathers became emphatically islanders, islanders not merely in

geographical position, but in their politics, their feelings, and their manners. Then first appeared with distinctness that constitution which has ever since, through all changes, preserved its identity; that constitution of which all the other free constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the archetype of all the representative assemblies which now meet, either in the old or in the new world, held its first sittings. Then it was that the common law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the imperial jurisprudence. Then it was that the courage of those sailors who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports* first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then it was that the most ancient colleges which still exist at both the great national seats of learning were founded. Then was formed that language, less musical indeed than the languages of the south, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to the tongue of Greece alone. Then too appeared the first faint dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England.

Early in the fourteenth century the amalgamation of the races was all but complete; and it was soon made manifest, by signs not to be mistaken, that a people inferior to none existing in the world had been formed by the mixture of three branches of the great Teutonic family with each other, and with the aboriginal Britons. There was, indeed, scarcely any thing in common between the England to which John had been chased by Philip Augustus, and the England from which the armies of Edward the Third went forth to conquer France.

A period of more than a hundred years followed, during which the chief object of the English was to establish, by force of arms, a great Empire on the Continent. The claim of Edward to the inheritance occupied by the house of Valois was a claim in which it might seem that his subjects were little interested. But the passion for conquest spread fast from the prince to the people. The war differed widely from the wars which the Plantagenets of the twelfth century had waged against the descendants of Hugh Capet. For the success of Henry the Second, or of Richard the First, would have made England a province of France. The effect of the successes of Edward the Third and of Henry the Fifth was to make France, for a time, a province of England. The disdain with which, in the twelfth century, the Conquerors from the Continent had regarded the islanders, was now retorted by the islanders on the people of the Continent. Every yeoman from Kent to Northumberland valued himself as one of a race born for victory and dominion, and looked down with scorn on the nation before which his ancestors had trembled. Even those knights of Gascony and Guienne who had fought gallantly under the Black Prince were regarded by the English as men of inferior breed, and were contemptuously excluded from honourable and lucrative commands. In no long time our ancestors altogether lost sight

* Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Romney, Hythe; over against France.

of the original ground of quarrel. They began to consider the crown of France as a mere appendage to the crown of England; and when, in violation of the ordinary law of succession, they transferred the crown of England to the House of Lancaster, they seem to have thought that the right of Richard the Second to the crown of France passed, as of course, to that house. The zeal and vigour which they displayed present a remarkable contrast to the torpor of the French who were far more deeply interested in the event of the struggle. The greatest victories recorded in the history of the middle ages were gained at this time, against great odds, by the English armies. Victories indeed they were of which a nation may justly be proud; for they are to be attributed to the moral superiority of the victors, a superiority which was most striking in the lowest ranks. The knights of England found worthy rivals in the knights of France. Chandos encountered an equal foe in Du Guesclin. But France had no infantry that dared to face the English bows and bills. A French King was brought prisoner to London. An English King was crowned at Paris. The banner of Saint George was carried far beyond the Pyrenees and the Alps. On the south of the Ebro the English won a great battle, which for a time decided the fate of Leon and Castile; and the English Companies obtained a terrible preeminence among the bands of warriors who let out their weapons for hire to the princes and commonwealths of Italy.

Nor were the arts of peace neglected by our fathers during that stirring period. While France was wasted by war, till she at length found in her own desolation a miserable defence against invaders, the English gathered in their harvests, adorned their cities, pleaded, traded, and studied in security. Many of our noblest architectural monuments belong to that age. Then rose the fair chapels of New College and of Saint George, the nave of Winchester and the choir of York, the spire of Salisbury and the majestic towers of Lincoln. A copious and forcible language, formed by an infusion of French into German, was now the common property of the aristocracy and of the people. Nor was it long before genius began to apply that admirable machine to worthy purposes. While English battalions, leaving behind them the devastated provinces of France, entered Valladolid in triumph, and spread terror to the gates of Florence, English poets depicted in vivid tints all the wide variety of human manners and fortunes, and English thinkers aspired to know, or dared to doubt where the devout had been content to wonder and to believe. The same age which produced the Black Prince and Derby, Chandos and Hawkwood, produced also Geoffrey Chaucer and John Wycliffe.

In so splendid and imperial a manner did the English people, properly so called, first take place among the nations of the world. Yet while we contemplate with pleasure the high and commanding qualities which our forefathers displayed, we cannot but admit that the end which they pursued was an end condemned both by humanity and by enlightened policy, and that the reverses which compelled them, after a long and bloody struggle, to relinquish the hope of establishing a great continental empire, were really blessings in the guise of disasters. The spirit of the French was at last aroused: they began to oppose a vigorous national resistance to the foreign conquerors; and from that time

the skill of the English captains and the courage of the English soldiers were, happily, for mankind, exerted in vain. After many desperate struggles, and with many bitter regrets, our ancestors gave up the contest. Since that age no British government has ever seriously and steadily pursued the design of making great conquests on the Continent. The people, indeed, continued to cherish with pride the recollection of Cressy, of Poitiers and of Agincourt. Even after the lapse of many years it was easy to fire their blood and to draw forth their subsidies by promising them an expedition for the conquest of France. But happily the energies of our country have been directed to better objects; and she now occupies in the history of mankind a place, far more glorious than if she had, as at one time seemed not improbable, acquired by the sword an ascendancy similar to that which formerly belonged to the Roman Republic.

Cooped up once more within the limits of the island, the warlike people employed in civil strife those arms which had been the terror of Europe. The means of profuse expenditure had long been drawn by the English barons from the oppressed provinces of France. That source of supply was gone; but the ostentatious and luxurious habits which prosperity had engendered still remained; and the great lords, unable to gratify their tastes by plundering the French, were eager to plunder each other. The realm to which they were now confined would not, in the phrase of Comines, the most judicious observer of that time, suffice for them all. Two aristocratical factions, headed by two branches of the royal family, engaged in a long and fierce struggle for supremacy. As the animosity of those factions did not really arise from the dispute about the succession, it lasted long after all ground of dispute about the succession was removed. The party of the Red Rose survived the last prince who claimed the crown in right of Henry the Fourth. The party of the White Rose survived the marriage of Richmond and Elisabeth. Left without chiefs who had any decent show of right, the adherents of Lancaster rallied round a line of bastards, and the adherents of York set up a succession of impostors. When, at length, many aspiring nobles had perished on the field of battle or by the hands of the executioner, when many illustrious houses had disappeared for ever from history, when those great families which remained had been exhausted and sobered by calamities, it was universally acknowledged that the claims of all the contending Plantagenets were united in the house of Tudor.

Meanwhile a change was proceeding infinitely more momentous than the acquisition or loss of any province, than the rise or fall of any dynasty. Slavery and the evils by which slavery is every where accompanied were fast disappearing.

It is remarkable that the two greatest and most salutary social revolutions which have taken place in England, that revolution which, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man, were silently and imperceptibly effected. They struck contemporary observers with no surprise, and have received from historians a very scanty measure of attention. They were brought about neither by legislative regulation nor by physical force. Moral causes

noiselessly effaced first the distinction between Norman and Saxon, and then the distinction between master and slave. None can venture to fix the precise moment at which either distinction ceased. Some faint traces of the old Norman feeling might perhaps have been found late in the fourteenth century. Some faint traces of the institution of villanage were detected by the curious so late as the days of the Stuarts; nor has that institution ever, to this hour, been abolished by statute.

It would be most unjust not to acknowledge that the chief agent in these two great deliverances was religion; and it may perhaps be doubted whether Protestantism might not have been found a less efficient agent. The benevolent spirit of the Christian morality is undoubtedly adverse to distinctions of caste. But to the Church of Rome such distinctions are peculiarly odious; for they are incompatible with other distinctions which are essential to her system. She ascribes to every priest a mysterious dignity which entitles him to the reverence of every layman; and she does not consider any man as disqualified, by reason of his nation or of his family, for the priesthood. Her doctrines respecting the sacerdotal character, have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst evils which can afflict society. That religion cannot be regarded as un-mixedly noxious which, in regions cursed by the tyranny of race over race, creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, inverts the relation between the oppressor and the oppressed, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondman. To this day, in some countries where negro slavery exists, Catholicism appears in advantagious contrast to other forms of Christianity. It is notorious that the antipathy between the European and African races is by no means so strong at Rio Janeiro as at Washington. In our own country this peculiarity of the Roman Catholic system produced, during the middle ages, many salutary effects. It is true that, shortly after the battle of Hastings, Saxon prelates and abbots were violently deposed, and that ecclesiastical adventurers from the Continent were intruded by hundreds into lucrative benefices. Yet even then pious divines of Norman blood raised their voices against such a violation of the constitution of the Church, refused to accept mitres from the hands of the Conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow Christians. The first protector whom the English found among the dominant caste was Archbishop Anselm. At a time when the English name was a reproach, and when all the civil and military dignities of the kingdom were supposed to belong exclusively to the countrymen of the Conqueror, the despised race learned, with transports of delight, that one of themselves, Nicholas Breakspear, had been elevated to the papal throne, and had held out his foot to be kissed by ambassadors sprung from the noblest houses of Normandy. It was a national as well as a religious feeling that drew great multitudes to the shrine of Becket, the first Englishman who, since the Conquest, had been terrible to the foreign tyrants. A successor of Becket was foremost among those who obtained that charter which secured at once the privileges of the Norman barons and of the Saxon yeomanry. How great a part the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics subsequently had in the abolition of villanage we learn from the unexceptionable testimony of

Sir Thomas Smith, one of the ablest Protestant counsellors of Elisabeth. When the dying slaveholder asked for the last sacraments, his spiritual attendants regularly adjured him, as he loved his soul, to emancipate his brethren for whom Christ had died. So successfully had the Church used her formidable machinery that, before the Reformation came, she had enfranchised almost all the bondmen in the kingdom except her own, who, to do her justice, seem to have been very tenderly treated.

There can be no doubt, that, when these two great revolutions had been effected, our forefathers were by far the best governed people in Europe. During three hundred years the social system had been in a constant course of improvement. Under the first Plantagenets there had been barons able to bid defiance to the sovereign, and peasants degraded to the level of the swine and oxen which they tended. The exorbitant power of the baron had been gradually reduced. The condition of the peasant had been gradually elevated. Between the aristocracy and the working people had sprung up a middle class, agricultural and commercial. There was still, it may be, more inequality than is favourable to the happiness and virtue of our species: but no man was altogether above the restraints of law; and no man was altogether below its protection.

Macaulay.

104.

CELESTIAL MUSIC.

Strains of purest harmony,
 Hark! in liquid numbers flow,
 Sounds which earth-born melody
 Never utter'd, ne'er did know!
 All the music of the spheres—
 All the thoughts of joy and love—
 All the tones of hopes and fears,
 Are but echoes faint and low,
 Of the choirs in realms above.

WORDS are not the only medium of thought and feeling here on earth. Music is also employed, and most effectively, to express the different emotions of the human heart. So it is also in Heaven.

That music exercises a most powerful influence over the heart of man, and that a solemn and sublime strain of music may elevate the soul to the very Throne of the Deity, many of us know by sweet experience. But how limited and imperfect is our enjoyment of sweet sounds on earth!

There are persons that have a talent for music, but yet have no voice, or possess no power to master an instrument, so as to give expression in musical sounds, to the conception of their own mind. They need the assistance of others, which they cannot always obtain. And, moreover, where is the composer who can himself play all the instruments necessary to complete the harmony and give the full compass of his own

composition? I do not believe that either Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or any other of the great masters, ever heard their own music executed as they had conceived it in their minds.

If those great composers had possessed the perfect command of all the instruments, for which they wrote the several parts; and had they been able by their own will, to give to all the voices, and all the instruments, the power, flexibility, consonance and resonance which their fancy desired, what an astonishingly different effect would the music have had on themselves and all those that heard it!

Let us imagine, moreover, if those great composers had all been in the same place, at the same time, and if every one of them had communicated to the same composition the particular quality and excellence of his own genius, how admirable would such a composition have been—executed under the joint direction of so many great masters! Is it too much to imagine that, in Heaven, every blessed soul exercises the same unbounded dominion over the world of sound?

This is the joy to which even the Holy Scripture more than alludes. Thus St. John tells us, in the Apocalypse, that he saw the four and twenty Ancients with harps in their hands, and he heard the voice of a mighty multitude, that sang a new Canticle to the sound of those harps; and again he heard the multitude of the Blessed singing together the Canticle of Moses, the Servant of God.*

The very nature of music explains its influence on the heart, and indicates its existence in Heaven.

What is music? Harmony. What is harmony? Truth. God is Truth. How well fitted then is music to glorify God, and to rejoice and satisfy the heart, which is created for truth, and can only find repose in truth! Hence it is that St. Augustine declares the love of music, taken in a higher sense, to be a mark of predestination. In this sense we also read that God “placed the Heavens in harmony”.

Music is truth in consonance, and concord of sound and thought. This character of music, at least of music worthy of the name, accounts for its enlivening influence on the heart. The human voice is particularly endowed with this harmonious power of elevating the soul to God. The Saints on earth were many times favored with hearing the singing of the Angels, and other celestial music. St. Bonaventure writes of St. Francis of Assisium, that, whilst listening to the music of an Angel, he fancied himself already in glory. Similar things we read of Blessed Henry Suso and of others. Why should we not suppose that the Blessed in Heaven exercise the same power over sound, that they may give expression to their thoughts and affections? And, considering the vast number of the Elect assembled in the courts of Heaven, what a variety, intensity and wonderful sublimity must characterize that heavenly music! Whilst endeavouring to realize to ourselves the ineffable charm of that mighty chorus of sweet sounds, do we not feel a foretaste of the rapturous delight, which animates the Saints in Heaven—and which we are one day to share with them?

* Apocalypse XIV, XV.

If by the alternations and modifications of eleven tones in their different scales, and their different vocal or instrumental sounds, all the innumerable musical compositions are formed in such endless variety, and shall be formed, till the end of Time, and this too with such limited talents and imperfect instruments: how wonderful must be the unlimited display of the sweetness and power of sound, and the magnificence of the musical arrangements in Heaven?

It is true we have hitherto heard, so to speak, of but few instruments; yet who can say what other kinds of incomparably sweeter music may exist, which shall never be invented on earth, and are known in Heaven; or, to speak more correctly, what other modes of musical expression shall the Blessed find for their joyful emotions? And, if the elasticity of the air, that surrounds our globe, be susceptible of such sweet and powerful resonance; who can imagine what wondrous reverberations the ether of the celestial regions can produce? Moreover, much depends on the feelings of the performer, and on the expression given by him to the music. What shall it be when those great Saints and heavenly Spirits can infuse into their music all the intensity and sweetness of their own emotions of joy, thanksgiving, admiration, and love!

"Happy were I, and for ever happy," said St. Augustine, "if after death I were deemed worthy to hear the melody of those songs, which the blessed citizens of Heaven, and the legions of the celestial army sing for ever in the praise of the Eternal King!"

Nor is the praise of God alone the sole theme rehearsed by the Celestial Choirs: They celebrate the glorious achievements of men and Angels in the service of their common Lord, as well.

In her Office, in honor of St. Martin, the Church speaks of hymns sung by the Saints and Angels, as he entered Heaven. In like manner we read in Ecclesiasticus, that the whole Church Triumphant unites in honoring and praising the glorified Saints of God. And must not such hymns and such choirs, awaken in the Blessed the most enthusiastic thankfulness to God? After every such heavenly display of song and harmony, we may truly imagine that the thunders of jubilant Alleluias ascend through the heavenly vaults to the Throne of God: "Amen; Alleluia! honor and glory and benediction to Him that sitteth upon the Throne: He that created all things for the good and delight of them that are faithful unto Him, through Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen! Alleluia!"

Nay more: since the grace and swiftness of the movements of a body, especially of a glorified body, joined to the spirit and gracefulness of music, is true beauty, is a particular perfection, is harmony; this joy shall, therefore, have its reflecting counterpart in Heaven. How shall this be? Heaven alone must reveal. Visions of the Saints, however, like those of the Blessed Henry Suso, point to this kind of joys in Heaven.

Weninger.

105.

SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began.
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise ye more than dead!
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the corded shell
 His listening brethren stood around
 And, wondering, on their faces fell,
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangour
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 't is too late to retreat!

IV.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what wit can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race:
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre;
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher,
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

VIII.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sang the great Creator's praise
 To all the bless'd above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

Dryden.

106.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

IT had been hard for him that spake it, to put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god". For it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not

out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation, such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides, the Candian, Numa, the Roman, Empedocles, the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits, and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little; "*Magna civitas, magna solitudo*", because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude, to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness. And even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza* to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain, but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak, so great as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard to the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them "*participes curarum*" (partakers of cares); for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey, after surnamed the Great, to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect, bade him be quiet, for that more men adored the sun rising than the

* Sarsaparilla.

sun setting. With Julius Caesar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Caesar would have discharged the senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him, he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamed a better dream. And it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him "venefica", witch; as if he had enchanted Caesar. Augustus raised Agrippa, though of mean birth, to that height, as when he consulted with Maecenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Maecenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Caesar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed, and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him saith: "Haec pro amicitia nostra non occultavi", (these things, by reason of our friendship, I have not concealed from you) and the whole senate dedicated an altar to friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate by these words: "I love the man so well as I wish he may overlive me". Now if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity, (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as a half-piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire, and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely, Comineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Louis XI., whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, "Cor ne edito", Eat not the heart. Certainly if a man would give it a hard phrase, those who want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable, wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship, which is, that this communicating of man's self to his friend works two contrary effects: for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more: and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue, as the alchymists use to attri-

bute to their stone, for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests, but it maketh day-light in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts; neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel which a man receiveth from his friends; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another: he loseth his thoughts more easily: he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally he waxeth wiser than himself: and that, more by an hour's discourse, than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia: "That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas, in thoughts, they lie but as in packs".

Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel; (they indeed are best) but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation, which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best"; and certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs; so as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts, the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is, the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account, is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt, best I say to work, and best to take, is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many, especially of the greater sort, do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage of both their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour. As

for business, a man may think if he will, that two eyes see no more than one, or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker on, or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters,* or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest,** and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces, asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man, it is well, (that is to say better, perhaps, than if he had asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers, one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled, for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given hurtful and unsafe, though with good meaning, and mixed partly of mischief, and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in a way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship, (peace in the affections and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels. I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here, the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are, which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say "that a friend is another himself"; for, a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart, the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend he may rest almost secure, that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place, but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there, which a man cannot with any face of comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them. A man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg, and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son, but as a father; to his wife, but

* An allusion to the advice of some moralists, that a person in anger should repeat the alphabet before he speaks.

** In Bacon's day the musket was fixed on a stand called a "Rest".

as a husband; to his enemy, but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part: if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

Bacon.

107.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee;
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
 I fled th' unwelcome story;
 Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspir'd to wrong to slight thee;
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee;
 The few who lov'd thee once, have fled,
 And they who flatter, scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
 Go, go, though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever;
 When thou wilt call with vain regret
 On her thou'st lost for ever!
 On her who in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all,
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.

Go, go, 'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse,
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

Moore.

108.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile;	I see ambition never pleas'd;
I joy not much in earthly joys;	I see some Tantals starv'd in store;
I seek not state, I seek not style;	I see gold's dropsy seldom eas'd;
I am not fond of fancy's toys;	I see e'en Midas gape for more:
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,	I neither want, nor yet abound—
I wish no more, no more I crave.	Enough's a feast, content is crown'd.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;	I feign not friendship, where I hate;
I tremble not at noise of war;	I fawn not on the great in show;
I wound not at the news of wrack;	I prize, I praise a mean estate—
I shrink not at a blazing-star;	Neither too lofty nor too low:
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,	This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
I envy none, I none disdain.	A mind content, a conscience clear.

Sylvester.

109.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

IT seems fit that we should pay extraordinary honor to the blessed Mother of our Lord at a time of so much joy to Him. The month of May always comprehends some portion of the Paschal season—often the greater part of it, and at times, that glorious season extends beyond the month. When Easter-day falls the earliest, this month begins with the Feast of the Ascension, which is seventeen days before the termination of the Paschal season; and the later Easter falls, the more of the month of May will be included in it. Now, when we reflect, that none

ever lived on earth to whom the Resurrection was an occasion of such joy as to the blessed Virgin, we may well make the season in which we remember it the time of especial congratulation with her. But the Resurrection brought to that Mother of many sorrows not merely a return of joy, but an accession of glory. Can we think that Mary was privileged to share the Passion of her divine Son without also sharing the glory of His Resurrection? Mary, too, has her Easter. She who was united with her Blessed Jesus in His infancy, in His boyhood, in His youth; She who was never sundered from Him except when He was engaged in His Father's business, (St. Luke II. 49) now that He has finished the work for which He came into the world, is restored to His happy society, never again to be torn from it. O thrice-blessed Mother! while we remember the joys and glories of thy most holy Son, we will not lose sight of thine own; but blend thine image with His in our hearts, now that it is radiant with light and joy, as when, in His nativity, we saw thee bending over Him with fond maternal tenderness, or watching His early years in the house at Nazareth, or sharing his sorrows at the foot of the cross.

The devotion of the Month of Mary has thus come in to supply a vacant place in the heart and affections of the Church. The calendar at this season is more than usually barren of days in honor of the Blessed Virgin. With the exception of the Feast in commemoration of her title as Help of Christians, which has been lately instituted for the Church at large, there is no day peculiarly in her honor during the present and following months. To rectify this inequality, the piety of individuals has reserved a twelfth part out of the whole year as an offering to Mary; and the Church has ratified by her implied sanction, this act of her children's love. To our Lord we give fifty days in honor of His glorious resurrection and Ascension, to His blessed Mother, during the period of her conglorification, we dedicate thirty one.

And the month which we give to Mary is the month of all others the likeliest to her sweet and graceful Virgin self. Midway between stern winter and garish summer, the month of May is the symbol of bright and perpetual youth. "My sister, my spouse, is a garden enclosed". "My beloved feedeth among the lilies". The Canticle of Canticles which is the chronicle of the "Glories of Mary", is replete with the memorials of Spring-time. It is a kind of holy pastoral; its scene is laid in the midst of budding flowers, by the side of plentiful streams, under the shade of aromatical shrubs, where the beasts of the field are bounding with joy, and the birds of the air are making melody, and the chaste loves of one holy and elected Pair, are the burden of the sacred song, in such sort that we seem as for the time in another Paradise, where two only tenants are solacing themselves with divine discourses, each all to the other, as though on earth were none besides. And where is the counterpart of this peaceful vision, but in the loving converse of Jesus and Mary after the Resurrection, when those chaste souls were knit together in closest bonds of holy love, the world being converted by their presence from a wilderness of confusion into a paradise of delights; and instead of the thorns and thistles of sin, fair flowers of holy hope springing up on every side to beautify their path, and honor their progress?

And this blessed vision of the united glories of Jesus and Mary is renewed every Easter to the eye of faith. But even as at the Resurrection of our Lord, there were many on whose dull sight those glories were lost; so, it is to be feared that, on each renewal of that happy time, there are also many who miss the benediction of Jesus and Mary during the month of privilege, in which they are traversing the world, and scattering their favours around, before they withdraw from sight to gladden the angelic choirs. Now, as then, there is an inner and an outer world; the one a garden of sweets, the other a Babel of confusion. The world, too, like the Church, has her "month of May"; and as the abuse of what is best is ever worst, so the time which, with the Church is the holiest of all, is with the world proverbially the most unhallowed. What feeds devotion in the Church, pampers luxury in the world; what to the Church are sights of beauty, to the world become incentives of evil; gales of health are converted into vehicles of contagion, pure fountains of joy into wells of poisoned waters.

Another purpose, then, of the consecration of this month to Mary is, that of reclaiming it from the world, of giving the beautiful to the Beautiful, of exorcising nature, and putting a good Spirit within her, and vindicating for our Lord and His blessed Mother the Sovereignty of the earthly Paradise. Use God's gifts as we may, they will never be stinted: "He makes His sun to rise on the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and unjust". (St. Matthew V. 45.) Every year He clothes the grass of the field, and gives to the lilies their more than regal glory. (Ib. VI. 29.) Shall the Church stand by and suffer the world to despoil her of her territory, to lay sacrilegious hands upon the property of Christ and His blessed Mother? But what the Church has principally in view at this Holy Season is the consecration of her children to the service of the Immaculate. That at which she aims is, to enlist all our stray and idle affections on the side of Christ; and since His blessed Mother is peculiarly the model and patroness of virgin purity, the Church makes her prominent at a time when the lustre of that grace is more than usually liable to be tarnished. The world spreads all her charms before the wretched children of Eve; heirs by nature of the corruption as well as of the guilt of the first authors of their race. The Tempter appeals in every way, as at the first, to the love of the beautiful, which is an instinct of our nature; he seeks to entangle the judgement and reason in the meshes of the affections; he spreads a fair covering over his own pitfalls; that we may seem to be treading on secure ground, when abysses of misery and ruin are, in truth, yawning below. What says the Church? She does not outrage, she rather seeks to consecrate, that love of the beautiful she finds in us; she seeks to bind on the side of holy purity, those tender, enthusiastic, nay I will say those romantic instincts with which Heaven itself has gifted the pliant mind of youth; she would not, for she cannot, destroy them; but seeks to elicit them by holy attractives, to guide them by wise management, to train them in orderly lines; till, of that which, left to itself, might have encumbered the ground by its undisciplined shoots, and wasted itself in a merely idle and unhealthy luxuriance, she rears no stunted and leafless trunk, ungraceful, though innocuous, but a goodly and prolific vine, ample in

foliage and rich in fruitage, the joy of beholders and the ornament of the House of God.

Oakeley.

110.

O GLORIOSA DOMINA !

HAIL most high, most humble one!
 Above the world, below thy Son,
 Whose blush the moon beauteously mars,
 And stains the timorous light of stars.
 He that made all things had not done
 Till He had made Himself thy Son.
 The whole world's Host would be thy Guest
 And board Himself at thy rich breast;
 O boundless hospitality!
 The Feast of all things feeds on thee.
 The first Eve, mother of our fall,
 Ere she bore any one, slew all.
 Of her unkind gift might we have
 The inheritance of a hasty grave;
 Quick buried in the wanton tomb
 Of one forbidden bit;
 Had not a better fruit forbidden it;
 Had not thy healthful womb
 The world's new eastern window been,

And given us Heaven again in giving Him.
 Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day,
 Which renders all the stars she stole away.
 Let then the aged world be wise, and all
 Prove nobly, here, unnatural:
 'Tis gratitude to forget that other,
 And call the maiden, Eve their mother.
 Ye redeem'd nations far and near,
 Applaud your happy selves in her,
 (All you to whom this love belongs)
 And keep it alive with lasting songs.
 Let hearts and lips speak loud, and say,
 Hail, door was shut, the fountain seal'd;
 Yet light was seen and life reveal'd;
 The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.
 Glory to Thee great Virgin's Son,
 In bosom of thy Father's bliss:
 The same to Thee, sweet Spirit, be done,
 As ever shall be, was, and is, Amen.

Crashaw.

111.

MARY THE FLOWER OF GOD.

I.

O FLOWER of Grace! divinest Flower!
 God's light thy life, God's love thy dower!
 That all alone with virgin ray
 Dost make in Heaven eternal May,
 Sweet falls the peerless dignity
 Of God's eternal choice on thee!

Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
 Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
 Help of earth and joy of Heaven,
 Love and praise to thee be given,
 Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

II.

Choice Flower! that bloomest on the breast
 Of Jesus, which is now thy rest,
 As thine was once the chosen bed
 Of His dear Heart and sacred Head:
 O Mary! sweet it is to see
 Thy Son's creation graced by thee!

Mother dearest! Mother fairest! &c.

III.

O queenly Flower! enthroned above,
 The trophy of Almighty love!
 Ah me! how He hath hung thee round
 With all love-tokens that abound,
 With God's own light beyond the reach
 Of angel song or mortal speech!

Mother dearest! Mother fairest! &c.

IV.

O Flower of God! divinest Flower!
 Elected for His inmost bower!
 Where Angels come not there art thou;
 A crown of glory on thy brow,
 While far below, all bright and brave,
 Their gleamy palms the Ransom'd wave.

Mother dearest! Mother fairest! &c.

V.

O bless thee for thy beauty, then,
 Delight of Angels, trust of men!
 A sceptre unto thee is given,
 Queen of the Sacred Heart! in Heaven,
 Like His who made, O blest decree!
 Thee for Himself, all else for thee!

Mother dearest! Mother fairest! &c.

VI.

O Godlike creature! nigh to God!
 In whom th' Eternal Word abode!
 The mirror of God's beauty thou,
 On Thee His dread perfections show
 So palpably, mens' hearts might faint
 With an exceeding ravishment.

Mother dearest! Mother fairest! &c.

VII.

Yet thou didst bloom on earth at first
 In meekness prov'd, in sorrow nurs'd;
 And Heaven must own its debt to earth,
 Sweet Flower! for thy surpassing worth;
 And Angels, for their Queen's dear sake,
 Our road to thee more smooth shall make.

Mother dearest! Mother fairest! &c.

VIII.

O Help of Christians! mercy laden!
 O blissful Mother! blissful Maiden!
 O Sinless! were it not for thee,
 There were in faith no liberty,
 To hold that God could stoop so low,
 Or love his sinful creatures so.

Mother dearest! Mother fairest! &c.

IX.

O Mary! when we think of thee,
 Our hearts grow light as light can be;
 For thou hast felt, as we have felt,
 And thou hast knelt, as we have knelt;
 And so it is—that utterly,
 Mother of God! we trust in thee!

Mother dearest! Mother fairest! &c.

Faber.

112.

PRAISE OF CHASTITY.

THIS Chastity, my brother, Chastity;
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
 Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,
 By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time;
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of Chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal.

Milton.

113.

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

IT was two hours before the dawn, on Sunday, the memorable seventh of October, when the fleet weighed anchor. The wind had become lighter; but it was still contrary, and the galleys were indebted for their progress much more to their oars than their sails. By sunrise they were abreast of the Curzolari, a cluster of huge rocks which, on the north, defends the entrance of the Gulph of Lepanto.

The fleet moved laboriously along, while every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the hostile navy. At length the watch on the foretop of the *Real* called out "a sail!" and soon after declared that the whole Ottoman fleet was in sight. Several others climbing up the

rigging, confirmed his report; and in a few moments more, word was sent to the same effect by Andrew Doria, who commanded on the right. There was no longer any doubt; and Don John of Austria, ordering his pennant to be displayed at the mizzen-peak, unfurled the great standard of the League, given by the Pope, and directed a gun to be fired, the signal of battle. The report, as it ran along the rocky shores, fell cheerily on the ears of the Confederates, who, raising their eyes towards the consecrated banner, filled the air with their shouts.

Don John had already given to each commander written instructions as to the manner in which the line of battle was to be formed. The armada was now disposed in that order. It extended on a front of three miles. Far on the right, a squadron of sixty-four galleys was commanded by the Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria, a name of terror to the Moslems. The centre, or *Battle*, as it was called, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was led by John of Austria, supported on the one side by Colonna, the captain-general of the Pope, and on the other by the Venetian captain-general, Veniero. Immediately in the rear was the galley of the Grand-Commander Requesens. The left wing was commanded by the noble Venetian, Barbarigo, whose vessels stretched along the Aetolian shore, to which he approached as near as, in his ignorance of the coast, he dared to venture, so as to prevent his being turned by the enemy. Finally, the reserve, consisting of thirty five galleys, was given to the brave marquis of Santa Cruz, with directions to act in any quarter where he thought his presence most needed.

The Ottoman fleet came on slowly and with difficulty. For, strange to say, the wind, which had been adverse to the Christians, after lulling for a time, suddenly shifted to the opposite quarter, and blew in the face of the enemy. As the day advanced, moreover, the sun which had shone in the eyes of the Confederates, gradually shot its rays into those of the Moslems. Thus ploughing its way along, the Turkish armament, as it came more into view, showed itself in greater strength than had been anticipated by the Allies. It consisted of nearly two hundred and fifty royal galleys, most of them of the largest class, besides a number of smaller vessels in the rear, which appear scarcely to have come into action. The men on board, of every description, were computed at not less than a hundred and twenty thousand. The galleys spread out, as usual with the Turks, in the form of a regular half-moon, covering a wider extent of surface than the combined fleets, which they somewhat exceeded in number. They presented, indeed, as they drew nearer, a magnificent array, with their gilded and gaudily painted prows, and their myriads of pennons and streamers, fluttering gaily in the breeze; while the rays of the morning sun glanced on the polished scymitars of Damascus, and on the superb aigrettes of jewels which sparkled in the turbans of the Ottoman chiefs.

In the centre of the extended line, and directly opposite to the station occupied by the Captain-General of the League was the huge galley of Ali Pasha. The right of the armada was commanded by Mahomet Sirocco, Viceroy of Egypt, a circumspect as well as courageous leader. The left by Uluch Ali, Dey of Algiers, the redoubtable corsair of the Mediterranean.

Ali Pasha had received intelligence that the allied fleet was much inferior in strength to what it proved. In this error he was fortified by the first appearance of the Christians; for the extremity of their left wing, commanded by Barbarigo, stretching behind the Aetolian shore, was hidden from his view. As he drew nearer and saw the whole extent of the Christian lines, it is said his countenance fell. If so, it still did not abate one jot of his resolution. He spoke to those around him with the same confidence as before, of the result of the battle. He urged his rowers to strain every nerve. Ali was a man of more humanity in his nature than often belonged to his nation. His galley-slaves were all, or nearly all, Christians, and he addressed them in this brief and pithy manner. "If your countrymen are to win this day, Allah give you the benefit of it. Yet, if I win it, you shall certainly have your freedom. If you feel that I do well by you, do then the like by me!"

As the Turkish admiral drew nearer, he made a change in his order of battle, by separating his wings farther from his centre, thus conforming to the dispositions of the Allies. Before he had come within cannon-shot, he fired a gun by way of challenge to his enemy. It was answered by another from the galley of John of Austria. A second gun discharged by Ali was as promptly replied to by the Christian commander. The distance between the two fleets was now rapidly diminishing. At this solemn moment a death-like silence reigned throughout the armaments of the Confederates. Men seemed to hold their breath, as if absorbed in the expectation of some great catastrophe. The day was magnificent. A light breeze still adverse to the Turks, played on the waters, somewhat fretted by contrary winds. It was nearly noon; and, as the sun, mounting through a cloudless sky, rose to the zenith, he seemed to pause, as if to look down on the beautiful scene. where the multitude of galleys, moving over the water, showed like a holiday spectacle rather than a preparation for a mortal combat. The illusion was soon dispelled by the fierce yells which rose on the air from the Turkish armada. It was the customary war-cry with which the Moslems entered into battle. Very different was the scene on board of the Christian galleys. Don John might be there seen armed *cap-a-pie*, standing on the prow of the *Real*, anxiously awaiting the conflict. In this conspicuous position, kneeling down, he raised his eyes to heaven, and humbly prayed that the Almighty would be with his people on that day. His example was followed by the whole fleet, officers and men all prostrating themselves on their knees, and turning their eyes to the consecrated banner which floated from the *Real*, put up a petition like that of their commander. They then received absolution from the priests, of whom there were some in every vessel; and each man, as he rose to his feet gathered new strength, as he felt assured that the Lord of Hosts would fight on his side.

The action began on the left wing of the Allies which Mahomet Sirocco was desirous of turning. This had been anticipated by Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who commanded in that quarter. To prevent it, as we have seen, he lay with his vessels as near the coast as he dared. Sirocco, better acquainted with the soundings, saw there was space enough for him to pass, and darting by with all the speed that oars could give

him, he succeeded in doubling on his enemy. Thus placed between two fires, the extreme of the Christian left fought at terrible disadvantage. No less than eight galleys went to the bottom, and several others were captured. The brave Barbarigo, throwing himself into the heat of the fight, without availing himself of his defensive armour, was pierced in the eye by an arrow, and, reluctant to leave the glory of the field to another, was borne to his cabin. The combat still continued with unabated fury on the part of the Venetians. They fought like men who felt that the war was theirs, and who were animated, not only by the thirst for glory, but for revenge.

Far on the Christian right, a manoeuvre similar to that so successfully executed by Sirocco was attempted by Uluch Ali, the Dey of Algiers. Profiting by his superiority in numbers, he endeavoured to turn the right wing of the Confederates. It was in this quarter that Andrew Doria commanded. He had foreseen this movement of his enemy, and he succeeded in foiling it. It was a trial of skill between the two most accomplished seamen in the Mediterranean. Doria extended his line so far to the right indeed, to prevent being surrounded, that Don John was obliged to remind him that he left the centre too much exposed. His dispositions were so far unfortunate for himself, that his own line was thus weakened, and afforded some vulnerable points to his assailants. These were soon detected by the eagle-eye of Uluch Ali; and, like the king of birds, swooping on his prey, he fell on some galleys separated by a considerable interval from their companions, and, sinking more than one, carried off the great *Capitana of Malta* in triumph as his prize.

While the combat opened thus disastrously to the Allies, both on the right and the left, in the centre they may be said to have fought with doubtful fortune. Don John had led his division gallantly forward. But the object on which he was intent was an encounter with Ali Pasha, the foe most worthy of his sword. The Turkish commander had the same combat no less at heart. The galleys of both were easily recognized, not only from their position, but from their superior size and richer decoration. The one, moreover, displayed the holy banner of the League; the other the great Ottoman standard. This, like the ancient standard of the Caliphs, was held sacred in its character. It was covered with texts from the Koran, emblazoned in letters of gold, and had the name of Allah inscribed upon it twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times. It was the banner of the Sultan, having passed from father to son since the foundation of the imperial dynasty, and was never seen in the field, unless the Grand Seigneur or his lieutenant was there in person.

Both the chiefs urged on their rowers to the top of their speed. Their galleys soon shot ahead of the rest of the line, driven through the boiling surges as by the force of a tornado, and closed with a shock that made every timber crack, and the two vessels to quiver to their very keels. So powerful, indeed, was the impetus they received, that the Pacha's galley, which was considerably the larger and loftier of the two, was thrown so far upon its opponent, that the prow reached the fourth bench of rowers. As soon as the vessels were disengaged from each other, the work of death began. Don John's main strength consisted in some three hundred arquebusiers, culled from the flower of his infantry.

Ali, on the other hand, was provided with an equal number of Janizaries. He was followed by a smaller vessel, in which two hundred more were stationed as a *corps de reserve*. He had, moreover, a hundred archers on board. The bow was still as much in use with the Turks as with the other Moslems.

The Pacha opened at once on his enemy a terrible fire of cannon and musketry. It was returned with equal spirit and much more effect; for the Turks were observed to shoot over the heads of their adversaries. The Moslem galley was unprovided with the defences which protected the sides of the Spanish vessels, and the troops crowded together on the lofty prow, presented an easy mark to their enemy's balls. But though numbers of them fell at every discharge, their places were soon supplied by those in reserve. They were enabled, therefore, to keep up an incessant fire, which wasted the strength of the Spaniards; and as both Christian and Mussulman fought with indomitable spirit, it seemed doubtful to which side victory would incline.

The affair was made more complicated by the entrance of other parties into the conflict. Both Ali and Don John were supported by some of the most gallant captains in their fleets. Next to the Spanish commander, as we have seen, were Colonna, and the veteran Veniero who, at the age of seventy-six, performed feats of arms worthy of a paladin of romance. In this way a little squadron of combatants gathered round the principal leaders, who sometimes found themselves assailed by several enemies at the same time. Still the chiefs did not lose sight of one another; but, beating off their inferior foes as well as they could, each, refusing to loosen his hold, clung with mortal grasp to his antagonist.

Thus the fight raged along the whole extent of the entrance to the gulph of Lepanto. The volumes of vapour rolling heavily over the waters effectually shut out from sight whatever was passing at any considerable distance, unless when a fresher breeze dispelled the smoke for a moment, or the flashes of the heavy guns threw a transient gleam on the dark canopy of battle. If the eye of the spectator could have penetrated the cloud of smoke that enveloped the combatants, and have pierced the whole scene at a glance, he would have perceived them broken up into small detachments, separately engaged one with another, independently of the rest, and indeed ignorant of all that was doing in other quarters. The contest exhibited few of those large combinations and skilful manoeuvres to be expected in a great naval encounter. It was rather an assemblage of petty actions, resembling those on land. The galleys, grappling together presented a level arena, on which soldier and galley-slave fought hand to hand, and the fate of the engagement was generally decided by boarding. There was enormous waste of life. The decks were loaded with corpses, Christian and Moslem lying promiscuously together in the embrace of death. Instances are recorded where every man on board was slain or wounded. Blood flowed in rivulets down the sides of the vessels, staining the waters of the gulph for miles around.

It seemed as if a hurricane had swept over the sea, and covered it with the wreck of noble armaments, which, a moment before, rode so proudly on its bosom. Little had they now to remind one of their late magnificent array, with their hulls battered, their masts and spars gone

or splintered by the shot, their canvass cut into shreds and floating wildly on the breeze, while thousands of wounded and drowning men were clinging to the floating fragments, and calling piteously for help. Such was the wild uproar which succeeded the Sabbath-like stillness that two hours before had reigned over these beautiful solitudes. The left wing of the Confederates, commanded by Barbarigo, had been sorely pressed by the Turks, as we have seen, at the beginning of the fight. Barbarigo himself had been mortally wounded. His line had been turned; several of his galleys sunk. But the Venetians gathered courage from despair. By incredible efforts they succeeded in beating off their enemies. They became the assailants in their turn. Sword in hand they carried one vessel after another. The Christian galley-slaves, in some instances, broke their fetters, and joined their countrymen against their masters. Fortunately the vessel of Mahomet Sirocco, the Moslem admiral, was sunk; and though extricated from the water himself, it was only to perish by the sword of his conqueror, Giovanni Contarini. The Venetian could find in his heart no mercy for the Turk.

The fall of their commander gave the final blow to his followers. Without further attempt to prolong the fight they fled before the avenging swords of the Venetians. Those nearest to land endeavoured to escape by running their vessels ashore where they abandoned them as prizes to the Christians. Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, still lingering in agony, heard the tidings of the enemy's defeat, and, uttering a few words of gratitude to Heaven, breathed his last.

During this time the combat had been going forward in the centre between the two Commanders-in-chief, Don John and Ali Pasha, whose galleys blazed with an incessant fire of artillery and musketry that enveloped them like a martyr's "robe of flame". The parties fought with equal spirit, though not with equal fortune. Twice the Spaniards had boarded their enemy, and both times they had been repulsed with loss. More than once the contest between the two Chieftains was interrupted by the arrival of others to take part in the fray. But they soon returned to each other, as if unwilling to waste their strength on a meaner enemy. Through the whole engagement both commanders exposed themselves to danger as freely as any common soldier. Don John received a wound in the foot. It was a slight one, however, and he would not allow it to be dressed till the action was over.

Again his men were mustered, and a third time the trumpets sounded to the attack. The Spaniards threw themselves boldly into the Turkish galley. They were met with the same spirit as before by the Janizaries. Ali Pasha led them on. At this moment he was struck in the head by a musket ball, and stretched senseless in the gangway. His men fought worthily of their ancient renown. But they missed the accustomed voice of their commander. After a short struggle against the fiery impetuosity of the Spaniards, they were overpowered and threw down their arms. The decks were loaded with the dead and the dying. Beneath these was discovered the Turkish Commander-in-chief, severely wounded, but perhaps not mortally. He was drawn forth by some Castilian soldiers who, recognizing his person, would at once have despatched him. But the disabled chief having rallied from the first effects of his wound, had

sufficient presence of mind to divert them from their purpose, by pointing out the place where he had deposited his money and jewels, and they hastened to profit by the disclosure before the treasure should fall into the hands of their comrades.

Ali was not so successful with another soldier, who came up soon after, brandishing his sword, and preparing to plunge it into the body of the prostrate commander. It was in vain that the latter endeavoured to turn the ruffian from his purpose. He was a convict, one of those galley-slaves whom Don John had caused to be unchained from the oar, and furnished with arms. He could not believe that any head would be worth so much as the head of the Pacha. Without further hesitation he dealt him a blow which severed it from his shoulders. Then returning to his galley he laid the bloody trophy before Don John. His commander gazed on it with a look of pity mingled with horror. He may have thought of the generous conduct of Ali to his Christian captives, and have felt that he deserved a better fate. He coldly inquired "of what use such a present could be to him?" and ordered it to be thrown into the sea. Far from the order being obeyed, it is said, the head was stuck on a pike and raised aloft on board of the captured galley. At the same time the banner of the Crescent was pulled down, while that of the Cross, run up in its place, proclaimed the downfall of the Pacha.

The sight of the sacred ensign was welcomed by the Christians with a shout of victory which rose high above the din of battle. The tidings of the death of Ali soon passed from mouth to mouth, giving fresh heart to the Confederates, but falling like a knell on the ears of the Moslems. Their confidence was gone. Their fire slackened. Their efforts grew weaker and weaker. They were too far from shore to seek an asylum there, like their comrades on the right. They had no resource but to prolong the combat or to surrender. Most preferred the latter. Many vessels were carried by boarding, others were sunk by the victorious Christians. Ere four hours had elapsed, the centre, like the right wing, of the Moslems might be said to be annihilated.

The battle had lasted more than four hours. The sky which had been almost without a cloud through the day, began now to be overcast, and showed signs of a coming storm. Before seeking a place of shelter for himself and his prizes, Don John reconnoitred the scene of action. He met with several vessels too much damaged for further service. These, mostly belonging to the enemy, after saving what was of any value on board, he ordered to be burnt. He selected the neighbouring port of Petala, as affording the most secure and accessible harbor for the night. Before he had arrived there the tempest began to mutter, and darkness was on the water. Yet the darkness rendered only more visible the blazing wrecks, which, sending up streams of fire mingled with showers of sparks, looked like volcanoes on the deep.

Prescott.

ST. IGNATIUS.

OF hearts that throb'd in Saragossa's halls,
 Or burn'd for fame on Pampeluna's walls,
 Was none so gallant, so undaunted none,
 As warm'd the breast of proud Loyola's son.

By nature form'd for every manly heart,
 By practice school'd to play the warrior's part,
 The young Ignatius like a budding flower,
 Woo'd the bright sunshine of life's morning hour.

The monarch's favourite, the minstrel's theme,
 The cherish'd hope of many a noonday dream,
 What knight so comely and so choice as he,
 To pluck the palm of Spanish chivalry?

But Heaven had mark'd him for a nobler race,
 And touch'd his lion heart with softening grace,
 And made of human glory's beaten road
 A path to lead the soldier straight to God.

Stretch'd on his pallet, now behold him lie,
 Ambition's fire fast fading from his eye;
 And tales to cheating Fancy dear before
 Dull'd by the quickening zest of saintly lore.

The life divine absorbs his steadfast gaze,
 His one ambition now his Saviour's praise;
 His friends the tenants of the courts above;
 The Virgin Queen his only "ladye-love".

Thy conscious caves, Manresa, could disclose
 A tale of tears, and fasts, and bitter throes;
 The pangs that gather round the anxious strife
 Of souls that hover on the brink of life.

And you, blest Angels, whose delighted zeal
 Watch'd all those dark recesses could reveal,
 Bear to our God the homage of our praise
 For the rich harvest of those fruitful days;

For all the gifts of grace so largely us'd;
 For all the light so bounteously infus'd;
 For all the streams which, from that gushing Source,
 Have fertilis'd the desert in their course;

For all the wisdom of ascetic rules;
 For all the science of dogmatic schools;
 For holy lessons, taught in words of love;
 For bright examples which those lessons prove;

For Xavier's flag o'er Indian wastes unfurl'd;
 For Borgia's triumphs o'er a tempting world;
 For Aloysius, and for Kostka, bright
 With holy purity's unearthly light.

O glorious founder of a gifted line!
 Unselfish author of a work divine!
 Reckless what fate thy children might befall,
 So God were lov'd and glorified in all!

For them thou askedst not a worldly dower,
 The breath of human praise, the smile of power;
 But causeless hate and honorable shame,
 The promis'd heritage of Jesus' name.

Sons of Ignatius! still 'tis yours to act
 The Gospel's mystery in patent fact,
 The riddle of our Christian life to play,
 While meekly walking in your Founder's way.

Crush'd, yet unconquer'd, dying, yet alive,
 Ye win by cession, and on losses thrive,
 And share, with strange diversity of claim,
 The world's aversion and the worldling's fame.

Band of the Soldier Saint! your portion bear,
 The living witness of your Father's prayer.
 The Church is this world's savour; so may ye
 E'en of that Church herself the savour be.

Oakeley.

115.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding like a bee—
 Both were mine! Life went a maying
 With Nature, Hope and Poesy,

When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woful When!
 Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
 How lightly then it flash'd along:—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!
 Nought car'd this body, for wind or weather
 When Youth and I liv'd in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;
 O! the joys that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship Love and Liberty,

Ere I was old.

Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone!
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd;
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe that Thou art gone?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size:
 But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
 Life is but thought: so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve!
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve,

When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking leave,
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,
 That may not rudely be dismiss.
 Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without a smile.

Coleridge.

116.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S SURPRISE AND ALARM AT FINDING THE PRINT OF A HUMAN FOOT ON THE SHORE.

IT happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised at the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be

fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind, than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practise of all creatures in fear: but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off from it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the Devil, and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take a human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way; I considered that the Devil might have found out abundance of other ways to terrify me, than this of the single print of a foot. That as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely; all this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the Devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the Devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz, that it must be some of the savages of the main land over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I should have been to have them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts that I was so happy as not to be there abouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would

have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me; then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in great numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, and carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope; all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve, by His power, the provision which He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future, to have two or three years' corn before hand so that whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a chequer-work of providence is the life of man; and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear, nay, even tremble at the apprehension of; this was exemplified in me, at this time, in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose only affliction was that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say I now trembled at the very apprehension of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot in the island.

Such is the uneven state of human life; and it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterwards, when I had a little recovered my first surprise. I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good providence of God had determined for me; that, as I could not foresee what the ends of divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute His sovereignty, who, as I was His creature, had an undoubted right, by creation, to govern and dispose of me absolutely as He thought fit, and who, as I was a creature who had offended Him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment He thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear His indignation, because I had sinned against Him. I then reflected that God who was not only righteous, but omnipotent, as He had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so He was able to deliver me; that if He did not think fit to do so, it was my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to His will; and, on the other hand, it was my

duty also to hope in Him, pray to Him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of His daily providence.

These thoughts took up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I cannot omit, viz, one morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me". Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance: when I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words it presented to me were, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart, wait, I say, on the Lord". It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad, at least, on that occasion.

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thoughts one day, that all this might be a chimera of my own; and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat; this cheered me up a little too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might not I come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat? Again, I considered also, that I could by no means tell, for certain, where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if, at last, this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of spectres and apparitions, and then are frightened at them more than any body.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water; then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk. Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country-house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready every now and then, to lay down my basket and run for my life, it would have made any one think I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frightened, and so, indeed, I had. However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination; but I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot: but when I came to the place, first, it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore any where thereabouts; secondly, when I came to measure the

mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapours again to the highest degree: so that I shook with cold like one in an ague: and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security I knew not.

O what ridiculous resolutions men take when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief.

De Foe.

117.

THE PAPACY AND CHRISTIAN CIVILISATION.

THE German Empire in the seventh and eighth centuries, Hungary, France, and the lesser states of Europe, have simply risen under the creative power of the Catholic and Roman Church. But who, I ask, has been the leader, the guide, and the legislator of this Christian Europe—who but the Supreme Pontiff? What Bishop of any of the Apostolic Sees can be put in comparison with any single Pontiff, though he be the least powerful and illuminated in that long line, in the action and work of creating Christian Europe? And these kingdoms which, in the first instance, rose up under the power and influence of the Holy See, were consecrated, concentrated, and united into one great confederacy, were held together by a general law, by a transcendent principle of community, which operated through them all, and bound them all to one centre, and gave them all one arbitrator. Read the history of St. Gregory VII. or the history of Innocent III., and you will see that I have understated the truth when I say that it was the special and personal action of the Pontiffs which created Christian Europe.

The point on which I will now dwell is this: that as the Church of God has created—and that specially through the action of the Supreme Pontiffs in their civil mission to the world—this vast and fair fabric of Christian Europe, so it has perpetually sustained it. I ask, what has given it coherence? What is it that has kept alive the governing principle among men, but that pure faith or knowledge of God which has gone forth from the Holy See, and has filled the whole circumference of Christendom? What has bound men together in the respect due to mutual rights, but that pure morality which was delivered to the Church to guard, and of which the Holy See is the supreme interpreter? These two streams, which, as St. Cyprian says in his treatise on the unity of the Church, are like the rays which flow from the sun, or like the streams that rise and break from the fountains, illuminated and inundated the whole Christian world. Now, I ask, what has preserved this in security, but the infallibility of the Church of God, vested chiefly and finally in the person of the Vicar of Jesus Christ? I ask, what has

preserved Christian Europe, but the principle of obedience, the precept of submission, which has been taught throughout the whole of its circuit by the Church of God, especially through the mouths of its Pontiffs? By them subjects have been taught obedience, and rulers have learned justice. What, I ask, has monarchy limited? what has made monarchy a free institution, and supreme power compatible with the personal liberty of the people, but the limitations of which the Holy See, acting through its Pontiffs, has imposed upon the princes of the world? Does anybody doubt these two propositions? To them I would say, the Pontiffs, with their temporal power, have been accused of despotism; at least, then, let us give them the credit of having taught the people to submit. They have also been accused of tyranny over princes; at least let us give them the honor of having taught kings that their power is limited. The dread chimera at which the English people especially stand in awe, the deposing power of the Pope,—what was it but that supreme arbitration whereby the highest power in the world, the Vicar of the incarnate Son of God, anointed high priest, and supreme temporal ruler, sat in his tribunal, impartially to judge between nation and nation, between people and prince, between sovereign and subject? The deposing power grew up by the providential action of God in the world; to subjects obedience, and princes clemency.

Now in this twofold power of the Popes, which has been, I may say, the centre of the diplomacy of Christian Europe, we see the sacerdotal and royal powers vested in one person, the two powers of king and priest, which are the two conservative principles of the Christian world. All Christian kings, and all Christian priests stand related to the one person who bears in fulness that twofold character; and it is by adherence to that one person, as the centre of the civil and spiritual system, which grew up under his hand, that Christian Europe is preserved. I would say further, that, vast and solid as Christendom may seem, like a vault of stone,—the temporal power of the Pope is the keystone. Strike it out, and the family of nations would at once fall in ruins.

The history of civilisation is the history of Christianity. The civilisation of the natural order, before Christianity came into the world, has perished, like Nineve under the sands of the deserts; in itself it was corrupt and godless; true civilisation dates from the Incarnation. We count our Christian order *Anno Domini*. It is based upon the Incarnation and upon Christianity; and the Vicar of the incarnate Son of God has been the head and leader of the civilisation of Europe. Now the history of Christianity is the history of the Christian Church. Will you go to the Oriental sects, to the Gnostics, for instance, or to some of the almost nameless and forgotten forms of perverted Christianity, to ascertain what Christianity is? Will you even go to the Greek Schism, the China of Christendom for exclusiveness and stagnation? Will you go to those nations of the West, which, by their separation from the Church, have filled the whole world with a tumult of conflicting societies, some of them retaining hardly the faintest semblance to Christianity? Can you find the Christianity of the world any where except as identified with that one great worldwide organisation, the centre of which is Rome? Take Rome out of the world, and where is Christendom? Take away the one

universal Roman Church, and I ask you, where is Christianity? Then, if the history of Christianity is the history of the Christian Church, what is the history of the Christian Church but the history of the Holy See? Will the history of the Church in England, or the history of the Church in Gaul, or the history of the Church in Spain, suffice to set before us the action of the Church of God in the world, if you blot out the history of the Holy See? In writing the history of the Holy See, the head, the light, the guide, the legislator, the prince of the whole Church, you write the history of all its provinces, as in writing the history of Rome you write the history of the heathen world. And further than this, in writing the history of the Holy See, you write the history of the Pontiffs. It is not the material seat, whether of bronze or of stone, which may crumble into dust, that constitutes the See of Peter. It is the person, it is the man, it is the successor of Peter, it is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, that constitutes the Holy See; and the history of the Holy See is the history of a succession of men, two hundred and fifty and more, who link us now with the day when "the Word was made flesh" and was visible among mankind—that long line of living witnesses and of Supreme Pontiffs who have ruled the World. The history then of the Holy See is the history of the Church; the history of civilisation is the history of the Pontiffs. Where, I would ask, are there princes, philosophers, statesmen, or conquerors, who have contributed to Christian Europe what St. Leo the Great, St. Gregory the Great, St. Gregory VII., Gregory XI., Innocent III., Sixtus V. and St. Pius V., contributed? The worst that can be said is this, that in that line of two hundred and fifty supreme Pontiffs, there have been a few who have descended to the level of temporal sovereigns. But except those few, they have been the legislators and the rulers, the civilisers and the creators of the fabric of civil order, under the shelter of which we live. My last remark, then, is this, we live in a day in which a man who stands up to defend the temporal power of the Pope, and the government of the Roman state is ridiculed and scorned as a lover of despotism, of darkness, of popular ignorance and popular oppression. I am not indeed a politician; for when I became a servant of our divine Lord, unworthy as I am to bear the priesthood, I renounced politics; but I have my convictions about civil and political rights, and the man who thinks me a lover of despotism and darkness does not know me. Nevertheless I will dare to say this, that the Roman state is, in its very essence, the freest and most republican and the most popular in Christian Europe. And this paradox I will prove. It is the only elective monarchy under the sun. It is the only elective throne that has ever endured. Poland, for two hundred years, elected its kings and perished in confusion. The Roman state for eighteen hundred years has elected its own princes, and it endures. There sits upon the throne of the Roman state a man chosen freely, chosen by election. And further, another principle pervades that government which exists in no other in the world—that the man who sits upon the throne may be any man among the subjects of the state. There is not a man born within the frontier of the Roman state who is not eligible for the office of Supreme Pontiff. There was a time when our forefathers were under the oppression of the Normans, and

when the poor Saxon was ground down under the heel of the Norman conqueror; when suddenly upon the throne of the Supreme Pontiff there sat one Nicholas Breakspear, a poor Saxon; and the kings and princes of Europe, even the Norman conqueror, kissed the feet of the poor Saxon because he reigned as Vicar of Jesus Christ; and the whole Saxon population of England was raised when a poor unknown man, a son of a race trodden down under the oppression of the Normans, was elevated to be in his Master's name, King of Kings and Lord of Lords. In the Roman state at this moment, there is not a man, though the son of a peasant, who may not be Pope. In the history of the Popes there are many instances of the sons of the poorest in the land who have risen to be Supreme Pontiffs. History tells us of one who, when his mother came to salute him on his elevation, dressed in the attire of a lady, said to her, "Mother I do not know you, I knew you only in your peasant's garb; go and put on that old dress I love so well, I shall know my mother then". He sent her from his presence; but when she came back in her peasant's garb he embraced her. The Sovereign Pontiffs are elected from the ecclesiastical order, and the ecclesiastical order is open to every man in the state. There is not a man that may not be a priest; the only conditions are these: he must renounce the world; he must not seek riches; he must not live for himself; he must live years of study; and pass a life of considerable mortification; he shall not seek to lay the foundation of a family; but he shall aim at a higher standard of virtue; and shall try to be, both intellectually and morally, fitted for so great a dignity as to consecrate the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ: and out of men who are raised and trained, formed and ripened, to be fitted to consecrate the precious Body and Blood of our Lord upon the altar—out of these the Supreme Pontiff is elected.

But this is the government of priests; that detestable and degrading clog on the progress of civilisation! And yet it was the government of priests that created modern Europe. It is the government of priests that now for twelve hundred years has reigned over the fair fabric of Christendom. Compare it with the government of laymen. Never was there a Pontiff that made one offensive war. There is not a square foot of his patrimony which he obtained by bloodshed. Talk of the government of laymen: look at the empires, look at the kingdoms of modern Europe; look at the condition of the people; read their history; if they are somewhat better now, what have they been a little while ago? What was this country in the last century? The government of priests need fear no comparison with that of laymen. There are many other things I would fain say, but I must conclude, and I will conclude simply with these words: Do you remember when, in the Council of Jerusalem, a prudent man stood up and gave this advice to the Sanhedrim: "Refrain from these men and let them alone: for if this design, or work, be of men, it will fall to nothing".* Now I say to any one who feels a desire to oppose the temporal power of the Pope, Lay no hand on that man; for if this counsel or this work be of man, it will utterly come to naught, nay, it will break and be dissipated in the air, in the dust

* Acts V. 38.

and confusion of all human works. But if it be not of man, if it be of God,—and the world has been waiting during the eighteen hundred years of its spiritual sovereignty, and at least twelve hundred of its full and pronounced civil sovereignty, to see if the test of Gamaliel would have effect—take heed “lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God”.*

Manning.

118.

THE PAPAL BENEDICTION FROM SAINT PETER'S.

HIGHER than ever lifted into space,
Rises the sovereign dome,
Into the colonnade's immense embrace
Flows all the life of Rome.

Th' assembled peasants of a hundred mountains,
Beneath the Sun's clear disk,
Behold that peerless whole of radiant fountains,
Exorcised Obelisk.

And massive front, from whose high ridge outslanted,
A spacious awning fell;
The swaying breadth each gazer's breast enchanted
To follow its slow swell.

Why are they met in their collected might
That earnest multitude?
Is it to vindicate some injur'd right,
By threats and clamour rude?

To watch with tiptoe foot and eager eye
Some mere device of Pride,
Meaningless pomp of royal vanity
The void of truth to hide?

To feed some popular lust which cautious power
Would for wise ends restrain,
Not bartering to the passions of an hour
What ages toil'd to gain?

Thanks, thanks to Heaven that in these evil days,
Days of hard hearts and cold,
Days where no love is found in all our ways,
Where man is overbold;

* Acts V. 39.

And loathes all tender mutual offices,
 And nothing old reveres,
 Unwilling to be seen upon his knees,
 Asham'd of his own tears :

My soul, the gracious privilege of this sight,
 This priceless sight, has won,
 A people of too simple faith to slight
 A Father's benison.

Not in low flattery, not in selfish dread,
 Before one meek old man,
 A people, a whole people, prostrated,
 Infant and veteran.

By that High Priest in prelude of deep prayer
 Implor'd and sanctified,
 The benediction of paternal care
 Can never be denied.

Most surely from that narrow gallery
 The oriflam unfurl'd,
 Shelters within its grand benignity
 Borne and the orb'd world.

The faintest wretch may catch the dew that falls
 From those anointed lips,
 And take away a wealth that never palls,
 A joy without eclipse.

Old pines ! that darkly skirt the circling hills,
 Bend down in grateful awe ;
 Infuse the earth's dry heart, prolific rills !
 With love's unbroken law.

Bear the glad tidings to your sister seas,
 Mediterranean waves !
 Let every muttering storm be hush'd in peace,
 Silent the thundering caves.

And would my spirit from earth's embasing rule,
 Were in this moment riven !
 That I might pass through such fit vestibule
 Up to the face of Heaven !

Moncton Milnes.

**LINES SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN
A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.**

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like was day to day!
Whene'er I look'd thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm! It seem'd no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then, if mine had been the painter's hand,
T' express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream,—

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou should'st have seem'd a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years, a chronicle of heaven;
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humaniz'd my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been :
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the friend,
 If he had liv'd, of him whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work!—yet wise and well,
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
 That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves,
 —Cas'd in th' unfeeling armour of old time—
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
 Hous'd in a dream, at distance from the Kind !
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here :—
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

Wordsworth.

120.

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

TO this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together, these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now, a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures;—like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen-Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return “always home”, wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations: he too experiences

that man's tribunal is not in this Earth; that if he had no higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom is it not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat: the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him 'can the whole combined world do "more"? Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all: thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied!

A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report; has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains: the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to be left *here!* Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry, through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruellest of scenes:

"At half-past eight, the door of the ante-room opened: the Queen "appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Madame Royale and "Madame Elisabeth: they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. "Silence reigned for some minutes; interrupted only by sobs. The Queen "made a movement to lead his Majesty towards the inner room, where "M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them: "No", said the King, "let us go into the dining room, it is there only that I can see you. "They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The "King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elisabeth on his "right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained "standing between his Father's legs. They all leaned towards him, and "often held him embraced. This scene of woe lasted an hour and three "quarters; during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that "always when the King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, "continued for some minutes; and that then the King began again to "speak".—And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more!—*NEVER!* O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. "*Promise that you will see us on the morrow*". He promises:—"*Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me!*"—It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the ante-room, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and with woman's vehemence, said through her tears; "*Vous êtes tous des scélérats!*"

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair: while this went forward Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Holy Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. "Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers: '*Partons*', let us go". How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover: all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live,—not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women. "*Grace! Grace!*" Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there: the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets, but one only. Eighty-thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone: one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound, Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place "*de la Revolution*", once Place de Louis Quinze: the Guillotine mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannon and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear, D'Orleans Egalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *hâquetons*, speed to the Town-hall, every three minutes: near by is the Convention sitting,—vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Mählstrom and descent of Death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "*Take care of M. Edgeworth*", he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

The drums are beating: "*Taisez-vous, Silence!*" he cries "in a terrible voice, d'une voix terrible". He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The

Executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, "his face very red" and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France".—A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: *Tambours!* The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!". The Axe clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.

Executioner Samson shows the Head: fierce shout of *Vive la République!* rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orleans drives off in his cabriolet: the Townhall Councillors rub their hands saying, "It is done, It is done". There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pikepoints in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings. And so, in some half-hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries: the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffeehouses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

Carlyle.

121.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling Child, designed,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.

Stern, rugged nurse, thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen),
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess! wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive;
 Teach me to love and to forgive;
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

Gray.

M A R I A.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any other shape till now—to travel it through the *Bourbonnais*, the sweetest part of France—in the heyday of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey, through each step of which Music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just Heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and alas! I have but a few small pages of this to crowd it into—and half these must be taken up with the poor *Maria* my friend Mr. *Shandy* met with near *Moulines*.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of *Maria's* senses, about a month before—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest, her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road.—

Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this, and what made *La Fleur*, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.—When we had got within half a league of *Moulines*, at a little opening of the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor *Maria* sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand;—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to *Moulines*, and *La Fleur* to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle: as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio", said she. I looked in *Maria's*

eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat, for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and *Maria* let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steep'd it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wip'd her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

When *Maria* had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale, thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an *S* marked in one of the corners.—

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as *Rome*, and walked round *St. Peter's* once—and return'd back—that she found her way alone across the *Appenines*—had travelled over all *Lombardy* without money—and through the flinty roads of *Savoy* without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, said *Maria*, to the shorn lamb.—

Shorn, indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy *Sylvio*—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and *Maria* observing, as I took out my handkerchief that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—and where will you dry it, *Maria*? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she,—'t will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, *Maria*? said I. I touch'd upon the string upon which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe and played her service to the Virgin.—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two *Maria* returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, *Maria*? said I.—She said, to *Moulines*.—Let us go, said I, together.—*Maria* put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered *Moulines*.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopp'd to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that, could the traces be ever worn out of her brain and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds.—The Being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.

Sterne.

123.

S O N N E T S.

I.

OH, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold,
'Twixt crimson banks; and then a traveller go
From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or listening to the tide with closèd sight,
Be that blind Bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possess'd with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

Coleridge.

124.

II.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear'st untouch'd by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

Wordsworth.

125.

III.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
 SCrumbling away beneath our very feet;
 Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
 In current unperceiv'd, because so fleet;
 Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
 But tares, self-sown, have over-topp'd the wheat;
 Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
 And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
 And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
 Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
 And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
 A newer good to cure an older ill;
 And sweet are all things when we learn to prize them
 Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them.

Aubrey De Vere.

126.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose.
 The village pastor's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
 And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds and led the way.
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
 At church with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray,
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal each honest rustic ran,
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile.
 And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
 Their welfare pleas'd him and their cares distrest;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Goldsmith.

127.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF A PAUPER.

THERE was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage and bidding Oliver keep close to him, and not be afraid,

the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in and Oliver followed him.

There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess opposite the door, there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy felt it was a corpse.

The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were blood-shot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her underlip and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man; they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside. "Nobody shall go near her", said the man, starting fiercely up as the undertaker approached the recess. "Keep back! d—n you, keep back, if you have a life to lose".

"Nonsense, my good man", said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes, "nonsense!"

"I tell you", said the man, clenching his hands and stamping furiously on the floor,—“I tell you I won't have her put into the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her,—she is so worn away”.

The undertaker offered no reply to this raving, but producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

"Ah!" said the man bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; "kneel down, kneel down; kneel round her every one of you, and mark my words: I say, she starved to death! I never knew how bad she was till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—in the dark. She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back she was dying; and all the blood in my heart was dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before the God that saw it—they starved her!" He twined his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled grovelling upon the floor, his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence; and having unloosed the man's cravat, who still remained extended on the ground, tottered towards the undertaker.

"She was my daughter", said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer more ghastly

than even the presence of death itself. "Lord, Lord! well, it is strange that I who gave birth to her, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it; it's as good as a play, as good as a play!"

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

"Stop, stop!" said the old woman in a loud whisper. "Will she be buried to-morrow, or next day, or to night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak; a good warm one, for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine too, before we go! Never mind; send some bread; only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?" she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat as he once more moved towards the door. "Yes, yes", said the undertaker; "of course; anything, every thing". He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and, dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

The next day (the family having been meanwhile relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese, left with them by Mr. Bumble himself) Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode, where Mr. Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the work-house, who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down stairs into the street.

"Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady", whispered Sowerberry in the old woman's ear; "we are rather late, and it won't do to keep the clergyman waiting. Move on, my men—as quick as you like".

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on under their light burden, and the two mourners kept as near them as they could. Mr. Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not so long as his master's, ran by the side.

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr. Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard, in which the nettles grew, and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived, and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay, with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys, whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard, played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr. Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him and read the paper.

At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr. Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr. Bumble then thrashed a boy or two to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as

much of the burial-service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

"Now, Bill", said Sowerberry to the grave-digger "fill up".

It was no very difficult task, for the grave was so full, that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The grave-digger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

"Come, my good fellow", said Bumble, tapping the man on the back, "they want to shut up the yard".

The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak (which the undertaker had taken off) to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and when he came to, saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

"Well, Oliver", said Sowerberry, as they walked home, "how do you like it?"

"Pretty well, thank you, Sir", replied Oliver, with considerable hesitation. "Not very much, Sir".

"Ah, you'll get used to it in time, Oliver", said Sowerberry. "Nothing when you are used to it, my boy".

Oliver wondered in his own mind whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr. Sowerberry used to it; but he thought it better not to ask the question, and walked back to the shop, thinking over all he had seen and heard.

Dickens.

128.

LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND CHURCHYARD YORKSHIRE.

METHINKS it is good to be here;
If Thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? oh, no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see! they would pin him below,
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay—
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? ah, no!— she forgets
The charms which she wielded before—
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday the fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—
 The trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside;
 And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
 But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
 Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
 The treasures are squandered again;
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
 But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford—
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
 Ah! here is a plentiful board!
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
 Ah! no, they have withered and died,
 Or fled with the spirit above;
 Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—The dead cannot grieve,
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
 Which compassion itself could relieve!
 Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear,—
 Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
 Ah, no! for his empire is known,
 And here there are trophies enow!
 Beneath—the cold dead, and around—the dark stone,
 Are the signs of a Sceptre that none may disown!

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
 The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
 And the third to the Lamb of the great Sacrifice,
 Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

Herbert Knowles.

129.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

IT is impossible to deny that, even to men of secular learning, there is an immense source of interest and admiration, connected with their own studies, in the history of the Middle Ages; for all the discoveries to which the present race of men owe their superiority in those material

acquirements, of which they are so proud, date from these ten centuries which are accused of intellectual apathy, barbarism, and ignorance. Then it was, says a French writer, that a new spirit was breathed into the ancient world—all social relations were changed—vassalage, a kind of modified servitude, prepared the way for the abolition of slavery. The principle of association began to operate; corporations were formed. The stage of life presents great personages and sublime actions. Deeds of eternal fame were done; deeds which tell of Charlemagne, Philip Augustus, and St. Louis; Alfred and Canute; Richard the Lion-hearted, and the Black Prince; Gerbert and Hildebrand; Alcuin, Bede, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon. What names! what men! Who is not seized with astonishment at beholding the architectural monuments of those ages? such as the gothic vaults of Cologne and Westminster, of Amiens and Jumièges, which had been preceded by others, the destruction of which had made men weep! Then, too, hospitals arose for the first time, asylums for all kinds of human misery and innumerable establishments for the poor. Would we enter into still lower details, it was in the eighth century that paper was invented; in the tenth that the monks invented clocks; in the eleventh that the Benedictines raised the first windmills; and that a citizen of Middleburg invented the telescope. In the same age was disclosed the loadstone, or the polarity of the needle, though there is still earlier mention of it in the Romance of the Rose, and during this period, the greatest problems of mechanics were defined. Linneus even shows the successful labours of the monks in the cultivation of useful plants and vegetables, many of which were now, for the first time introduced into Europe. Engraving dates from the fourteenth century, when a multitude of arts were invented which, in these times, seem indispensable to domestic life. So that, upon the whole, judging merely upon these principles, no ten other ages can be produced which had results of greater importance, and contributed more to the happiness of mankind.

But it is in their character of Christian and holy ages that we are invited to consider them, and here a far richer prospect will be found to open before us. Thus the seventh century was, to the eye of Mabilon, a golden age, in which men of the greatest innocence and sanctity spread the rule of St. Benedict to the farthest regions of Europe: "for the truth of Christ did not preach that only wise and learned men were the salt of the earth and light of the world, but also included, under that title, holy men who opposed the salt of integrity and the light of justice to corrupt manners and darkened minds". Neander points out a new path to lead us through the labyrinth of history, where, in his work on "St. Bernard and his Age", he says, "that it is impossible to despise an age, over which a man like St. Bernard was able to exercise such an influence by the sole empire of his character and his sanctity". From a multitude of remarks of this kind, founded upon facts which cannot be questioned, we should be led to take a very uncommon, though judicious view, of this period. Throughout all this long period, there would have been nothing startling or questionable in a proposition like that which was assumed by St. Ambrose in writing to the Emperor Valentinian when he said: "This is worthy of your times, that is, Christian times". Men would not have been struck with an intimate sense

that a falsehood was proposed to them. Still, indeed, was fulfilled the sentence of infallible wisdom, that the world cannot receive the spirit of truth. (John XIV.) But so was also fulfilled the divine prediction respecting the kings and princes of the earth. The Christians were sufficiently numerous and powerful to imprint a character on society, protect the institutions of meek and holy men, and to sanctify the whole form of the political state, by founding it upon the principles of revealed wisdom.

Such a view of history, I am aware, is widely different from that which is generally proposed by modern writers who follow one another in representing the Middle Ages as a period of the greatest misery and degradation. But before their testimony is received, would it not be of some importance to ascertain whether their opinions respecting misery and degradation agree with those which must necessarily be entertained by Christians; because if it should prove the case, that what they regard as misery is happiness in a Christian sense, and that their standard of happiness is that of evil in the same, it would only follow from their censure, that there is an additional evidence in favour of our proposition respecting the peculiarly Christian character of these ages! Now, in fact, this would be the result from such an enquiry. For, if we consult these teachers of the modern wisdom, who are so full of vile disdain for Christian antiquity, and if we consider what are the ends proposed in their speculations respecting political and domestic economy, and national happiness, we shall find, that they are all foreign from those which are comprised in the Beatitudes; that in many instances they are exactly opposed to them; and that, in fine, that terrible *Vae* is pronounced by truth itself upon those who attain to their standard of excellence. To be rich, to be filled, or in the phrase of the economists, to have capital, to secure a life of luxury, ease, and dissipation; to be praised and extolled by men; to be the first in rank; to raise oneself to an eminent situation; what, they ask, is more lawful than to desire this? Well, woe unto all who attain to this, says Christ. (Luke VI.) Now it is from this celestial wisdom, opposed to that of these modern sophists, that the principles of action were formed, which were admitted and recognized during the Middle Ages. I shall not fear to be contradicted in stating, that during that period, religion, with all the apparently new and remarkable peculiarities of the doctrine of Christ, was uppermost in the thoughts of men, and even adopted universally as the basis of civil government, and of their whole domestic customs and manners: the justice of which proposition is so certain, that Guizot could not avoid observing that, "the religious society played a grand part in the history of modern civilization". So that, in fact, notwithstanding the number of evils and abuses which then prevailed, in consequence of human passions, these entire ages might be described in the words of the great Apostle, as exhibiting themselves to our view: "In much patience and tribulation, by glory and dishonor by evil fame and good fame, as poor yet making many rich, as having nothing and yet possessing all things", words which might be received as almost a literal description of the precise interval which the moderns have affirmed to be the darkest in the annals of mankind. For as the learned author of the "*Perpétuité de la Foi*" says of the tenth century which even Baronius himself was tempted to concede to them, from

limiting his view to one country—, “we must conclude that this tenth age, vulgarly so reviled, was one of the most fortunate times of the Church, since the vices that are ascribed to that age, are common to it with others; whereas the fact is otherwise respecting the good which recommends it”. He proves this position by showing, that there flourished then, in various parts of the Western Church, a multitude of bishops eminently illustrious for piety and sound doctrine; many theologians deeply versed in ecclesiastical matters; many holy men, who restored decayed discipline in monasteries; and many princes of eminent and saintly virtue. But, above all, he observes, that it was in this century that the Danes, Bohemians, Poles, Hungarians, Normans, and other people were converted to the Christian Faith by the labours of holy missionaries; facts which sufficiently clear it from the charge of ignorance, superstition and corruption (vol. I.); and which could hardly be summed up in more precise language than that used by St. Paul in alluding to the qualities which should belong to the apostolic character. The truth is, from a fixed law and principle inherent in nature, which the reason of Plato was able to expose clearly, it is with nations and with whole ages as with men individually—their energies must be devoted either to religion or to the world; they must adopt the views and perform the service of either the one or the other, and on their choice depends the whole order of life, and all that gives a character and peculiar expression to their spirit, manners, customs, and institutions.

As the subject here proposed, is full of interest, so is it one, that may be applied to the most important purposes of life. There was a book in the Middle Ages called “Universale Bonum”. This was nothing but a collection of edifying accounts of holy men, and, if we reflect on the great end of all education, and the admirable force of examples in the instruction of ingenuous minds, it must be admitted, that the author evinced excellent judgement in choosing that title. It is to the effects of such a study that a modern poet (Wordsworth in his *Excursion*) seems to allude in saying:

— — — — — a man so bred
 (Take from him what you will upon the score
 Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
 For nobler purposes of mind: his heart
 Beats to the heroic song of ancient days.

Digby.

130.

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

A DIM and mighty minster of old Time!
 A temple shadowy with remembrances
 Of the majestic past!—the very light
 Streams with a coloring of heroic days

In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
 A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
 To other years:—and the rich fretted roof,
 And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
 Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—
 The tenderest image of mortality—
 Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
 Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves—all these things
 Tell of a race, that, nobly, fearlessly,
 On their heart's worship poured a wealth of love!
 Honor be with the dead!—the people kneel
 Under the helms of antique chivalry,
 And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown
 And midst the forms in pale proud slumber carved
 Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
 Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt, where jewelled crowns
 On the flushed brows of conquerors have been set;
 Where the high anthems of old victories
 Have made the dust give echoes. Hence, vain thoughts!
 Memories of power and pride, which, long ago,
 Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
 In twilight depths away. Return, my soul!
 The cross recalls thee. Lo! the blessed cross!
 High o'er the banners and the crests of earth,
 Fixed in its meek and still supremacy!
 And lo! the throng of beating human hearts
 With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
 All their full treasures of immortal Hope,
 Gathered before their God! Hark! how the flood
 Of the rich organ harmony bears up
 Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty burst!—
 A forest-sounding music!—every tone
 Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings
 From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent:
 And the old minster—forest-like itself—
 With its long avenues of pillared shade,
 Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
 O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
 One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy
 Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul!
 In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
 And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

Felicia Hemans.

CHARACTER OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

IN any age or country such a prince would be a prodigy. Perhaps there is no example of any man who so happily combined the magnanimous with the mild virtues, who joined so much energy in war with so remarkable a cultivation of the useful and beautiful arts of peace, and whose versatile faculties were so happily inserted in their due place and measure as to support and secure each other, and give solidity and strength to the whole character. That such a miracle should occur in a barbarous age and nation; that study should be thus pursued in the midst of civil and foreign wars by a monarch who suffered almost incessantly from painful maladies; and that it so little encroached on the duties of government as to leave him for ages the popular model for exact and watchful justice,—are facts of so extraordinary a nature, that they may well excuse those who have suspected that there are some exaggeration and suppression in the narrative of his reign. But Asser writes with the simplicity of an honest eye-witness. The Saxon Chronicle is a dry and undesigning compend. The Norman historians who seem to have had his diaries and note-books in their hands, choose him as the glory of the land which was become their own. There is no subject on which unanimous tradition is so nearly sufficient evidence, as on the eminence of one man over others of the same condition. The bright image may long be held up before the national mind. This tradition, however, paradoxical the assertion may appear, is in the case of Alfred rather supported than weakened by the fictions which have sprung from it. Although it be an infirmity of every nation to ascribe their institutions to the contrivance of a man rather than to the slow action of time and circumstances, yet the selection of Alfred by the English people as the founder of all that was dear to them is surely the strongest proof of the deep impression left on the minds of all of his transcendent wisdom and virtue,—Juries, the division of the island into counties and hundreds, the device of frank pledge, the formation of the common or customary law itself, could have been mistakenly attributed to him by nothing less than general reverence. How singular must have been the administration of which the remembrance so long procured for him the character of a lawgiver, to which his few and general enactments so little entitled him?

Had a stronger light been shed on his time, we should have undoubtedly discovered in him some of those characteristic peculiarities which, though always defects, and generally faults when they are not vices, yet belong to every human being, and distinguish him from his fellow-men. The disadvantage of being known to posterity by general commendation instead of discriminating description is common to Alfred with Marcus Aurelius. The character of both these ornaments of their station and their species seems about to melt into abstraction, and to be not so much portraits of man as models of ideal perfection. Both furnish an useful example that study does not disqualify for administration in peace or for vigor in war, and that scrupulous virtue may be combined with vigorous policy. The lot of Alfred forbid him to rival the accomplishments of the imperial sage.

But he was pious without superstition; his humbler knowledge was imparted with more simplicity; his virtue was more natural; he had the glory to be the deliverer as well as the father of his country; and he escaped the unhappiness of suffering his authority to be employed in religious persecution.

Alfred died on the twenty sixth of October in the year 901, in the fifty third year of his age, and thirtieth of his reign.

Mackintosh.

132.

AURORA RABY.

AND then there was—but why should I go on,
Unless the ladies should go off?—there was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one

Of the best class, and better than her class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone

O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,

A Rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

Rich, noble, but an orphan; left an only

Child to the care of guardians good and kind;
But still her aspect had an air so lonely!

Blood is not water; and where shall we find
Feelings of youth like those which overthrown lie

By death, when we are left, alas! behind,
To feel, in friendless palaces, a home

Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

Early in years, and yet more infantine

In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraph's shine.

All youth—but with an aspect beyond time,
Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline;

Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,
She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,

And griev'd for those who could return no more.

She was a Catholic too, sincere, austere,

As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,
And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear

Perhaps because 'twas fallen: her sires were proud
Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear

Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
To novel power; and as she was the last,

She kept their old faith and old feelings fast.

She gaz'd upon a world she scarcely knew
 As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
 As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
 And kept her heart serene within its zone.
 There was an awe in the homage which she drew;
 Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne
 Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
 In its own strength—most strange in one so young!

Byron.

133.

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

PROGRESS OF THE DESTRUCTION.

THE cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snakelike green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of its own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasm of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning to assume quaint and vast mimeries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapours were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes—the agents of terror and of death. The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapour. In some places immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house-roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground. Sometimes, the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire,

which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses and even vineyards, had been set on flames; and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of the temple and the entrances to the forum, endeavoured to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes—the lesson of despair.

Frequently by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore—an utter darkness lay over it and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rock fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild—haggard—ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights which showed to each band the deathlike faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilisation were broken up. Ever and anon by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening past the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left, save the primal law of self preservation! Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus who, with Ione was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps—in vain: they could not discover her—it was evident that she had been swept along some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered to her alone the scene familiar.* Accustomed through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she led them unerringly towards the sea-shore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now which way could they wend? All was rayless to them—a maze without a clue. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up the sparkles before their feet.

“Alas! alas!” murmured Ione, “I can go no farther; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest! beloved, fly! and leave me to my fate!”

“Hush! my betrothed! my bride! Death with thee is sweeter than life without thee! Yet, whither—Oh! whither, can we direct ourselves

through the gloom? Already it seems we have made but a circle, and are in the very spot which we quitted an hour ago". "O gods! yon rock—see, it hath riven the roof before us! It is death to move through the streets!"

"Blessed lightning! See, Ione, see! the portico of the temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it; it will protect us from the showers".

He caught his beloved in his arms, and, with difficulty and labour, gained the temple. He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned upon her, that he might shield her, with his own form, from the lightning and the showers! The beauty and unselfishness of love could hallow even that dismal time.

"Who is there?" said the trembling and hollow voice of one who had preceded them in their place of refuge. "Yet, what matters?—the crush of the ruined world forbids to us friends or foes".

Ione turned at the sound of the voice, and, with a faint shriek, cowered again beneath the arms of Glaucus; and he, looking in the direction of the voice, beheld the cause of her alarm. Through the darkness glared forth two burning eyes—the lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple—and Glaucus with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed, couched beneath the pillars;—and close beside him, unwitting of the vicinity, lay the giant form of him who had accosted them—the wounded gladiator, Niger.

That lightning had revealed to each other the form of beast and man; yet the instinct of both was quelled. Nay, the lion crept near and nearer to the gladiator, as for companionship; and the gladiator did not recede or tremble. The revolution of Nature had dissolved her lighter terrors and her wonted ties.

While they were thus terribly protected, a group of men and women, bearing torches, passed by the temple. They were of the congregation of the Nazarenes; and a sublime and unearthly emotion had not, indeed, quelled their awe, but it had robbed awe of fear. They had long believed according to an error of many early Christians, that the Last Day was at hand; they imagined now that the Day had come.

"Woe! woe!" cried, in a shrill and piercing voice, the elder at their head. Behold! the Lord descendeth to judgement! He maketh fire come down from heaven in the sight of men! Woe! woe! ye strong and mighty! Woe to you of the fasces and the purple! Woe to the idolater and the worshipper of the Beast! Woe to you who pour forth the blood of saints, and gloat over the death-pangs of the sons of God! Woe to the harlot of the sea! Woe! woe!"

And with a loud and deep chorus the troop chanted forth along the wild horrors of the air—"Woe to the harlot of the sea! Woe! woe!"

The Nazarenes paced slowly on, their torches still flickering in the storm, their voices still raised in menace and solemn warning, till, lost amid the windings in the streets, the darkness of the atmosphere, and the silence of death again fell over the scene.

There was one of the frequent pauses in the showers, and Glaucus encouraged once more Ione to proceed. Just as they stood, hesitating, on the last step of the portico, an old man with a bag in his right hand

and leaning upon a youth, tottered by. The youth bore a torch. Glaucus recognised the two as father and son—miser and prodigal.

"Father", said the youth, "if you cannot move more swiftly, I must leave you, or we both perish!"

Fly, boy, then, and leave thy sire!

"But I cannot fly to starve; give me thy bag of gold!"

And the youth snatched at it.

"Wretch! wouldst thou rob thy father?"

"Ay, who can tell the tale in this hour? Miser, perish!"

The boy struck the old man to the ground, plucked the bag from his relaxing hand, and fled onward with a shrill yell.

"Ye gods!" cried Glaucus; "are ye blind, then, even in the dark? Such crimes may well confound the guiltless with the guilty in one common ruin. Ione, on!—on!—"

Bulwer Lytton.

134.

SAMUEL CRISP.

SAMUEL CRISP, a name, well known, near a century ago, in the most splendid circles of London, has long been forgotten. His history is, however, so interesting and instructive, that it tempts us to venture on a digression.

Mr. Crisp made his entrance into the world, with every advantage. He was well connected and well educated. His face and figure were conspicuously handsome; his manners were polished; his fortune was easy; his character was without stain; he lived in the best society; he had read much; he talked well; his taste in literature, music, painting, architecture, sculpture, was held in high esteem. Nothing that the world can give seemed to be wanting to his happiness and respectability, except that he should understand the limits of his powers, and should not throw away distinctions that were within his reach in the pursuit of distinctions which were unattainable.

"It is an uncontrolled truth", says Swift, "that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them". Every day brings with it fresh illustrations of this weighty saying, but the best commentary that we remember is the history of Samuel Crisp. Men like him have their proper place and it is a most important one in the Commonwealth of Letters. It is by the judgment of such men that the rank of authors is finally determined. It is neither to the multitude, nor to the few who are gifted with great creative genius, that we are to look for sound critical decisions. The multitude, unacquainted with the best models, are captivated by whatever stuns and dazzles them. They deserted Mrs Siddons to run after Master Betty; and they now prefer, we have no doubt, Jack Sheppard to van Artevelde. A man of great original genius, on the other hand, a man who has attained to mastery in some high walk of art, is by no means to be

implicitly trusted as a judge of the performances of others. The erroneous decisions pronounced by such men are without number. It is commonly supposed that jealousy makes them unjust. But a more creditable explanation may easily be found. The very excellency of a work shows that some of the faculties of the author have been developed at the expense of the rest; for it is not given to the human intellect to expand itself widely in all directions at once, and to be at the same time gigantic, and well proportioned. Whoever becomes preeminent in any art, nay in any style of art, generally does so by devoting himself with intense and exclusive enthusiasm to the pursuit of one kind of excellence. His perception of other kinds of excellence is therefore too often impaired. Out of his own department he praises and blames at random, and is far less to be trusted than the mere connoisseur, who produces nothing, and whose business is only to judge and enjoy. One painter is distinguished by his exquisite finishing. He toils day after day to bring the veins of a cabbage leaf, the folds of a lace veil, the wrinkles of an old woman's face, nearer and nearer to perfection. In the time which he employs on a square foot of canvass, a master of a different order covers the walls of a palace with gods burying giants under mountains, or makes the cupola of a church alive with seraphim and martyrs. The more fervent the passion of each of these masters for his art, the higher the merit of each in his own line, the more unlikely it is that they will justly appreciate each other. Many persons who never handled a pencil probably do far more justice to Michael Angelo than would have been done by Gerard Dow, and far more justice to Gerard Dow than would have been done by Michael Angelo. It is the same with literature. Thousands, who have no spark of the genius of Dryden or Wordsworth, do to Dryden the justice which has never been done by Wordsworth, and to Wordsworth the justice which, we suspect, would never have been done by Dryden. Gray, Johnson, Richardson, Fielding, are all highly esteemed by the great body of intelligent and well informed men. But Gray could see no merit in Rasselas; and Johnson could see no merit in the Bard. Fielding thought Richardson a solemn prig; and Richardson perpetually expressed contempt and disgust for Fielding's lowness.

Mr. Crisp seems, as far as we can judge, to have been a man eminently qualified for the useful office of a connoisseur. His talents and knowledge fitted him to appreciate justly almost every species of intellectual superiority. As an adviser he was inestimable. Nay, he might probably have held a respectable rank as a writer, if he would have confined himself to some department of literature in which nothing more than sense, taste, and reading was required. Unhappily he set his heart on being a great poet, wrote a tragedy in five acts on the death of Virginia, and offered it to Garrick, who was his personal friend. Garrick read, shook his head, and expressed a doubt whether it would be wise in Mr. Crisp to stake a reputation, which stood high, on the success of such a piece. But the author, blinded by ambition, set in motion a machinery such as none could long resist. His intercessors were the most eloquent men and the most lovely women of that generation. Pitt was induced to read Virginia, and to pronounce it excellent. Lady Coventry, with fingers which might have furnished a model to sculptors, forced the

manuscript into the reluctant hand of the manager; and in the year 1754 the play was brought forward.

Nothing that skill or friendship could do was omitted. Garrick wrote both prologue and epilogue. The zealous friends of the author filled every box; and, by their strenuous exertions, the life of the play was prolonged during ten nights. But, though there was no clamorous reprobation, it was universally felt that the attempt had failed. When *Virginia* was printed, the public disappointment was even greater than at the representation. The critics, the monthly Reviewers in particular, fell on plot, characters and diction without mercy, but we fear, not without justice. We have never met with a copy of the play; but if we may judge from the scene which is extracted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and which does not appear to have been malevolently selected, we should say that nothing but the acting of Garrick, and the partiality of the audience, could have saved so feeble and unnatural a drama from instant damnation. The ambition of the poet was still unsubdued. When the London season closed, he applied himself vigorously to the work of removing blemishes. He does not seem to have suspected, what we are strongly inclined to suspect, that the whole piece was one blemish, and that the passages which were meant to be fine, were in truth, bursts of that tame extravagance into which writers fall, when they set themselves to be sublime and pathetic in spite of nature. He omitted added, retouched, and flattered himself with hopes of a complete success in the following year; but in the following year, Garrick showed no disposition to bring the amended tragedy on the stage. Solicitation and remonstrance were tried in vain. Lady Coventry drooping under that malady which seems ever to select what is loveliest for its prey, could render no assistance. The manager's language was civilly evasive; but his resolution was inflexible.

Crisp had committed a great error; but he had escaped with a very slight penance. His play had not been hooted from the boards. It had, on the contrary been better received than many very estimable performances have been, than Johnson's *Irene* for example, or Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*. Had Crisp been wise, he would have thought himself happy in having purchased self-knowledge so cheap. He would have relinquished, without vain repinings, the hope of poetical distinction, and would have turned to the many sources of happiness which he still possessed. Had he been, on the other hand, an unfeeling and unblushing dunce, he would have gone on writing scores of bad tragedies in defiance of censure and derision. But he had too much sense to risk a second defeat, yet too little sense to bear his first defeat like a man. The fatal delusion that he was a great dramatist, had taken firm possession of his mind. His failure he attributed to every cause except the true one. He complained of the ill will of Garrick, who appears to have done for the play every thing that ability and zeal could do, and who, from selfish motives, would, of course, have been well pleased if *Virginia* had been as successful as the *Beggar's Opera*. Nay, Crisp complained of the languor of the friends whose partiality had given him three benefit nights to which he had no claim. He complained of the injustice of the spectators when, in truth, he ought to have been grateful for their unexampled patience.

He lost his temper and spirits, and became a cynic and a hater of mankind. From London he retired to Hampton, and from Hampton to a solitary and long deserted mansion, built on a common in one of the wildest tracts of Surrey. No road, not even a sheep walk, connected his lonely dwelling with the abodes of men. The place of his retreat was strictly concealed from his old associates. In the spring he sometimes emerged, and was seen at exhibitions and concerts in London. But he soon disappeared, and hid himself with no society but his books in his dreary hermitage. He survived his failure about thirty years. A new generation sprang up around him. No memory of his bad verses remained among men. His very name was forgotten. How completely the world had lost sight of him will appear from a single circumstance. We looked for him in a copious Dictionary of Dramatic Authors published while he was still alive, and we found only that Mr. Henry Crisp of the Custom House, had written a play called *Virginia* acted in 1754. To the last however the unhappy man continued to brood over the injustice of the manager and the pit, and tried to convince himself and others that he had missed the highest literary honours, only because he had omitted some fine passages in compliance with Garrick's judgment. Alas! for human nature, that the wounds of human vanity should smart and bleed so much longer than the wounds of affection! Few people, we believe whose nearest friends and relations died in 1754, had any acute feeling of the loss in 1782. Dear sisters and favourite daughters, and brides snatched away before the honeymoon was passed, had been forgotten, or were remembered only with tranquil regret. But Samuel Crisp was still mourning for his tragedy like Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted. "Never", such was his language twenty eight years after his disaster, "Never give up or alter a tittle unless it perfectly coincides with your own inward feelings. I can say this to my sorrow and my cost. But mum!" Soon after these words were written, his life, a life which might have been eminently useful and happy, ended in the same gloom, in which during a quarter of a century it had been passed. We have thought it worth while to rescue from oblivion this curious fragment of literary history. It seems to us at once ludicrous, melancholy, and full of instruction.

Macaulay.

135.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 And first the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then mark'd they dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,

And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave;
 But nought distinct they see:
 Wide rag'd the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook and falchions flash'd amain;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
 Crests rose, and stoop'd and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.
 Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight;
 Although against them come,
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
 And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntly, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broad sword plied,
 T'was vain:—But fortune on the right,
 With fickle smile cheer'd Scotland's fight,
 Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle-yell.
 The Border slogan rent the sky!
 A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
 Loud were the clanging blows;
 Advanc'd, forc'd back, now low, now high,
 The pennon sank and rose;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging shrouds, and sail,
 It waver'd 'mid the foes.
 No longer Blount the view could bear:
 "By Heaven and all the Saints I swear,
 I will not see it lost!
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May bid your beads and patter prayer,—
 I gallop to the host."
 And to the fray he rode amain,
 Follow'd by all the archer-train.
 The fiery youth with desperate charge
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—

The rescued banner rose,—
 But darkly clos'd the war around,
 Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
 It sank among the foes.
 Then Eustace mounted too : yet staid,
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head
 Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ;
 And, Eustace maddening with the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plung'd into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone ;
 Perchance her reason stoops or reels ;
 Perchance a courage not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
 The scatter'd van of England wheels ;—
 She only said as loud in air
 The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there ?"—
 They fly, or madden'd by despair
 Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there ?"
 With that straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
 And in their arms a hapless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strain'd the broken brand ;
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand ;
 Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield and helmet beat,
 The falcon crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion ?
 Young Blount his armour did unlace
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said : "By Saint George he's gone !
 That spear-wound has our master sped,
 And see the deep cut on his head !
 Good-night to Marmion."—
 "Unnurtur'd Blount ! thy brawling cease :
 He opes his eyes", said Eustace, "peace !"

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
 "Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz Eustace where ?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !

Redeem my pennon, charge again!
 Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue!'—vain!
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again,
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly;
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
 Fitz Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie,
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
 Edmund is down; my life is left;
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
 With Chester charge and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or Victory and England's lost.—
 Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die".
 They parted, and alone he lay;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmur'd—"Is there none
 Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!"

O, woman! in our hours of ease
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron's casque the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran.
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears—
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew,
 For oozing from the mountain's side
 Where rag'd the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn? behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone basin fell;
 Above, some half worn letters say:
 Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.

For the kind soul of Sybil Gray.
 Who built this cross and well,
 She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A Monk supporting Marmion's head—
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
 "Is it the hand of Clare", he said,
 "Or injur'd Constance, bathes my head?"
 Then as remembrance rose—
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
 I must redress her woes.
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
 "Alas!" she said, "the while—
 O, think of your immortal weal!
 In vain for Constance is your zeal;
 She—died at Holy Isle".
 Lord Marmion started from the ground
 As light as if he felt no wound;
 Though in the action burst the tide
 In torrents from his wounded side,
 "Then it was truth", he said, "I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.—
 I would the Fiend to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day!
 For wasting fire and dying groan
 And priests slain on the altar-stone
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly curs'd, my failing brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand".
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,
 And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
 The Monk, with unavailing cares
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung:
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying."*

So the notes rung;
 "Avoid thee Fiend!—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
 O look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
 O, think on faith and bliss!—
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this".—
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And, STANLEY! was the cry!
 A light on Marmion's visage spread
 And fir'd his glazing eye!
 With dying hand above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted, "Victory!"
 "Charge, Chester, charge! On Stanley on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

Walter Scott.

136.

THE COLONIZATION OF MARYLAND.

THE country beyond the Potomac seemed to be as yet untenanted by any but the scattered hordes of the native tribes. The cancelling of the Virginia patents had restored to James I. the ample prerogative of his authority over the soil; he might now sever a province from a colony, to which he had at first assigned a territory so vast; and it was not difficult for Calvert, Lord Baltimore, a man of such moderation, that all parties were taken with him, sincere in his character, disengaged from all interests, and a favourite with the royal family, to obtain a charter for domains in that happy clime. The nature of the document itself and concurrent opinion, leave no room to doubt, that it was penned by Lord Baltimore himself; although it was finally issued for the benefit of his son.

The fundamental charter of the colony of Maryland, however it may have neglected to provide for the power of the King, was the sufficient frank-pledge of the liberties of the colonist, not less than of the rights and interests of the proprietary. The ocean, the fortieth parallel of latitude, the meridian of the western fountain of the Potomac, the river itself from its source to its mouth, and a line drawn due east from Watkin's Point to the Atlantic, these were the limits of the territory, which was now erected into a province, and from Henrietta Maria, the daughter of Henry IV. and wife of Charles I., received the name of Maryland. The country thus described, was given to Lord Baltimore, his heirs and assigns, as to its absolute lord and proprietary; to be holden by the

tenure of fealty only, paying a yearly rent of two Indian arrows, and a fifth of all gold and silver ore, which might be found. Yet the absolute authority was conceded rather with reference to the crown, than the colonists; for the charter, unlike any patent which had hitherto passed the great seal of England, secured to the emigrants themselves an independent share in the legislation of the province, of which the statutes were to be established with the advice and approbation of the majority of the freemen or their deputies. Representative government was indissolubly connected with the fundamental charter; and it was especially provided, that the authority of the absolute proprietary should not extend to the life, freehold, or estate of any emigrant. These were the features which endeared the proprietary government to the people of Maryland; and, but for these, the patent would have been as worthless as those of the London company; of Warwick, of Gorges, or Mason. It is a singular fact, that the only proprietary charters, productive of considerable emolument to their owners, were those which conceded popular liberty. Lord Baltimore was a Roman Catholic; yet far from guarding his territory against any but those of his persuasion, as he had taken from himself and his successors all arbitrary power, by establishing the legislative franchises of the people, so he took from them the means of being intolerant in religion, by securing to all present and future liege people of the English King, without distinction of sect or party, free leave to transport themselves and their families to Maryland. Christianity was, by the charter, made the law of the land, but no preference was given to any sect; and equality in religious rights, not less than in civil freedom, was assured. A monopoly of the fisheries had formerly been earnestly resisted by the Commons of England; to avoid all dispute on this point, Baltimore, in his charter, expressly renounced any similar claim. As a Catholic he needed to be free from the jurisdiction of his neighbour; Maryland was carefully separated from Virginia, nor was he obliged to obtain the royal assent to the appointments or legislation of his province nor even to make a communication of the results. So far was the English monarch from reserving any right of superintendence in the colony, that he left himself without the power to take cognizance of what transpired; and, by an express stipulation, covenanted that neither he, nor his heirs, nor his successors, should ever at any time thereafter, set any imposition, custom or tax whatsoever upon the inhabitants of the province. Thus was conferred on Maryland an exemption from English taxation for ever. Lord Baltimore was a man of sagacity and an observing statesman. He had beheld the arbitrary administration of the colonies; and, against any danger of future oppression, he provided the strongest defence, which the promise of a monarch could afford. Some other rights were conferred on the proprietary, the advowson of churches; the power of creating manors and courts baron, and of establishing a colonial aristocracy on the system of sub-infeudation. But these things were practically of little moment. Even in Europe feudal institutions appeared like the decrepitude of age amidst the vigor and enterprise of a new and more peaceful civilization; they could not be perpetuated in the lands of their origin; far less could they renew their youth in America. Sooner might the oldest oaks in Windsor forest be transplanted across the Atlantic, than

the social forms, which Europe itself was beginning to reject as antiquated and rotten. But the seeds of popular liberty contained in the charter, would find, in the New World, the very soil, best suited to quicken them into life and fruitfulness.

Lord Baltimore deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Catholics was the spot, where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers, which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state.

Before the patent could be finally adjusted, and pass the great seal, Lord Baltimore died, leaving a name, against which the breath of calumny has hardly whispered a reproach. The petulance of his adversaries could only taunt him with being an Hispaniolized papist. His son, Cecil Calvert, succeeded to his honors and fortunes. For him the heir of his father's intentions, not less than of his father's fortunes, the charter of Maryland was published and confirmed; and he obtained the high distinction of successfully performing, what the colonial companies had hardly been able to achieve. At a vast expense, he planted a colony, which, for several generations, descended as a patrimony to his heirs.

Virginia regarded the severing of her territory with apprehension, and before any colonists had embarked under the charter of Baltimore, her commissioners had in England remonstrated against the grant as an invasion of her commercial rights, an infringement on her domains, and a discouragement to her planters. In Strafford, Lord Baltimore found a friend; for Strafford had been the friend of the father, and the remonstrance was in vain; the privy council sustained the proprietary charter, and, advising the parties to an amicable adjustment of all disputes, commanded a free commerce and a good correspondence between the respective colonies.

Nor was it long before gentlemen of birth and quality resolved to adventure their lives and a good part of their fortunes in the enterprize of planting a colony under so favourable a charter. Lord Baltimore who, for some unknown reason, abandoned his purpose of conducting the emigrants in person, appointed his brother to act as his lieutenant; and, on Friday the twenty-second of November (1633) with a small but favouring gale Leonard Calvert and about two hundred people, most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen and their servants, in the Ark and the Dove, a ship of large burden and a pinnace, set sail for the northern bank of the Potomac. Having staid by the way in Barbadoes and St. Christopher, it was not till February of the following year, that they arrived at Point Comfort in Virginia; where, in obedience to the express letters of King Charles, they were welcomed by courtesy and humanity.

Leaving Point Comfort, Calvert sailed into the Potomac; and with the pinnace ascended the stream. A cross was planted on an island, and the country claimed for Christ and for England. At about forty seven

leagues above the mouth of the river, he found the village of Piscataqua; an Indian settlement nearly opposite Mount Vernon. The chieftain of the tribe would bid him neither go nor stay; "he might use his own discretion". It did not seem safe for the English to plant the first settlement so high up the river, which is now called St. Mary's; Calvert descended the stream, examining, in his barge, the creeks and estuaries nearer the Chesapeake; he entered the river which is now called St. Mary's and which he named St. George's, and, about four leagues from its junction with the Potomac, he anchored at the Indian town of Yoacomoco. The native inhabitants, having already suffered from the superior power of the Susquehannahs, who occupied the district between the bays, had already resolved to remove into places of more security in the interior; and many of them had begun to migrate before the English arrived. To Calvert the spot seemed convenient for a plantation; it was easy by presents of cloth and axes, of hoes and knives, to gain the good will of the natives, and to purchase their rights to the soil, which they were preparing to abandon. They readily consented that the English should immediately occupy one half of their town, and, after the harvest, should become the exclusive tenants of the whole. Mutual promises of friendship and peace were made; so that upon the twenty-seventh day of March, the Catholics took quiet possession of the little place, and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's.

Three days after the landing of Calvert, the Ark and the Dove anchored in the harbor. The native chiefs came to welcome or to watch the emigrants; and were so well received, that they resolved to give perpetuity to their league of amity with the English. The Indian women taught the wives of the new comers to make bread of maize; the warriors of the tribe instructed the huntsmen how rich were the forests of America in game, and joined them in the chase. And, as the season of the year invited to the pursuits of agriculture, and the English had come into possession of ground already subdued, they were able, at once, to possess cornfields and gardens, and prepare the wealth of successful industry. Virginia from its surplus produce could furnish a temporary supply of food; and all kinds of domestic cattle. No sufferings were endured; no fears of want were excited; the foundation of the colony of Maryland was peacefully and happily laid. Within six months it had advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years. The proprietary continued with great liberality to provide every thing that was necessary for the comfort and protection of the colony, and spared no costs to promote its interests. In the two first years he expended upwards of forty thousand pounds sterling. But far more memorable was the character of the Maryland institutions. Every other country in the world had persecuting laws; "I will not", such was the oath for the governor of Maryland, "I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest, or discountenance, any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion". Under the mild institutions and munificence of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find

a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake; and there too protestants were sheltered against protestant intolerance.

Such were the beautiful auspices under which the province of Maryland started into being; its prosperity and its peace seemed assured; the interests of its people and its proprietary were united; and for some years its internal peace and harmony were undisturbed. Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude, and toleration. No domestic faction disturbed its harmony. Dangers could only grow out of external causes, and were eventually the sad consequences of the revolution in England.

Bancroft.

137.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; she workings of his brain
And of his heart thou caust not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has clos'd in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the angel's slacken'd hand
Has suffer'd it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait, and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

Adelaide Procter.

138.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

MY oldest friend, mine from the hour
 When first I drew my breath;
 My faithful friend that shall be mine,
 Unfailing till my death;
 Thou hast been ever at my side;
 My Maker to thy trust
 Consign'd my soul what time He fram'd
 The infant child of dust.
 No beating heart in holy prayer,
 No faith, inform'd aright,
 Gave me to Joseph's tutelage
 Or Michael's conquering might.
 Nor patron Saint, nor Mary's love,
 The dearest and the best,
 Has known my being as thou hast known,
 And blest as thou hast blest.
 Thou wast my sponsor at the font;
 And thou, each budding year,
 Didst whisper elements of truth
 Into my childish ear.
 And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
 My rebel spirit fell,
 Ah thou didst see, and shudder too,
 Yet bear each deed of Hell.
 And then in turn, when judgements came,
 And scar'd me back again,
 Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe
 And hallow every pain.
 Oh! who of all thy toils and cares
 Can tell the tale complete,
 To place me under Mary's smile
 And Peter's royal feet!
 And thou wilt hang about my bed,
 When life is ebbing low;
 Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,
 The jealous sleepless foe.
 Mine when I stand before the Judge;
 And mine, if spar'd to stay
 Within the golden furnace, till
 My sin is burn'd away.

And mine, O Brother of my soul,
 When my release shall come;
 Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
 Thy wings shall waft my home.

Newman.

139.

ARRIVAL OF COLUMBUS IN AMERICA.

WHEN on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down
 upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence.
 Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such
 on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Besides a quantity
 of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind
 which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and
 recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up
 a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All
 gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and through-
 out the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the
 first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the Admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance! Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the King's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchery, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triano, but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the Admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn. The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering cloud of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident, from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic

groves. The moving light which he had beheld had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe? or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian Sea? or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crew, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.

Washington Irving.

140.

THEOLOGY THE SCIENCE OF GOD.

BY Theology, I mean the science of God, or the truths we know about God put into system; just as we have a science of the stars, and call it astronomy, or of the crust of the earth, and call it geology. For instance, I mean, for this is the main point, that, as in the human frame there is a living principle, acting upon it and through it by means of volition, so, behind the veil of the visible universe, there is an invisible, intelligent Being, acting on and through it, as and when He will. Further, I mean that this invisible Agent is in no sense a soul of the world, after the analogy of human nature, but, on the contrary, is absolutely distinct from the world, as being its Creator, Upholder, Governor and Sovereign Lord. Here we are at once brought into a circle of doctrines which the idea of God embodies. I mean then by the Supreme Being, one who is simply self-dependent, and the only Being who is such; moreover, that He is without beginning or Eternal, that, in consequence, He has lived a whole eternity by Himself; and hence that He is all-sufficient, sufficient for His own blessedness, and all-blessed, and ever-blessed. Further, I mean a Being, who having these prerogatives, has the Supreme Good, or rather is the Supreme Good, or has all the attributes of Good in infinite intenseness; all wisdom, all truth, all justice, all love, all holiness, all beautifulness; who is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; ineffably one, absolutely perfect; and such, that what we do not know and cannot even imagine of Him, is far more wonderful than what we do and can. I mean one who is sovereign over His own will and actions, though always according to the eternal Rule of right and wrong which is Himself. I mean moreover, that He created all things out of nothing, and preserves them every moment, and could destroy them, as easily as He made them; and that, in consequence, He is separated from them by an abyss, and is incommunicable in all His attributes. And further, He has stamped upon all things, in the hour of their creation, their respective natures, and has given them their work

and mission and their length of days, greater or less, in their appointed place. I mean too, that He is ever present with His works, one by one, and confronts every thing He has made by His particular and most loving Providence, and manifests Himself to each according to its needs; and has on rational beings imprinted the moral law, and given them power to obey it, imposing on them the duty of worship and service, searching and scanning them through and through with His omniscient eye, and putting before them a present trial and a judgment to come.

Such is what Theology teaches about God, a doctrine, as the very idea of its subject matter presupposes, so mysterious as in its fulness to lie beyond any system, and to seem in parts even to be irreconcilable with itself, the imagination being unable to embrace what the reason determines. It teaches of a Being infinite, yet personal; all-blessed, yet ever operative; absolutely separate from the creature, yet in every part of the creation at every moment; above all things, yet under every thing. It teaches of a Being who, though the highest, yet in the work of creation, conservation, government, retribution, makes Himself, as it were the minister and servant of all; who though inhabiting eternity, allows Himself to take an interest, and to feel a sympathy, in the matters of space and time. His are all beings, visible and invisible, the noblest and the vilest of them. His are the substance, and the operation, and the results of that system of physical nature, into which we are born. His too are the powers and achievements of the intellectual essences, on which He has bestowed an independent action and the gift of origination. The laws of the universe, the principles of truth, the relation of one thing to another, their qualities and virtues, the order and harmony of the whole, all that exists, is from Him; and if evil is not from Him, as assuredly it is not, this is because evil has no substance of its own, but is only the defect, excess, perversion or corruption of that which has. All we see, hear, and touch, the remote sidereal firmament, as well as our own sea and land, and the elements which compose them and the ordinances they obey, are His. The primary atoms of matter, their properties, their mutual action, their disposition and collocation, electricity, magnetism, gravitation, light, and whatever other subtle principles or operations the wit of man is detecting or shall detect, are the work of His hands. From Him has been every movement which has convulsed and refashioned the surface of the earth. The most insignificant or unsightly insect, is from Him, and good in its kind; the ever teeming, inexhaustible swarms of animalculæ, the myriads of living motes invisible to the naked eye, the restless ever spreading vegetation which creeps like a garment over the whole earth, the lofty cedar, the umbrageous banana, are His. His are the tribes and families of birds and beasts, their graceful forms, their wild gestures, and their passionate cries.

And so in the intellectual, moral, social, and political world. Man, with his motives and works, his languages, his propagation, his diffusion, is from Him. Agriculture, medicine, and the arts of life, are His gifts. Society, laws, government, He is their sanction. The pageant of earthly royalty has the semblance and the benediction of the Eternal King. Peace and civilisation, commerce and adventure, wars when just, conquest when

humane and necessary, have His cooperation, and His blessing upon them. The course of events, the revolution of empires, the rise, and fall of states, the periods and eras, the progresses and the retrogressions of the world's history, not indeed the incidental sin, over-abundant as it is, but the great outlines and the issues of human affairs, are from His disposition. The elements and types and seminal principles and constructive powers of the moral world, in ruins though it be, are to be referred to Him. He "enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world". His are the dictates of the moral sense, and the retributive reproaches of conscience. To Him must be ascribed the rich endowments of the intellect, the radiation of genius, the imagination of the poet, the sagacity of the politician, the wisdom (as Scripture calls it), which now rears and decorates the Temple, now manifests itself in proverb or in parable. The old saws of nations, the majestic precepts of philosophy, the luminous maxims of law, the oracles of individual wisdom, the traditionary rules of truth, justice, and religion, even though imbedded in the corruption, or alloyed with the pride of the world, bespeak His original agency, and His long-suffering presence. Even where there is habitual rebellion against Him, or profound far-spreading social depravity, still the undercurrent, or the heroic outburst of natural virtue, as well as the yearnings of the heart after what it has not, and its presentiment of its true remedies, are to be ascribed to the Author of all good. Anticipations or reminiscences of His glory haunt the mind of the self-sufficient sage, and of the pagan devotee. His writing is upon the wall, whether of the Indian fane or of the porticoes of Greece. He introduces himself, He all but concurs, according to His good pleasure, and in His selected season, in the issues of unbelief, superstition and false worship, and changes the character of acts, by His overruling operation. He condescends, though He gives no sanction, to the altars and shrines of imposture, and He makes His own fiat the substitute for its sorceries. He speaks amid the incantations of Balaam, raises Samuel's spirit in the witch's cavern, prophesies of the Messias by the tongue of the Sibyl, forces Python to recognize His ministers, and baptizes by the hand of the misbeliever. He is with the heathen dramatist in his denunciations of injustice and tyranny, and his auguries of divine vengeance upon crime. Even on the unseemly legends of a popular mythology He casts His shadow, and is dimly discerned in the ode or the epic, as in troubled water or in fantastic dreams. All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent, be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes from Him.

Newman.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
 And every sense and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
 And all so forming a harmonious whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring,
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and ardent raise
 One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
 Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
 Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
 So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! blest image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world,
 While cloud to clouds returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns,
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands, all awake; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
 At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men to the deep organ join
 The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade
 And find a fane in every sacred grove,
 There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,

Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all you orbs, and all their suns,
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

Thompson.

142.

TO FIND GOD.

WEIGH me the fire; or canst thou find
 A way to measure out the wind;
 Distinguish all those floods that are
 Mixt in that watery theatre,
 And taste thou them as saltless there,
 As in their channels first they were;
 Tell me the people that do keep
 Within the Kingdom of the Deep;
 Or fetch me back that cloud again,
 Beshivered into seeds of rain.
 Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
 Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
 Show me that world of stars, and whence
 They noiseless spill their influence:
 This, if thou canst then show me Him
 That rides the glorious Cherubim.

Herrick.

JOHN GAY.

IN the great society of the wits John Gay deserved to be a favourite and to have a good place. In his set all were fond of him. His success offended nobody. He missed a fortune once or twice. He was talked of for court favour, and hoped to win it; but the court favour jilted him. Craggs gave him some South-Sea Stock; and one time Gay had very nearly made his fortune. But Fortune shook her swift wings and jilted him too: and so his friends, instead of being angry with him, and jealous of him, were kind and fond of honest Gay. In the portraits of the early part of the last century, Gay's face is the pleasantest, perhaps, of all. It appears adorned with neither periwig nor night-cap (the full dress and *négligé* of learning, without which the painters of those days scarcely ever portrayed wits) and he laughs at you over his shoulder with an honest boyish glee—an artless sweet humour. He was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woe-begone at others, such a natural good creature that the giants loved him. The great Swift was gentle and sportive with him, as the enormous Brobdingnag maids of honor were with little Gulliver. He could frisk and fondle round Pope, and sport, and bark, and caper, without offending the most thin-skinned of poets and men, and when he was jilted in that little court affair of which we have spoken, his warm-hearted patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, pleaded his cause with indignation, and quitted the court in a huff, carrying off with them into their retirement, their kind, gentle *protégé*. With these kind, lordly folks, a real Duke and Duchess, as delightful as those who harboured Don Quixotte, and loved that dear old Sancho, Gay lived and was lapped in cotton, and had his plate of chicken, and his saucer of cream, and frisked and barked, and wheezed, and grew fat, and so ended. He became very melancholy, and lazy, sadly plethoric, and only occasionally diverting in his latter days. But everybody loved him, and the remembrance of his pretty little tricks; and the raging old Dean of St. Patrick's, chafing in his banishment, was afraid to open the letter which Pope wrote him, announcing the sad news of the death of Gay.

Swift's letters to him are beautiful; and having no purpose but kindness in writing to him, no party aim to advocate, or slight or anger to wreak. every word the Dean says to his favourite is natural, trustworthy and kindly. His admiration for Gay's parts and honesty, and his laughter at his weaknesses, were alike just and genuine. He paints his character in wonderful pleasant traits of jocular satire. We have Gay before us in these letters—lazy, kindly, uncommonly idle; rather slovenly, I'm afraid; for ever eating and saying good things; a little round, French abbé of a man, sleek, soft-handed, and soft-hearted.

Mr. Gay's "Fables" which were written to benefit that amiable Prince, the Duke of Cumberland, the warrior of Dettingen and Culloden, I have not, I own, been able to peruse since a period of very early youth; and it must be confessed that they did not effect much benefit upon the illustrious young Prince, whose manners they were intended to

mollify, and whose natural ferocity our gentle-hearted Satirist perhaps proposed to restrain. But the six pastorals called the "Shepherd's Week" and the burlesque poem of "Trivia" any man fond of lazy literature will find delightful, at the present day, and must read from beginning to end with pleasure. They are to poetry what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture; graceful, minikin, fantastic; with a certain beauty always accompanying them. The pretty little personages of the pastoral, with gold clocks to their stockings, and fresh satin ribbons to their crooks and waistcoats and boddices, dance their loves to a minuet-tune, played on a bird-organ, approach the charmer or rush from the false one daintily on their red-heeled tiptoes, and die of despair or rapture, with the most pathetic little grins and ogles; or repose simpering at each other, under an arbour of peagreen crockery, or piping to pretty flocks that have just been washed with the best Naples in a stream of Bergamot. Gay's gay plan seems to me far pleasanter than that of Phillips—his rival and Pope's—a serious and dreary idyllic cockney; not that Gay's "Bumkinets and Hobnelias" are a whit more natural than the would-be serious characters of the other posture-master; but the quality of this true humourist was to laugh and make laugh, though always with a secret kindness and tenderness, to perform the drollest little antics and capers, but always with a certain grace, and to sweet music,—as you have seen a Savoyard boy abroad, with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey, turning over head and heels, or clattering and pirouetting in a pair of wooden shoes, yet always with a look of love and appeal in his bright eyes, and a smile that asks and wins affection and protection. Happy they who have that sweet gift of nature! It was this which made the great folks and court ladies free and friendly with John Gay—which made Pope and Arbuthnot love him—which melted the savage heart of Swift when he thought of him—and drove away for a moment or two, the dark frenzies which obscured the lonely tyrant's brain as he heard Gay's voice with its simple melody and artless ringing laughter.

What used to be said about Rubini, *qu'il avait des larmes dans la voix*, may be said of Gay. In almost every ballad of his, however slight; in the "Beggar's Opera" there is a peculiar, hinted, pathetic sweetness and melody. It charms and melts you, it is indefinable, but it exists; and is the property of John Gay's and Oliver Goldsmith's best verse, as fragrance is of a violet, or freshness of a rose.

Let me read a piece from one of his letters, which is so famous that most people are no doubt familiar with it, but so delightful that it is always pleasant to hear:—

"I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common hayfield, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers—as constant as ever were found in romance—beneath a spreading bush. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five and twenty; Sarah a brave woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pails. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal of the whole neighbourhood. For all they aimed at

was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes, and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank on a haycock, and John, who never separated from her, sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together, to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crash, as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those who were nearest our lovers hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discoloring on their bodies—only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave!"—

And the proof that this description is delightful and beautiful, is, that the great Mr. Pope admired it so much, that he thought proper to steal it, and to send it off to a certain lady and wit, with whom he pretended to be in love in those days—my Lord Duke of Kingston's daughter, afterwards married to Mr. Wortley Montague his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople.

Thackeray.

EPITAPH ON GAY.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit a man; simplicity a child;
 With native humour tempering virtue's rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted e'en among the great:
 A safe companion and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in the end.
 These are thy honors, not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms, *Here lies Gay!*

Pope.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

BESIDE the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground: the earth is covered with snow, or crushed with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise, the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow and flourish; this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and being corrupted may revive and multiply; our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by a succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death so as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration, but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions on likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility unto a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence unto a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this indeed we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon His power we must conclude that we may, from His will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility: but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection. For the grounding of which assurance, I shall show that God hath revealed the determination of His will to raise the dead, and that he hath not only delivered that intention in His Word, but hath also several ways confirmed the same.

Pearson.

145.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O, quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
 O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
 "Sister spirit, come away!"
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears,
 Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend, your wings; I mount! I fly!
 O, Grave! where is thy victory?
 O, Death! where is thy sting?

Pope.

146.

SOLILOQUY OF THE SOUL OF GERONTIUS AFTER DEATH.

I WENT to sleep; and now I am refresh'd.
 A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
 Nor does one moment differ from the next.
 I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said
 "He 's gone; and then a sigh went round the room.
 And then I surely heard a priestly voice
 Cry "Subvenite"; and they knelt in prayer.
 I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
 And fainter and more faint the accents come,
 As at an ever-widening interval.
 Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
 This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very essence of my soul;
 And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
 Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
 For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
 By a strange introversion, and perforce
 I now begin to feed upon myself,
 Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
 But in the body still; for I possess
 A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
 That each particular organ holds its place
 As heretofore, combining with the rest
 Into one symmetry, that wraps me round
 And makes me man; and surely I could move,
 Did I but will it, every part of me.
 And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
 By very trial, that I have the power.
 'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
 I cannot make my fingers or my lips
 By mutual pressure witness each to each,
 Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
 Assure myself I have a body still.
 Nor do I know my very attitude,
 Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
 That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
 Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
 Or I or it is rushing on the wings
 Of light or lightning on an onward course,
 And we e'en now are million miles apart.
 Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
 Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
 Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
 Or am I traversing infinity
 By endless subdivision, hurrying back
 From finite into infinitesimal,
 Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast
 Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp
 Such as they use on earth, but all around
 Over the surface of my subtle being,
 As though I were a sphere and capable
 To be accosted thus, a uniform
 And gentle pressure tells me I am not
 Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
 And hark! I hear a singing, yet in sooth
 I cannot of that music rightly say
 Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.
 Oh what a heart-subduing melody!

Newman.

REFLECTIONS ON WAR.

WAR may be considered in two views, as it affects the happiness, and as it affects the virtue of mankind; as a source of misery, and as a source of crimes.

"Though we must all die", as the woman of Tekoa said, *and are as water spilt upon the ground which cannot be gathered up*, yet it is impossible for a humane mind to contemplate the rapid extinction of innumerable lives without concern. To perish in a moment, to be hurried instantaneously, without preparation and without warning, into the presence of the Supreme Judge, has something in it inexpressibly awful and affecting. Since the commencement of these hostilities which are now so happily closed,* it may be reasonably conjectured that not less than half a million of our fellow creatures have fallen a sacrifice. Half a million of beings, sharers of the same nature, warmed with the same hopes, and as fondly attached to life as ourselves, have been prematurely swept into the grave; each of whose deaths has pierced the heart of a wife, a parent, a brother, or a sister. How many of these scenes of complicated distress have occurred since the commencement of hostilities is known only to Omniscience: that they are innumerable cannot admit of a doubt. In some parts of Europe, perhaps, there is scarcely a family exempt.

Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home; yet, at each successive moment, life and death seem to divide betwixt them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the largest share. It is otherwise in war: death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph, of death, who glories, not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here it is the vigorous and the strong. It is remarked by an ancient historian, that in peace children bury their parents, in war parents bury their children: nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. *It is Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.*

But to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being

*) The wars of the first Napoleon.

sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment: every other emotion gives way to pity and terror. In these last extremities, we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature.

What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe! If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in illprepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death. Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms, their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword. How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conception can be formed of our destiny except as far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power. Conceive, but for a moment, the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in this neighbourhood. When you have placed yourself for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but for their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil. In another part, you witness opulent cities taken by

storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, the chastity of virgins and of matrons violated, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin.

If we consider the maxims of war which prevailed in the ancient world, and which still prevail in many barbarous nations, we perceive that those who survived the fury of battle and the insolence of victory, were only reserved for more durable calamities; swept into hopeless captivity, exposed in markets, or plunged in mines, with the melancholy distinction bestowed on princes and warriors, after appearing in the triumphal procession of the conqueror, of being conducted to instant death. The contemplation of such scenes as these forces on us this awful reflection, that neither the fury of wild beasts, the concussions of the earth, nor the violence of tempests, are to be compared to the ravages of arms; and that nature in her utmost extent, or, more properly, divine justice in its utmost severity, has supplied no enemy to man so terrible as man.

Still, however, it would be happy for mankind, if the effects of national hostility terminated here; but the fact is, that they who are farthest removed from its immediate desolations share largely in the calamity. They are drained of the most precious part of their population, their youth, to repair the waste made by the sword. They are drained of their wealth, by the prodigious expense incurred in the equipment of fleets, and the subsistence of armies in remote parts. The accumulation of debt and taxes diminishes the public strength, and depresses private industry. An augmentation in the price of the necessaries of life, inconvenient to all classes, falls with peculiar weight on the labouring poor, who must carry their industry to market every day, and therefore cannot wait for that advance of price which gradually attaches to every other article. Of all people, the poor are, on this account, the greatest sufferers by war, and have the most reason to rejoice in the restoration of peace.

In commercial states (of which Europe principally consists), whatever interrupts their intercourse is a fatal blow to national prosperity. Such states having a mutual dependence on each other, the effects of their hostility extend far beyond the parties engaged in the contest. If there be a country highly commercial which has a decided superiority in wealth and industry, together with a fleet which enables it to protect its trade, the commerce of such a country may survive the shock, but it is at the expense of the commerce of all other nations; a painful reflection to a generous mind. Even there, the usual channels of trade being closed, it is some time before it can force a new passage for itself: previous to which an almost total stagnation takes place, by which multitudes are impoverished, and thousands of the industrious poor, being thrown out of employment, are plunged into wretchedness and beggary. Who can calculate the number of industrious families in different parts of the world, to say nothing of our own country, who have been reduced to poverty from this cause since the peace of Europe was interrupted? The plague of a widely extended war possesses, in fact, a sort of omnipresence, by which it makes itself every where felt; for, while it gives up

myriads to slaughter in one part of the globe, it is busily employed in scattering over countries exempt from its immediate desolations the seeds of famine, pestilence, and death.

If statesmen, if Christian statesmen at least, had a proper feeling on this subject, and would open their hearts to the reflections which such scenes must inspire, instead of rushing eagerly to arms from the thirst of conquest or the thirst of gain, would they not hesitate long, would they not try every expedient, every lenient art consistent with national honour, before they ventured on this desperate remedy, or rather before they plunged into this gulf of horror?

Robert Hall.

148.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men", said he,
"Were slain in that great victory".

"Now tell us what 'twas all about",
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for".

"It was the English", Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said", quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father liv'd at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by:
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forc'd to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a nursing mother then
And tender baby died;
But things like that you know must be
At every famous victory.

"They say, it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that you know must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene."—
"Why 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl", quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And every body prais'd the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why that I cannot tell", said he,
 "But 't was a famous victory".

Southey.

149.

H O H E N L I N D E N.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.
 But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.
 By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd
 To join the dreadful revelry.
 Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
 Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
 'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.
 The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!
 Few, few shall part, where many meet;
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Campbell.

150.

S T. G R E G O R Y T H E G R E A T.

THE pontificate of Gregory the Great, which lasted thirteen years, six months and ten days, is one of the most edifying periods of the history of the Church. His virtues were happily suited to his station and to the temper of the times. Under his reign the Arians of Italy and Spain were reconciled to the Catholic Church, and the conquest of Britain reflects less glory on the name of Caesar than on that of Gregory the First. Instead of six legions, forty monks were embarked for that distant island, and the pontiff lamented the austere duties which forbade him to partake the perils of their spiritual warfare. In less than two years he could announce to the Archbishop of Alexandria that they had baptised the King of Kent with ten thousand of his Anglo Saxons; and that the Roman missionaries, like those of the primitive Church, were armed only with spiritual and supernatural powers.

The Church of Rome was endowed with ample possessions in Italy, Sicily, and the more distant provinces; and her agents, who were commonly subdeacons, had acquired a civil and even criminal jurisdiction over their tenants and husbandmen. The successor of St. Peter administered his patrimony with the temper of a vigilant and moderate landlord; and the epistles of Gregory are filled with salutary instructions to abstain from doubtful or vexatious lawsuits, to preserve the integrity of weights and measures, to grant every reasonable delay, and to reduce the capitation of the slaves of the glebe, who purchased the right of marriage by the payment of an arbitrary fine. The rent or the produce of these estates was transported to the mouth of the Tiber, at the risk and expense of the Pope; in the use of wealth he acted like a faithful steward of the Church and the poor, and liberally applied to their wants the inexhaustible resources of abstinence and order. The voluminous account of his receipts and disbursements was kept above three hundred years in the Lateran, as the model of Christian economy. On the four great festivals he divided their quarterly allowance to the clergy, to his domestics, to the monasteries, the churches, the places of burial, the almshouses, the hospitals of Rome, and the rest of the diocese. On the first day of every month he distributed to the poor, according to the season, their stated portion of corn, wine, cheese, vegetables, oil, fish, fresh provisions, clothes and money; and his treasures were continually summoned to satisfy, in his name, the extraordinary demands of indigence and merit. The instant distress of the sick and helpless, of strangers and pilgrims, was relieved by the bounty of each day and of every hour; nor would the Pontiff indulge himself in a frugal repast till he had sent the dishes from his own table to some objects deserving of his compassion. The misery of the times had reduced the nobles and matrons of Rome to accept, without a blush, the benevolence of the Church: three thousand virgins received their food and raiment from the hand of their benefactor; and many bishops of Italy escaped from the barbarians to the hospitable threshold of the Vatican. Gregory might justly be styled the father of his country: and such was the extreme, sensibility of his conscience, that, for the death of a beggar, who had perished in the streets, he interdicted himself, during several days, from the exercise of sacerdotal functions.—

The misfortunes of Rome involved the apostolical pastor in the business of peace and war. Gregory awakened the Emperor from a long slumber; exposed the guilt or incapacity of the exarch and his inferior ministers; complained that the veterans were withdrawn from Rome for the defence of Spoleto; encouraged the Italians to guard their cities and altars; and condescended, in the crisis of danger, to name the tribunes and to direct the operations of the provincial troops. But the martial spirit of the Pope was checked by the scruples of humanity and religion: the imposition of tribute, though it was employed in the Italian war, he freely condemned as odious and oppressive. If we may credit his own declarations, it would have been easy for Gregory to exterminate the Lombards by their domestic factions, without leaving a king, a duke, or a count, to save that unfortunate nation from the vengeance of their foes. As a Christian bishop he preferred the salutary offices of peace;

his mediation appeased the tumult of arms; but he was too conscious of the arts of the Greeks and the passions of the Lombards to engage his sacred promise for the observance of the truce. Disappointed in the hope of a general and lasting treaty, he presumed to save his country without the consent of the Emperor or the exarch. The sword of the enemy was suspended over Rome; it was averted by the mild eloquence and seasonable gifts of the Pontiff, who commanded the respect of heretics and barbarians. The merits of Gregory were treated by the Byzantine court with reproach and insult; but in the attachment of a grateful people he found the purest reward of a citizen and the best right of a Sovereign.

Gibbon.

151.

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.

WHO is the maid my spirit seeks
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
No—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine,
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

Moore.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

BUT lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
 Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
 I have beheld th' Ephesian's miracle—
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
 Th' hyaena and the jackall in their shade;
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
 Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
 Its sanctuary, the while th' usurping Moslem pray'd;

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He
 Forsook his former city, what could be,
 Of earthly structures, in his honour pil'd
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisld
 In this eternal ark of worship undefil'd.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrin'd
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defin'd,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise
 Deceiv'd by its gigantic elegance;
 Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
 All musical in its immensities;
 Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
 The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
 To separate contemplation, the great whole;
 And as the ocean many bays will make,
 That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul

To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward sense
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of what they contemplate.

Then pause, and be enlighten'd; there is more
 In such a survey than the sating gaze
 Of wonder pleas'd, or awe which would adore
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise
 Of art and its great masters, who could raise
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
 The fountain of sublimity displays
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
 Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

Byron.

153.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

THERE is not and there never was on this earth an Institution so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the line of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.

The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Macaulay.

154.

ST. PATRICK AND THE BARD.

THE land is sad, and dark our days;
Sing us a song of the days that were!
Then sang the bard in his Order's praise
This song of the chief bard of King Laeghaire.

The King is wrath with a greater wrath
Than the wrath of Neal or the wrath of Conn!
From his heart to his brow the blood makes path,
And hangs there, a red cloud, beneath his crown.

Is there any who knows not from south to north,
That Laeghaire to-morrow his birth-day keeps?
No fire may be lit upon hill or hearth,
Till the King's strong fire in its kingly mirth,
Leaps upward from Tara's palace steep!

Yet Patrick has lighted his paschal fire
At Slane—it is Holy Saturday—
And bless'd his font 'mid the chanting choir!
From hill to hill the flame makes way;
While the King looks on it, his eyes with ire
Flash red, like Mars, under tresses gray.

The great King's captains with drawn swords rose—
 To avenge their lord and the state they swore;
 The Druids rose, and their garments tore:
 "The strangers to us and our gods are foes!"
 Then the King to Patrick a herald sent,
 Who said—"Come up at noon, and show,
 Who lit thy fire and with what intent:
 These things the great King Laeghaire would know".

But Laeghaire conceal'd twelve men in the way,
 Who swore by the sun the saint to slay.

When the waters of Boyne began to bask,
 And the fields to flash in the rising sun,
 The Apostle Evangelist kept his Pasch,
 And Erin her grace baptismal won:
 Her birth-day it was—his font the rock;
 He bless'd the land, and he bless'd his flock.

Then forth to Tara he far'd full lowly:
 The staff of Jesus was in his hand;
 Eight priests pac'd after him, chanting slowly,
 Printing their steps on the dewy land.
 It was the Resurrection morn;
 The lark sang loud o'er the springing corn;
 The dove was heard, and the hunter's horn.

The murderers stood close by on the way,
 Yet they saw nought save the lambs at play.

A trouble lurk'd in the King's strong eye
 When the guest that he counted for dead drew nigh.
 He sat in state at his palace gate,
 His chiefs and his nobles were rang'd around;
 The Druids like ravens smelt some far fate—
 Their eyes were gloomily bent on the ground.
 Then spake Laeghaire: "He comes—beware!
 Let none salute him or rise from his chair!"

Like some still vision men see by night,
 Mitred, with eyes of serene command,
 Saint Patrick mov'd onward in ghostly white
 The staff of Jesus was in his hand.
 His priests pac'd after him unafraid,
 And the boy, Benignus, more like a maid,
 Like a maid just wedded, he walk'd and smil'd,
 To Christ new plighted—that priestly child.

They enter'd the circle, their hymn they ceas'd,
 The Druids their eyes bent earthward still;
 On Patrick's brow the glory increas'd
 As a sunrise brightening some breathless hill.
 The warriors sat silent—strange awe they felt;
 The chief bard, Dubtach, rose up and knelt!

Then Patrick discours'd of the things to be,
 When time gives way to eternity;
 Of kingdoms that cease, which are dreams, not things,
 And the Kingdom built by the King of Kings,
 Of Him he spake who reigns from the Cross;
 Of the death which is life and the life which is loss;
 And how all things were made by the Infant Lord,
 And the small hand the Magian kings ador'd.
 His voice sounded on like a throbbing flood,
 That swells all night from some far off wood;
 And when it was ended,—that wondrous strain,—
 Invisible myriads breathed low, "Amen!"

While he spake, men say, that the reflux tide
 On the shore beside Colpa ceas'd to sink;
 And they say the white deer by Mulla's side
 O'er the green marge bending, forebore to drink;
 That the Brandon eagle forgot to soar;
 That no leaf stirr'd in the wood by Lee.
 Such stupor hung the island o'er,
 For none might guess what the end might be.

Then whisper'd the King to a chief close by,
 "It were better for me to believe than die!"

Yet the King believ'd not; but ordinance gave,
 That those who so would might believe that word;
 So the meek believ'd, and the wise. and brave,
 And Mary's Son as their God ador'd.
 Ethnea and Fethlimea, his daughters twain,
 That day in baptism were born again;
 And the Druids, because they could answer nought,
 Bow'd down to the faith the Stranger brought.
 That day upon Erin God pour'd His Spirit,
 Yet none like the chief of the bards had merit.
 Dubtach!—he rose and believ'd the first,
 Ere the great light yet on the rest had burst.

It was thus that Erin, then blind but strong,
 To Christ through her chief bard paid homage due:
 And this was a sign that in Erin Song
 Should from first to last to the cross be true!

Aubrey de Vere.

155.

COWPER'S TAME HARES.

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of anything

that would engage my attention, without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives I must inform you, that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure should pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression, as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away and, on the whole, it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions. Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness

had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had an opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration there is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the closest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once, his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one, at least grass is not their staple; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sowthistle,

dandelion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered, by accident, that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a birdcage when the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat; straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw, never want them; it serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not, indeed, require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk; they seem to resemble sheep in this that if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and, filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night; during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot overset it in their beds. I must not omit, that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common brier, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins, by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he has grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them, that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

THE GLORY OF SOLOMON.

JERUSALEM itself received a new life from his accession. It has even been conjectured that the name first became fixed through his influence; being, in its latter part, an echo, as it were, of his own—"peace". When the Greeks gave their form to the name, they were guided by a remembrance of his name. "Hierosolima", in their estimate was the "Hieron" or temple of Solomon. In any case Jerusalem now assumed the dimensions and the splendour of a capital. It became the centre of commercial routes, and Jewish tradition described the roads leading into Jerusalem, marked, as they ran over the white limestone of the country, by the black basaltic stones of their pavement. The city was enclosed with a new wall, which, as the reign advanced, the King increased in height and fortified with vast towers. The castle or city of David was fortified by an ancient, perhaps Jebusite, rampart, known by the name of "Millo", of which, possibly, remains still exist on the west of the Temple wall. The master of these works was Jeroboam, then quite a youth.

Amongst these buildings, the *Palace* of Solomon was prominent. It was commenced at the same time as the Temple, but not finished till eight years afterwards. The occasion of its erection was the marriage of Solomon with the Egyptian princess. She resided at first in the castle of David; but the King had still a scruple about the reception of a heathen, even though it were his own Queen, in precincts which had once been hallowed by the temporary sojourn of the Ark.

The new palace must have been apart from the castle of David, and considerably below the level of the Temple-mount. It was built on massive substructions of enormous stones, carefully hewn, and was inclosed within a large court. It included several edifices within itself. The chief was a long hall, which, like the Temple, was encased in cedar; whence probably its name "the House of the Forest of Lebanon". In front of it, ran a pillared portico. Between this portico and the palace itself was a cedar porch—sometimes called the Tower of David. In this tower, apparently hung over the walls outside, were a thousand golden shields, which gave the whole palace the name of the Armoury. With a splendour that outshone any like fortress, the tower with these golden targets glittered far off in the sunshine like the tall neck, as it was thought of a beautiful bride, decked out after the manner of the East, with strings of golden coins. Five hundred of them were made by Solomon's orders for the royal guard, but the most interesting were the other five hundred, which David had carried off in his Syrian wars from the guard of Hadad-ezer, as trophies of arms and ornaments, in which the Syrians specially excelled. It was these which, being regarded as spoils won in a sacred cause, gave, in all probability, occasion to the expression: "The *shields* of the Earth belong unto God".

This porch was the gem and centre of the whole Empire; and was so much thought of that a smaller likeness to it was erected in another part of the royal precinct for the Queen. Within the porch itself was to be seen the King in state. On a throne of ivory, brought from Africa

or India, the throne of many an Arabian legend, the Kings of Judah were solemnly seated on the day of their accession. From its lofty seat, and under that high gateway, Solomon and his successors after him delivered their solemn judgments. That "porch" or "gate of justice" still kept alive the likeness of the old patriarchal custom of sitting in justice at the gate; exactly as the gate of justice still recalls it to us at Granada, and the Sublime Porte—"the Lofty Gate" at Constantinople. He sate on the back of a golden bull, its head turned over its shoulder, probably the ox or bull of Ephraim; under his feet, on each side of the steps, were six golden lions, probably the lions of Judah. This was "the seat of judgment". This was "the throne of the House of David".

His banquets were of the most superb kind. All his plate and drinking vessels were of gold; "none were of silver; it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon".

His household daily consumed thirty oxen, a hundred sheep, besides game of all kinds—"harts, roebucks, fallow deer, and fatted fowl", probably for his own special table, from the Assyrian desert. There was a constant succession of guests. One class of them are expressly mentioned—Chinham and his brothers. The train of his servants was such as had never been seen before. There were some who sate in his presence, others who always stood, others who were his cupbearers, others musicians.

His stables were on the most splendid scale. Up to this time, except in the extravagant ambition of Absalom and Adonijah, chariots and horses had been all but unknown in Palestine. In the earlier times, the ass had been the only animal used, even for princes. In David's time, the King and the Princes of the royal family rode on mules. But Solomon's intercourse with Egypt at once introduced horses into the domestic establishment, cavalry into the army. For the first time, the streets of Jerusalem heard the constant rattle of chariot wheels. Four thousand stalls were attached to the royal palace—three horses for each chariot, and dromedaries for the attendants. The quantity of oats and of straw was so great that special officers were appointed to collect it. There was one chariot of extraordinary beauty, called the chariot of Pharaoh, in which the horses with their trappings were so graceful as to be compared to a bride, in her most magnificent ornaments.

In the true style of an Asiatic sovereign, he established what his successors on the northern throne of Israel afterwards kept up at Samaria and Jezreel, but what he alone attempted in the wild hills of Judaea—gardens and "parks (paradises), and trees of all kinds of fruit, and reservoirs of water to water the trees". One of these was probably in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, the spot afterwards known as "the King's garden", at the junction of the valleys of Hinnom and the Kedron. Another was south of Bethlehem, probably that called by Josephus "Etham", a spot still marked by three gigantic reservoirs, which bear the name of the Pools of Solomon. A long covered aqueduct, built by him, and restored by Pilate, still runs along the hill side, and conveys water to the thirsty capital. The adjoining valley (the Wady Urtâs) winds like a river, marked by its unusual verdure, amongst the rocky knolls of Judaea. The huge square mountain which rises near it is probably the old Beth-hac-cerem ("House of the Vine"), so called from the vineyards which

Solomon planted, as its modern Arabic name, Fureidis, "the little Paradise", must be derived from the "Paradise" (the very word used in the Book of Ecclesiastes and the Canticles) of the neighbouring park. Thither, at early dawn, according to the Jewish tradition, he would drive out from Jerusalem in one of his numerous chariots, drawn by horses of unparalleled swiftness and beauty, himself clothed in white, followed by a train of mounted archers, all splendid youths, of magnificent stature, dressed in purple, their long black hair flowing behind them, powdered with gold dust, which glittered in the sun, as they galloped along after their master.

A third resort was far away in the north. On the heights of Hermon, beyond the limits of Palestine, looking over the plain of Damascus, in the vale of Baalbec, in the vineyards of Baal-hamon, were cool retreats from the summer heat. Thither, with pavilions of which the splendour contrasted with the black tents of the neighbouring Arabs, Solomon retired.

From Solomon's possessions on the northern heights, "from Lebanon "the smell of Lebanon, the streams of Lebanon, the tower of Lebanon "looking towards Damascus"; "from the top of Amana, from the top "of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the leopards' dens", on those wild rocks; from the fragrance of "those mountains of myrrh, "those hills of frankincense"; "the roes and young harts on the mountains of spices", the spectator looks out over the desert plain; a magnificent cavalcade approaches amidst the clouds of incense; then, as now, burnt to greet the approach of a mighty prince. "Who is this that "cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh "and incense, with all powders of the merchant? "Behold his litter: "it is Solomon's King Solomon hath made himself a palankin of "the wood of Lebanon. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple; the centre of it is "wrought with beautiful work by the daughters of Jerusalem. Go forth, "O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon".

In the midst of this gorgeous array was the Sovereign himself. The King is fair, with superhuman beauty—his sword is on his thigh—he rides on his chariot, or on his warhorse; his archers are behind him, his guards are round him; his throne is like the throne of God; his sceptre is in his hand. He wears the crown, which, as still in Eastern marriages, his mother placed upon his head in the day of his espousals; he is radiant as if with the oil and essence of gladness; his robes are so scented with the perfumes of India or Arabia that they seem to be nothing but a mass of myrrh, aloes and cassia; out of his palaces comes a burst of joyous music, of men-singers and women-singers, the delights of the sons of men, musical instruments of all sorts.

The Queen, probably from Egypt, was by his side, glittering in the gold of Ophir; one blaze of glory, as she sat by him in the interior of the palace; the gifts of the princely state of Tyre are waiting to welcome her—her attendants gorgeously arrayed are behind her; she has left her father and her father's house: her reward is to be in the greatness of her descendants.

Such is the splendour of Solomon's court, which, even down to the outward texture of their royal robes, lived in the traditions of Israel. When Christ bade His disciples look on the bright scarlet and gold of the spring flowers of Palestine, which "toil not, neither do they spin", He carried back their thoughts to the great King "Solomon" who "in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these".

Penrhyn Stanley.

157.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time's brightest, liveliest dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death.
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Wordsworth.

158.

CASTARA.

LIKE the violet, which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown
To no looser eye betray'd;
For she is to herself untrue
Who delights in the public view.

Kaby, Prose and Verse.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrow'd grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood;—
She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant;
 Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence eloquent.

Of herself survey she takes,
 But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
 Her grave parents' wise commands;
 And so innocent, that ill
 She nor acts nor understands.

Women's feet run still astray,
 If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
 Where oft honor splits her mast:
 And retir'dness thinks the port
 Where her fame may anchor cast.

Virtue safely cannot sit
 Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
 Where sin waits not on delight;
 Without mask, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a winter's night.

O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
 Prayer and sleep oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
 While wild passions captive lie;
 And each article of time
 Her pure thoughts to Heaven fly:
 All her vows religious be,
 And her love she vows to me.

Habington.

159.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control,
 That o'er thee swell and throng;
 They will condense within thy soul
 And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
 In soft luxurious flow,
 Shrinks when hard service must be done,
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour and fade.

Newman.

160.

ON POETRY.

IT is the office of poetry, as Bacon tells us, to "submit the shows of things to the desires of the mind"; meaning by the latter expression the aspirations of that *mens melior*, or nobler mind, which is the part of man that retains the image of God and thirsts for immortality. The

world of sense, since the Fall, has lost the glory of that light which dwelt upon its countenance as it was first created. In poetry a portion of that light is restored; for poetry is an ideal art, which invests objects with a grandeur, a freedom, a purity not their own. When we speak of "poetic Justice", we refer to the fact that in poetry we require a justice more palpable and swift than that which the eye discerns in the course of actual events. When we speak of poetic Truth, we refer to a truth essential and universal, and free from the accidents to which the detail of common things is, in appearance at least, subjected. Not less sacred is that Beauty of which the poets in every age have sung. It is nothing merely material, although it manifests itself in material things. From them it looks forth, as the soul looks forth from the face. It has been called "the smile of truth" and justly; for it is one with goodness, and therefore with truth; and while it expresses truth, it expresses her chiefly in her frankest, brightest, and most genial moods. To have no sense of the poetical is, so far as the imagination is concerned, to lack the happier and larger interpretation of all that is around us. A merely prosaic version of human life is far from being the true one. Were it such, the Father of lights, Himself the Living Truth, would not, in creating man, have constituted the imagination one of his most powerful faculties; neither would He have taught by parables.

It is especially in youth that the cultivation of the poetic mind is useful. In its fruitful soil weeds will grow, if the good seed be not sown. To unsensualise the mind is one of the great functions which belongs to elevated poetry. Poetry, says Milton, should be "simple, sensuous and impassioned". His meaning is, that although its origin is from an elevation far above that of the senses, it should notwithstanding so be drawn towards sensuous or visible objects with a certain generous "passion" or enthusiasm, as to penetrate them with its own higher life; while it receives from them in turn a fervour like that which belongs to real life, through which poetry stands distinguished from the colder world of abstract science. But if poetry thus descends to the sensuous, it is by a sort of condescension. It quits its native regions that it may help to harmonise, the din of life, and to spiritualise the objects of sense. Amid those objects it reveals an inner world of beautiful and pathetic relations, which to the sensual eye remain as invisible as to the ken of the animal creation. If we have not learned in youth to penetrate thus into the moral meaning of all that lies around us, it is but too probable that in later life also we shall value them but as they address the senses. If we escape this danger, another remains behind. The world is as strong as the senses; and the conventional relations of things constitute often a prison, and a narrow one, of their own. Poetry is a deliverer from this tyranny of the arbitrary, the petty, and the sordid. It flings a radiance around the great realities of life, which renders it difficult for us to worship in their place the modes and fashions of society. It enlarges the heart through the imagination; it teaches us to sympathise; it enables us to follow the fortunes of others in untried modes of being. It lifts us thus beyond the limits of a merely individual experience, and enfranchises us into the freedom of "no mean city". In removing selfishness it imparts to us greatness; or at least it takes away

from us that feebleness which belongs often even to virtuous dispositions. The prosaic nature is the narrow, and, for the most part, the timid nature. It gropes its way like the blind. It has but imperfectly learned that language, wide and diffusive as light, through which the distant is brought near; or acquired that manysidedness of mind, so precious when joined with unity of principle and fixedness of heart.

There is hardly a virtue belonging to the youthful character which poetry does not help to train. Generosity, tenderness, and refinement of nature are especially cherished by it; while the hardier virtues, courage, perseverance, and self-sacrifice, the constituents of the heroic character, have at all times been the great objects to which it directs our admiration. There is nothing that exists in the outward life of man which does not find a mirror in poetry. Every tie that binds man to man, every kindly sympathy and cleansing affection, has been the poet's theme. Friendship and love, patriotism and piety, whatever is just and brave in action, whatever is pure in passion or purifying in suffering, has supplied his inspiration. In his song the youthful heart rehearses life. It braces itself for the conflict that lies before it. Its higher instincts are drawn out betimes, and an elastic and fearless energy is imparted to them. To confine our attention to a single point:—how powerful among the Greeks must not the poetry of Homer have been to develop patriotism! Why should not the historical plays of Shakspeare have the like influence among our youth? There are, indeed, among us many who are taught by modern traditions to regard their ancestors, alike and their country, as the mere slaves during whole centuries, of base superstitions and unmitigated corruptions. Separating themselves from the past, and compelled thus to place their pride in the present or exclusively in recent times, such persons are to a large extent deprived of those reverential and hallowed associations which constitute patriotism in its higher sense. But they whom this modern and self-confident philosophy enthrals not,—to whom the England of the Edwards and the Henrys, of knights and of crusaders, is still a native place,—they who, however they may be regarded by it, must ever have a country, to which they are united, not by vulgar pride, or sympathy with its material prosperity alone, but by the deepest and holiest bonds of love and reverence,—by what can they more strengthen themselves in patriotic devotion and all loyal service than by the study of that noble poetry which is their country's most ancient heritage and enduring monument?

Poetry may, indeed, be abused. It is so by readers who are ignorant of its true office, and who assign to it a function yet loftier than that which it can claim. There are many who make poetry a religion, or rather a substitute for religion, and who recognise no other spiritual teaching than that which they find in imaginative literature or art. To such persons poetry quickly becomes what it was once called, *vinum daemonum*. It intoxicates instead of sustaining; and every thing that it inherits of good it perverts to evil. But those who hold fast by the great realities of authentic Christianity are secured from such error. They know that all the arts are but the handmaidens of faith, the “honorable women” that stand around their queen and watch her eye; and that in a subordinate position alone they can fulfil their office. For such

persons faith occupies a position that is known and defined; and the half-legendary world of poetic illustration has an inferior region, and must restrict itself within its proper limits. To substitute imagination for faith, and literature for a Divine Teaching, this is at least not the temptation of those who know that there exists a complete supernatural world, of which all that is best in the natural region is but the emblem. Their temptation is of a less dangerous sort. They are apt in the fruition of higher lights and stronger graces, to forget that in the great scheme of Providence a beneficent influence attaches also to that which holds but a secondary place. The things of faith are, indeed, certain and divine; but yet, just because they belong to faith, they are withdrawn from sight. It is the office of Christian art to adumbrate what thus remains hidden, and to consecrate sense with some broken beams of that light which properly belongs to the future region of glory. It is a singular and unfortunate thing, that while from religion alone poetry draws all her true treasures, those treasures are sometimes most valued, though wrongly used, by men who know not whence they come. They cling to beautiful shadows with a credulous observance. Those, on the other hand, who have the reality slight the image. In religious services, and in those treasures of the beautiful as well as the true,—which the piety of ages has accumulated in the liturgical books and other devotional writings, and into which almost every portion of the Sacred Scriptures has been transfused and digested,—the higher and more profoundly poetic minds find often that which renders all merely human literature comparatively indifferent to them. A loss, however, cannot but be sustained by society, if not by the individuals in question, when those by whom alone literature of the highest order can be at once rightly appreciated, and studied without danger, relinquish such pursuits to others less fortunately circumstanced.

Aubrey de Vere.

161.

ADVANTAGES OF A WELL FORMED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of Heaven! whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honor, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,

With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself the elegance of love,
 This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form, where negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations; if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her generous power?
 Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
 Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons: all declare
 For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
 The powers of man; we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine; He tells the heart,
 He meant, He made us to behold and love
 What He beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being; to be great like Him,

Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God Himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions, act upon His plan;
And form to His, the relish of their souls.

Akenside.

162.

VENERABLE BEDE.

ON the return of Bennet Biscop from his fourth pilgrimage to Rome, in 672, King Egfrid had bestowed upon him an estate of seventy folclands at the mouth of the river Wear. Shortly afterwards, on one of these folclands was born a boy named Beda; the same to whom, in honour of his services to religion and literature, posterity has since allotted the epithet of "The Venerable". Of his parentage we know nothing. At the age of seven he was delivered by "his family" to the care of Bennet, who had now completed his monastery of St. Peter; and soon afterwards by Bennet to his coadjutor Ceolfrith, with whom Beda migrated to Jarrow; being one of the colony of twenty monks old and young, "tonsured and untonsured", that accompanied him to lay the foundation of the new monastery of St. Paul. There he appears to have been in the year 686, when the pestilence swept away every monk instructed in the choral service, with the exception of Ceolfrith and one "little boy", who still contrived, in the midst of their tears and sorrows, to chant the canonical hours; and it was in the same monastery that he continued to reside during the remaining forty-nine years of his life. Endowed with talent, and desirous of excellence, he applied with eagerness to his studies under the eye of Ceolfrith; and at the age of nineteen, whether it was his superior merit, or some urgent necessity, that justified this anticipation of the age prescribed by the canons, was ordained deacon by John, called afterwards of Beverley, Bishop of Hexham.

In the year 700, the Abbot of Ceolfrith sent a deputation of his monks to Rome, the bearers of a present to Pope Sergius, and of a request, that he would grant, in favour of the lands recently acquired by the monastery, a charter of protection, similar to that which had been granted by Pope Agatho to its founder, Bennet Biscop. They were graciously received, obtained the object of their petition, and returned in the following year with a letter from the Pontiff to the Abbot, requesting him to send to Rome a certain learned monk of his monastery, to join in the discussion of some important questions, which required the aid of men of "research and erudition". It has generally been said that this monk was Beda; and it is possible that the character drawn of him by his brethren in Rome may have induced Sergius to solicit his presence; but when it is considered that Beda at the time was a young man of seven-and-twenty, that he had not yet been advanced to the priesthood, and that he was unknown to the public by any literary composition, we

may reasonably pause, before we pitch upon him as the scholar whose presence and advice was an object of importance to the Roman Pontiff.

However that may be, it is certain that Beda, instead of proceeding to Rome, remained at Jarrow, buried in his studies, or occupied with the duties of his profession. These two formed the great pleasure of his life. "Amid", says he, "the observance of regular discipline, and the daily duty of chanting the service in the church, to be learning, or teaching, or writing, was my continual delight". With no other aid than was afforded by the library of the monastery, and the books lent to him by his friends, his ardent and comprehensive mind embraced every science which was then studied, and raised him by degrees to a high pre-eminence over all his contemporaries. Still, had he listened to the suggestions of his own modesty, his learning and his name would probably have been lost to posterity: but in 703 he was ordained priest, and then both his Abbot and his Bishop commanded him to write for the instruction of his countrymen. He obeyed, and for thirty years employed his pen in the composition of works, almost all of which have come down to us at the present day. We find among them elementary introductions to several sciences, treatises on astronomy and chronology, homilies, biographical notices of the Abbots of his own monastery, lives of saints, and commentaries on many of the books of Scripture. But the most celebrated of his writings is his *Ecclesiastical History of the Anglo-Saxons*. The project was originally suggested by Albin, Abbot of St. Augustine's, in Canterbury, and a disciple of Theodore and Adrian. All the English prelates approved of the design, and communicated to the historian all the information within their reach; and with the same view Gregory III. permitted the records of the Apostolic See to be examined by Nothelm, a presbyter of the church of London. At its completion it was received by the public with universal applause. Succeeding generations preserved it piously as a memorial of the virtue of their ancestors; and Alfred the Great translated it into the Anglo-Saxon tongue for the instruction of those, who could not read it in the original. To us it is an invaluable work; for without it we should know nothing of the missionaries who brought to our pagan ancestors the light of the gospel, or the manners of the clergy, or the worship and rites of the infant church. The style is easy and perspicuous; and, though far inferior to that of the great masters of antiquity, may justly claim higher praise than any other specimen of the age. No one can doubt his candour and veracity, nor rise from his pages without feeling himself pleased and edified with that spirit of unaffected piety which pervades and animates his narrative.

Beda finished this great work in 731. Three years afterwards he visited Archbishop Egbert in his monastery at York "for the sake of reading" and promised to repeat his visit in the following year. But his health would not then suffer him to remove from Jarrow, and he sent to Egbert a long and interesting letter on the reformation of his diocese, a letter which still exists, a valuable monument of the zeal and prudence of this learned monk. His infirmities now continued to increase; and about the following feast of Easter it became evident that he was rapidly sinking into the grave. His last moments are graphically described by Cuthbert, one of his disciples who was present, in a letter to a fellow-

pupil Cuthwin, residing at the time in a distant monastery. Cuthwin had written for information, and Cuthbert returns the following answer:—

“To his most beloved in God, and fellow-reader Cuthwin, Cuthbert his fellow-pupil wisheth health in God for ever.

“I received with pleasure the present which you sent me, and perused with satisfaction the letter of your devout reverence. For it informed me of that which I most earnestly hoped for,—that masses and holy prayers are diligently performed in your monastery for Beda, the beloved of God, the father and master of us both. I feel, then, the greater pleasure, on account of my love for him, to describe briefly, and to the best of my ability, in what manner he departed this life; the more so, as this is what you particularly request.

“About a fortnight before the feast of Easter (Ap. 17), he was reduced to a state of great debility, with difficulty of breathing, but without much pain; and in that condition he lasted till the day of the Lord's Ascension, the seventh before the calends of June. (May 26.) This time he passed cheerfully, and joyfully, giving thanks to Almighty God both by day and night, or rather at all hours of the day and night. He continued to deliver lessons to us daily, spending the rest of his time in psalmody; and the night also in joy and thanksgiving, unless he were interrupted by a short sleep, and yet, even then, the moment he awaked he began again, and never ceased with outstretched hands to return thanks to God. I can declare with truth, that I never saw with my eyes, nor heard with my ears, of any man who was so indefatigable in giving thanks to the living God.

“O truly happy man! He chanted the passage from the blessed Apostle Paul—‘It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God’ (Heb. X. 31), and several other passages from Holy Writ, warning us to throw off all torpor of soul, in consideration of our last hour. And being conversant with Anglo-Saxon poetry, he repeated several passages, and composed the following lines in our tongue”. (Here follow ten lines of poetry, meaning that no one can begin too early to consider what account of his life he will be able to render at his death.)

“He also chanted the antiphons according to his and our custom. One of these is—‘O King of Glory, Lord of hosts, who on this day didst ascend in triumph above all the heavens, leave us not orphans, but send upon us the Spirit of truth, the promised of the Father. Alleluia’. —When he came to the words, ‘leave us not orphans’, he burst into tears and wept much; and after a while he resumed where he had broken off, and we who heard him wept with him. We wept and studied by turns; or rather wept all the time we studied.

“Thus we passed in joy the quinquagesimal days till the aforesaid festival; and he rejoiced greatly, and gave thanks to God for the infirmities under which he suffered, often repeating ‘God scourgeth every son whom he receiveth’ (Heb. XII. 6), with other passages of Scripture; and the saying of St. Ambrose—‘I have not lived so as to be ashamed to live among you, nor do I fear to die, for we have a gracious God’.

“During these days, besides the lessons which he gave us, and the chant of the psalms, he undertook the composition of two memorable works, that is, he translated into our language the gospel of St. John

as far as—*But what are these among so many?* (John VI. 9)—and made a collection of extracts from the notes of Isidore, the Bishop, saying ‘I will not suffer my pupils to read falsehoods, and labour without profit in that book, after my death’. But on the Tuesday before the Ascension his difficulty of breathing began to distress him exceedingly, and a slight tumour appeared in his feet. He spent the whole day, and dictated to us with cheerfulness, saying occasionally, ‘Lose no time. I know not how long I may last. Perhaps in a very short time my Maker may take me’.—In fact, it seemed to us that he knew the time of his death. He lay awake the whole night praising God: and at dawn on the Wednesday morning ordered us to write quickly, which we did, till the hour of tierce (nine o’clock). At that hour we walked in procession with the relics, as the rubric for the day prescribed; but one of us remained to wait on him, and said to him, ‘Dearest master, there still remains one chapter unwritten. Will it fatigue you if I ask more questions?’ ‘No’, said Beda, ‘take your pen and mend it, and write quickly’. This he did.

“At none (three in the afternoon) he said to me, ‘I have some valuables in my little chest,—pepper, handkerchiefs, and incense. Run quickly and bring the priests of the monastery to me, that I may make to them such presents as God has given to me. The rich of this world give gold and silver and other things of value: I will give to my brethren what God has given to me, and will give it with love and pleasure’. I shuddered, but did as he had bidden. He spoke to each one in his turn, reminding and entreating them to celebrate masses, and to pray diligently for him, which all readily promised to do.

“When they heard him say, that they would see him no more in this world, all burst into tears; but their tears were tempered with joy when he said, ‘It is time that I return to Him who made me out of nothing. I have lived long, and kindly hath my merciful Judge forecast the course of my life for me. The time of my dissolution is at hand. I wish to be released and to be with Christ.—In this way he continued to speak cheerfully till sunset, when the forementioned youth said, ‘Beloved master, there is still one sentence unwritten’. ‘Then write quickly’, said Beda. In a few minutes the youth said, ‘It is finished’. ‘Thou hast spoken truly’, replied Beda; ‘take my head between thy hands, for it is my delight to sit opposite to that holy place in which I used to pray; let me sit and invoke my Father’. Sitting thus on the pavement of his cell, and repeating, ‘Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost’,—as he finished the word ‘Ghost’, he breathed his last, and took his departure for Heaven.

“All who saw him die, declare that they never beheld any man close his life in so devout and tranquil a frame of mind; for as long as the breath was in his body he never ceased to repeat the *Gloria Patri*, with other religious expressions, nor to give praise with expanded hands to the true and living God. Know, however, beloved brother, that I have much more to relate of him, but my want of skill in composition obliges me to be brief. I intend, however, at some future time to write more fully what I have seen with my eyes and heard with my ears”.

The reputation of Beda survived and grew after his death. The Saxons were proud that their nation had produced so eminent a writer; the

monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow were harassed with solicitations for copies of his works; and, at the distance of a hundred years, the prelates of the Franks, in the council of Aix-la-Chapelle, numbered him among the Fathers of the church, and styled him the venerable and admirable doctor. If the improvements of modern times have diminished the value of his writings, this circumstance ought no more to detract from his merit than it does from that of the philosophers of Greece and Rome. Beda was a great man for the age in which he lived; he would have been so had he lived in any other age.

Lingard.

163.

S O N N E T S.

I.

OH how much more does beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which does in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Shakspeare.

164.

II.

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;

Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:—
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men;
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Shakspeare.

165.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE is the happy man, whose life even now
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come:
 Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
 Is pleas'd with it, and were he free to choose,
 Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
 Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
 Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
 ✓Content indeed to sojourn while he must
 Below the skies, but having there his home.
 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
 Of objects more illustrious in her view;
 And occupied as earnestly as she,
 Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
 She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
 He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain.
 He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
 Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
 Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.
 Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
 Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
 She makes familiar with a Heaven unseen,
 And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.
 Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,
 And censur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams
 Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
 That flutters least is longest on the wing.
 Ask him indeed what trophies he has rais'd,
 Or what achievements of immortal fame
 He purposes, and he shall answer—none.
 His warfare is within. There unfatigu'd
 His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
 And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
 And never-withering wreaths, compar'd with which
 The laurels that a Caesar reaps are weeds.
 Perhaps the self-approving haughty world
 (That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
 Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see,
 Deems him a cipher in the works of God)

Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
 Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
 Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
 And plenteous harvest to the prayer he makes,
 When Isaac-like the solitary Saint
 Walks forth to meditate at Eventide,
 And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
 Forgive him, then, thou bustler in concerns
 Of little worth, and idler in the best,
 If author of no mischief and some good,
 He seek his proper happiness by means
 That may advance but cannot hinder thine.
 Nor, though he tread the secret path of life.
 Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
 Account him an encumbrance on the state,
 Receiving benefits and rendering none.
 His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
 Shine with his fair example, and though small
 His influence, if that influence all be spent
 In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,
 In aiding helpless indigence, in works
 From which at least a grateful few derive
 Some taste of comfort in a world of woe—
 Then let the supercilious great confess
 He serves his country; recompenses well
 The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
 He sits secure, and in the scale of life
 Holds no ignoble, though a slighted place.
 The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,
 Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
 But he may boast what few that win it can,
 That if his country stand not by his skill,
 At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
 Polite refinement offers him in vain
 Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
 Draws gross impurity and likes it well,
 The neat conveyance hiding all th' offence.
 Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
 Because that world adopts it. If it bear
 The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
 And be not costly more than of true worth,
 He puts it on, and for decorum's sake
 Can wear it even as gracefully as she.
 She judges of refinement by the eye,
 He by the test of conscience and a heart
 Not soon deceiv'd; aware that what is base
 No polish can make sterling, and that vice,
 Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd,
 Like an unburied carcase trick'd with flowers,
 Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far

For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
 So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
 More golden than that age of fabled gold
 Renown'd in ancient song; not vex'd with care
 Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approv'd
 Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.

Cowper.

166.

DESPONDENCY.

THERE are those that depress their own minds, despond at the first difficulty, and conclude that the getting an insight in any of the sciences, or making any progress in knowledge, farther than serves their ordinary business, is above their capacities. These sit still, because they think they have got wings to fly, and can soar on high when they please. To these latter one may for answer apply the proverb, *use legs and have legs*. Nobody knows what strength of parts he has, until he has tried them. And of the understanding one may most truly say, that its force is greater generally than it thinks, until it is put to it. *Viresque acquirit eundo*.* And therefore the proper remedy here is but to set the mind to work, and apply the thoughts vigorously to the business; for it holds in the struggles of the mind, as in those of war, *dum putant se vincere vicere*,** a persuasion that we shall overcome any difficulties that we meet with in the sciences, seldom fails to carry us through them. Nobody knows the strength of his mind, and the force of steady and regular application, until he has tried. This is certain, he that sets out upon weak legs, will not only go farther, but grow stronger too, than one with a vigorous constitution, and firm limbs, who only sits still. Something of kin to this men may observe in themselves, when the mind frights itself (as it often does) with any thing reflected on in gross, and transiently viewed, confusedly, at a distance. Things thus offered to the mind, carry the shew of nothing but difficulty in them, and are thought to be wrapped up in impenetrable obscurity. But the truth is, these are nothing but spectres that the understanding raises to itself, to flatter its own laziness. It sees nothing distinctly in things remote, and in a huddle, and therefore concludes too faintly, that there is nothing more clear to be discovered in them. It is but to approach nearer, and that mist of our own raising that enveloped them, will remove; and those that in the mist appeared hideous giants not to be grappled with, will be found to be of the ordinary and natural size and shape. Things that in a remote and confused view seem very obscure, must be approached by gentle and regular steps; and what is most visible, easy, and obvious in them, first considered. Reduce them into their distinct parts; and then in their due order bring all that should be known concerning every one of those parts, into plain and simple questions; and then, what was thought obs-

*) Strength is acquired by exertion.

**) While they think they conquer they have conquered.

cure, perplexed, and too hard for our weak parts, will lay itself open to the understanding in a fair view, and let the mind into that which before it was awed with, and kept at a distance from, as wholly mysterious. I appeal to my reader's experience, whether this has never happened to him, especially when busy on one thing, he has occasionally reflected on another. I ask him, whether he has never thus been scared with a sudden opinion of mighty difficulties, which yet have vanished when he has seriously and methodically applied himself to the consideration of this seeming terrible subject; and there has been no other matter of astonishment left, but that he amused himself with so discouraging a prospect of his own raising, about a matter which in the handling was found to have nothing in it more strange nor intricate than several other things which he had long since, and with ease, mastered. This experience should teach us how to deal with such bugbears another time, which should rather serve to excite our vigour, than enervate our industry. The surest way for a learner, in this as in all other cases, is not to advance by jumps and large strides; let that which he sets himself to learn next, be indeed the next, i. e. as nearly conjoined with what he knows already as is possible; let it be distinct, but not remote from it: let it be new, and what he did not know before, that the understanding may advance; but let it be as little at once as it may be, that its advances may be clear and sure. All the ground that it gets this way it will hold. This distinct gradual growth in knowledge is firm and sure, it carries its own light with it in every step of its progression in an easy and orderly train, than which there is nothing of more use to the understanding. And though this perhaps may seem a very slow and lingering way to knowledge, yet I dare confidently affirm, that whoever will try in himself, or any one he will teach, shall find the advances greater in this method, than they would in the same space of time have been in any other he could have taken. The greatest part of true knowledge lies in a distinct perception of things in themselves distinct. And some men give more clear light and knowledge by the bare distinct stating of a question, than others by talking of it in gross whole hours together. In this, they who so state a question, do no more but separate and disentangle the parts of it one from another, and lay them, when so disentangled, in their due order. This often, without any more ado, resolves the doubt, and shews the mind where the truth lies. The agreement or disagreement of the idea in question, when they are once separated and distinctly considered, is in many cases presently perceived, and thereby clear and lasting knowledge gained; whereas things in gross taken up together, and so lying together in confusion, can produce in the mind but a confused, which in effect is no knowledge; or at least, when it comes to be examined and made use of, will prove little better than none. I therefore take the liberty to repeat here again what I have said elsewhere, that in learning any thing, as little should be proposed to the mind at once, as is possible; and that being understood and fully mastered, to proceed to the next adjoining part yet unknown, simple, unperplexed proposition belonging to the matter in hand, and tending to the clearing what is principally designed. *Locke.*

ANTIQUITY OF FASTING.

THE first positive command God gave to man, was that of fasting and abstaining, when he enjoined him not to eat the forbidden fruit. Thus fasting, says St. Chrysostom, is coeval with the world, and saw the world in its cradle. Not, indeed, that man in a state of innocence, stood in need of fasting or abstinence as the means of subduing passions whose influence he had not as yet felt, or of expiating sins he had not as yet committed; but being made with senses, God gave him a command relating to a sensible thing, to let him know that he had a master, to remind him of his obedience, to serve as a check to his desires, and as a caution to the sinner, in his state of misery and corruption, not to neglect a remedy, which would have served the innocent as an antidote in the state of holiness and integrity.

Let us read the annals of the world, let us unravel the long chain of the most remote and venerable antiquity. In every page—at every period of time since the fall of man what do I see? I see God exasperated against the sinner, and the sinner, humbling himself by prayer and fasting, wrest the thunderbolt out of his hands. I see just and righteous men mortifying their bodies in order to advance in merit and perfection.

When the small remnant of mankind had quitted Noah's ark, God forbade the use of blood, as well to inspire them with horror for murder, as to dispose themselves and posterity for abstinence. The law being published—sacrifices instituted—religious rites and legal ceremonies, shadowing forth under the veil of figures the sacrifice of the universal Victim that was to be one day offered up for the redemption of the world—solemn days of expiation were appointed, on which the people of God were to afflict their bodies on pain of extermination. In a word, fasting, humiliation, sackcloth, ashes, penance, and amendment of life, are seen every where in the law and the prophets, as means, and the only means, of disarming offended justice.

If it should be said, that such fastings and expiations were confined to the Mosaic dispensation let it be remarked, that it was only the ceremonial part of the old law, such as ablutions, sacrifices, and other institutions and ceremonies, figurative of the mystery of our redemption, that have been abolished. But such parts of the Mosaic law as are founded on the law of nature, such as to honour our parents, not to steal, not to commit murder, etc., are to remain in full force as long as mortals are in a state of trial under the control of God, every where present to hear their prayers, to help their endeavours and to reward or punish them, according as they overcome or yield to their passions. For justice requires that the order that has been reversed by sensual gratification, should be re-established by penance, and in this sense Christ has declared that he came, not to abolish, but to bring the law to its perfection.

Hence, whether the Jews, who alone were bound by the law of Moses, or the Gentiles, such as the Ninevites who were bound by the law of nature only, fasted, their fast was equally acceptable to God. Achab threatened by the prophet, humbles himself by fasting. The Lord defers

until after his death, the punishment with which he threatened his family. The Ninevites, enervated with ease and luxury, are threatened with utter destruction after a lapse of forty days. Their voluptuous monarch descends from his throne, covers himself with sackcloth and ashes—proclaims a general fast, is imitated by his subjects of every description—the Lord relents, and repeals the fatal decree.

What shall I say of Moses and Elias, fasting on solitary mountains to qualify themselves for heavenly revelations? What shall I say of David and Esther, mortifying themselves in the midst of palaces, the theatres of ease and luxury? What shall I say of the Redeemer of the world, who fasted for the space of forty days, to show that fasting is a sacrifice wherewith none can be dispensed, whether righteous or sinners? Not the righteous because they have temptations to conquer, and passions to subdue: sinners much less, because they have crimes to atone for. There is no sporting with an authority, which pleads the sanction of Heaven, and commands nothing but what has a real and effectual tendency to mortify our sinful lusts and affections, purify the soul, and assimilate us to a crucified Redeemer, of whom St. Paul says that we must “suffer with him, to share his glory”. Saul, king of Israel, imagined it no grievous sin to reserve, against the injunction of the prophet, a few fat lambs out of the spoils of Amalec. He reasoned as I suppose every relaxed casuist does, who enters into a kind of collusion with a pliant and easy conscience. To keep a few lambs out of an immense flock, whose owners are doomed to destruction, cannot be such a heinous offence. Yet, for this very disobedience, God rejected him. “And Samuel said, Hath the Lord so great delight in sacrifices as in obeying his voice? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice”; for stubbornness is iniquity and idolatry. (I. Samuel XV. 22.)

O'Leary.

168.

SONNET.

LOOK how the flower, which lingeringly doth fade,
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
 Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows down the head;
 Just so my life, contentments being dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen,
 With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
 And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
 Therefore, as doth the pilgrim whom the night
 Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
 Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
 Of what yet's left thee of life's wasting day;
 Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

Drummond.

169.

SONNET.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty fading like the April flowers,
 A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
 A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
 An honour that more fickle is than wind,
 A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
 A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
 A vain delight our equals to command,
 A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
 A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name;
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

Drummond.

170.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE words are weak and foes encount'ring strong,
 Where mightier do assault than do defend,
 The feebler part puts up enforced wrong.
 And silent sees what speech could not amend.
 Yet higher powers must think though they repine,
 When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
 And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
 Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
 These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish;
 There is a time even for the worms to creep,
 And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
 Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
 The tender lark will find a time to fly,
 And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
 He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
 Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Aman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
 Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe;
 The Lazar pin'd while Dives' feast was kept,
 Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
 We trample grass and prize the flowers of May;
 Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

Southwell.

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS AT SICCA.

THE plague of locusts, one of the most awful visitations to which the countries included in the Roman empire were exposed, extended from the Atlantic to Ethiopia, from Arabia to India, and from the Nile and Red Sea to Greece and the north of Asia Minor. Instances are recorded in history of clouds of the devastating insect crossing the Black Sea to Poland, and the Mediterranean to Lombardy. It is as numerous in its species as it is wide in its range of territory. Brood follows brood, with a sort of family likeness, yet with distinct attributes, as we read in the prophets of the Old Testament from whom Bochart tells us it is possible to enumerate as many as ten kinds. It wakens into existence and activity as early as the month of March; but instances are not wanting, of its appearance as late as June. Even one flight comprises myriads upon myriads passing imagination, to which the drops of rain or the sands of the sea are the only fit comparison; and hence it is almost a proverbial mode of expression in the East (as may be illustrated by the sacred pages) by way of describing a vast invading army, to liken it to the locusts. So dense are they, when upon the wing, that it is no exaggeration to say that they hide the sun, from which circumstance indeed their name in Arabic is derived. And so ubiquitous are they when they have alighted on the earth, that they simply cover or clothe its surface.

This last characteristic is stated in the sacred account of the plagues of Egypt, where their faculty of devastation is also mentioned. The corrupting fly and the bruising and prostrating hail preceded them in the series of visitations, but *they* came to do the work of ruin more thoroughly. For not only the crops and fruits, but the foliage of the forest itself, nay, the small twigs and the bark of the trees are the victims of their curious and energetic rapacity. They have been known even to gnaw the door posts of the houses. Nor do they execute their task in so slovenly a way, that, as they have succeeded other plagues, so they may have successors themselves. They take pains to spoil what they leave. Like the Harpies, they smear every thing that they touch with a miserable slime, which has the effect of a virus in corroding, or, as some say, in scorching and burning. And then, perhaps, as if all this were little, when they can do nothing else, they die; as if out of sheer malevolence to man, for the poisonous elements of their nature are then let loose and dispersed abroad, and create a pestilence, and they manage to destroy many more by their death than in their life.

Such are the locusts,—whose existence the ancient heretics brought forward as their palmary proof that there was an evil creator, and of whom an Arabian writer shows his national horror, when he says, that they have the head of a horse, the eyes of an elephant, the neck of a bull, the horns of a stag, the breast of a lion, the belly of a scorpion, the wings of an eagle, the legs of a camel, the feet of an ostrich, and the tail of a serpent.

And now they are rushing upon a considerable tract of that beautiful region of which we have spoken with such admiration. The swarm to

which Juba pointed grew and grew till it became a compact body as much as a furlong square; yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another out of the hot mould or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusky canopy, and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length the huge innumerable mass was put into motion, and began its career, darkening the face of day. As became an instrument of divine power, it seemed to have no volition of its own; it was set off, it drifted, with the wind, and thus made northwards, straight for Sicca. Thus they advanced, host after host, for a time wafted on the air, and gradually declining to the earth, while fresh broods were carried over the first, and neared the earth, after a longer flight, in their turn. For twelve miles did they extend from front to rear, and their whizzing and hissing could be heard for six miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies, and was reflected from their quivering wings; and as they heavily fell earthward, they seemed like the innumerable flakes of a yellow-coloured snow. And like snow did they descend, a living carpet, or rather pall, upon fields, crops, gardens, copses, groves, orchards, vineyards, olive woods, orangeries, palm plantations, and the deep forests, sparing nothing within their reach, and where there was nothing to devour, lying helpless in drifts, or crawling forward obstinately, as they best might, with the hope of prey. They could spare their hundred thousand soldiers twice or thrice over, and not miss them; their masses filled the bottoms of the ravines and hollow ways, impeding the traveller as he rode forward on his journey, and trampled by thousands under his horse's hoofs. In vain was all this overthrow and waste by the roadside; in vain their loss in river, pool, and watercourse. The poor peasants hastily dug pits and trenches as their enemy came on; in vain they filled them from the wells, or with lighted stubble. Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall; they were lavish of their lives; they choked the flame and the water, which destroyed them the while, and the vast living hostile armament still moved on.

They moved right on like soldiers in their ranks, stopping at nothing, and straggling for nothing; they carried a broad furrow or weal all across the country, black and loathsome, while it was as green and smiling on each side of them and in front, as it had been before they came. Before them, in the language of the prophets, was a paradise, and behind them a desert. They are daunted by nothing; they surmount walls and hedges, and enter enclosed gardens or inhabited houses. A rare and experimental vineyard has been planted in a sheltered grove. The high winds of Africa will not commonly allow the light trellice or the slim pole; but here the lofty poplar of Campania has been possible, on which the vine plant mounts so many yards into the air, that the poor grape-gatherers bargain for a funeral pile and a tomb as one of the conditions of their engagement. The locusts have done what the winds and lightning could not do, and the whole promise of the vintage, leaves and all, is gone, and the slender stems are left bare. There is another yard, less uncommon, but still tended with more than common care; each plant is kept within due bounds by a circular trench round it, and by upright canes on which it is to trail; in an hour the solicitude and long toil of the

vine-dresser are lost, and his pride humbled. There is a smiling farm; another sort of vine, of remarkable character, is found against the farmhouse. This vine springs from one root, and has clothed and matted with its many branches the four walls. The whole of it is covered thick with long clusters, which another month will ripen. On every grape and leaf there is a locust. Into the dry caves and pits, carefully strewn with straw the harvest-men have been lodging the far-famed African wheat. One grain of wheat shoots up into ten, twenty, fifty, eighty, nay, three or four hundred stalks; sometimes the stalks have two ears apiece, and these shoot off into a number of lesser ones. These stores are intended for the Roman populace, but the locusts have been beforehand with them. The small patches of ground belonging to the poor peasants up and down the country, for raising the turnips, garlick, barley, water-melons, on which they live, are the prey of these glutton invaders as much as the choicest vines and olives. Nor have they any reverence for the villa of the civic decurion or the Roman official. The neatly arranged kitchen garden, with its cherries, plums, peaches, and apricots, is a waste; as the slaves sit round, in the kitchen in the first court, at their coarse evening meal, the room is filled with the invading force, and news comes to them that the enemy has fallen upon the apples and pears in the basement, and is at the same time plundering and sacking the preserves of quince and pomegranate, and revelling in the jars of precious oil of Cyprus and Mendes in the store-rooms.

They come up to the walls of Sicca, and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay; they recover their footing, they climb up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet, or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments, and the most private and luxurious chambers, not one or two, like stragglers at forage or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle, and with the array of an army. Choice plants or flowers about the *impluvia** and *xysti*,** for ornament or refreshment, myrtles, oranges, pomegranates, the rose and the carnation, have disappeared. They dim the bright marbles of the walls and the gilding of the ceilings. They enter the triclinium in the midst of the banquet; they crawl over the viands and spoil what they do not devour. Unrelaxed by success and by enjoyment, onward they go; a secret mysterious instinct keeps them together, as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the place; so true are their lines and so perfect is the pattern they describe. Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the cookshops, to the confectioners, to the druggists; nothing comes amiss to them; wherever man has aught to eat or drink, there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest.

They have passed on; the men of Sicca sadly congratulate themselves, and begin to look about them, and to sum up their losses. Being the proprietors of the neighbouring districts, and the purchasers of its produce,

*) Interior courts open to the sky where the rain falls from the eaves.

**) Covered places to walk in during summer.

they lament over the devastation, not because the fair country is disfigured, but because income is becoming scanty, and prices are becoming high. How is a population of many thousands to be fed? where is the grain, where the melons, the figs, the dates, the gourds, the beans, the grapes, to sustain and solace the multitudes in their lanes, caverns and garrets? This is another weighty consideration for the class well-to-do in the world. The taxes too, and contributions, the capitation tax, the percentage upon corn, the various articles of revenue due to Rome, how are they to be paid? How are cattle to be provided for the sacrifices and the tables of the wealthy? One-half, at least, of the supply of Sicca is cut off. No longer slaves are seen coming into the city from the country in troops with their baskets on their shoulders, or beating forward the horse, or mule, or ox, overladen with its burden, or driving in the dangerous cow or the unresisting sheep. The animation of the place is gone; a gloom hangs over the Forum; and if its frequenters are still merry, there is something of sullenness and recklessness in their mirth. The gods have given the city up; something or other has angered them. Locusts, indeed, are no uncommon visitation, but at an earlier season. Perhaps some temple has been polluted, or some unholy rite practised, or some secret conspiracy has spread.

Another and a still worse calamity. The invaders, as we have already hinted, could be more terrible still in their overthrow than in their ravages. The inhabitants of the country had attempted, where they could, to destroy them by fire and water. It would seem as if the malignant animals had resolved that the sufferers should have the benefit of this policy to the full; for they had not got more than twenty miles beyond Sicca when they suddenly sickened and died. When they thus had done all the mischief they could by their living, when they thus had made their foul maws the grave of every living thing, next they died themselves, and made the desolated land their own grave. They took from it its hundred forms and varieties of beautiful life and left it their own fetid and poisonous carcases in payment. It was a sudden catastrophe; they seemed making for the Mediterranean, as if, like other great conquerors, they had other worlds to subdue beyond it; but, whether they were overgorged or struck by some atmospheric change, or that their time was come and they paid the debt of nature, so it was, that suddenly they fell, and their glory came to nought, and all was vanity to them as to others, and "their stench rose up, and their corruption rose up, because they had done proudly".

The hideous swarms lay dead in the moist steaming underwoods, in the green swamps, in the sheltered valleys, in the ditches and furrows of the fields, amid the monuments of their own prowess, the ruined crops, and the dishonoured vineyards. A poisonous element, issuing from their remains, mingled with the atmosphere, and corrupted it. The dismayed peasant found that a plague had begun; a new visitation, not confined to the territory which the enemy had made its own, but extending far and wide, as the atmosphere extends, in all directions. Their daily toil, no longer claimed by the fruits of the earth, which have ceased to exist, is now devoted to the object of ridding themselves of the deadly legacy which they have received in their stead. In vain; it is their last toil;

they are digging pits, they are raising piles, for their own corpses, as well as for the bodies of their enemies. Invader and victim lie in the same grave, burn in the same heap; they sicken while they work and the pestilence spreads. A new invasion is menacing Sicca, in the shape of companies of peasants and slaves, with their employers and overseers, nay, the farmers themselves and proprietors, the panic having broken the bonds of discipline, rushing thither from famine and infection as to a place of safety. The inhabitants of the city are as frightened as they, and more energetic. They determine to keep them at a distance; the gates are closed; a strict *cordon* is drawn; however, by the continued pressure, numbers contrive to make an entrance, as water in a vessel, or light through the closed shutters, and anyhow the air cannot be put in quarantine; so the pestilence has the better of it, and at last appears in the alleys and in the cellars of Sicca.

Newman.

172.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are, lovely leaves where we
May read how soon things have
Their end though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile they glide
Into the grave.

Herrick.

173.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils we weep to see,
You haste away so soon,
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, Stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd to gether, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again!

Herrick.

174.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou flyest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

Logan.

175.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Chofang*, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder

brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Hoti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it) what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them, he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than as if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats".

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and the verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices, one and all, shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would, in no long time, be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called

it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and, seemingly, the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in *ROAST PIG*.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.*

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoyes—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*,** the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *praeludium* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is “doing”—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.—

See him in the dish—his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon,—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

*) The prince of savoury dishes.

**) The love of uncleanness.

He is the best of saporers. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendant—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoarieth the lips that approach her—she is a pleasure bordering on pain, from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents", I often say, "endear Absents". Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything". I make my stand upon pig. Methinks, it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience of this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeiter). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disap-

pointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

Charles Lamb.

176.

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

FIVE years have pass'd, five summers with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear

These waters, rolling from their mountain springs

With a soft inland murmur.—Once again

Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,

Which on a wild secluded scene impress

Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

The day is come when I again repose

Here, under this dark sycamore, and view

These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,

Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves

Mid groves and copses. Once again I see

These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines

Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms

Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees

With some uncertain notice, as might seem,

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,

Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire

The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms

Through a long absence have not been to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of town and cities I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind
 With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
 Of unremember'd pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremember'd acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lighten'd:—that serene and blessed mood,
 In which th' affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood,
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:—
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless day light; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
 How oft, in spirit, have I turn'd to thee!
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
 How often has my spirit turn'd to thee!
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again:—
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though chang'd, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded, o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever Nature led: more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he lov'd. For Nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,

And their glad animal movements all gone by),
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite:—a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrow'd from the eye.—That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
 Have follow'd for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd
 To look on Nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfus'd,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:—
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains, and of all that we behold
 From this green earth, of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleas'd to recognize
 In Nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:—
 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear sister! And this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray

The heart that lov'd her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy:—for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues'
 Rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee:—and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matur'd
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or pain, or fear, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor perchance,
 If I should be, where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
 Unwearied in that service; rather say
 With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

Wordsworth.

177.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay;
 On the mountain dawns the day;
 All the jolly chase is here
 With hawk and horse and hunting spear!
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they—
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay!"

Waken lords and ladies gay!
 The mist has left the mountain grey,
 Sprinklets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
 And foresters have busy been,
 To track the buck in thicket green;
 Now we come to chant our lay—
 "Waken lords and ladies gay!"

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 To the green-wood haste away;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
 You shall see him brought to bay—
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay!"

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 Tell them, youth, and mirth, and glee,
 Run a course as well as we;
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
 Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay!

Walter Scott.

178.

THE BIBLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

WE read that Count Phippe-le-Hardi of Burgundy paid a certain tradesman of the name of Manuel twenty sols a day for four years, to complete the illustration of a beautiful Bible for the writing and finishing of which he paid six hundred francs to his physician Maitre Jean Durand; and that he had given six hundred écus for another Bible in French. Kings and princes bequeathed copies of the Bible as a legacy to their children. Jehan de France, Duc de Berry, son of King John, who died in London, possessed a Bible in which these words were written, in his own hand: "Ceste Bible est à Jehan, fils du Roi de France". It had belonged to his father. The monks of La Baumette near Angers possessed a Psalter which René d'Anjou King of Naples presented to them. It contained notes written with his own hand.

Theodosius III. driven from the Imperial throne in the beginning of the eighth century, became a priest at Ephesus, and employed his time in studious retirement writing the Holy Gospels in letters of gold. Thomas de Puccio, Archbishop of Aix, presented to his chapter in 1420 a Bible on vellum enriched with miniatures which he had purchased at Milan for fifty florins of gold. In the King's library at Paris there is a folio entitled "Les Epitres de Saint Paul glossées. Paris 1504". All the initial letters of this grand volume are printed in gold and colors and there are many illuminated figures. The printer prefixes some verses to an honoured and excellent princess. At the head of the verses is a miniature representing an oratory, in which the princess, to whom the verses are addressed, is on her knees, receiving from the hands of the printer his Book of the Epistles of St. Paul. This princess is Anne de Bretagne, Queen of Louis XII. who is also on his knees at a distance with some lords and ladies of the Court. Here you find the most difficult part of the Holy Scriptures translated for the use of a princess. Then as to the end for which these magnificent volumes were provided, all persons who have any acquaintance with the old ecclesiastical literature, or even with history, must have remarked, that a perfect and familiar knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was the common acquisition of persons in every rank of life. The study of the Scriptures is even prescribed in the capitularies of Charlemagne. Of Charlemagne himself we

read, "that he was versed in Scriptural knowledge above other persons of modern times". Alcuin proposes the study of the Holy Scriptures as the highest and last to which his pupils should be led. And of St. Boniface we read, that he was given to the incessant meditation of the Sacred Scriptures.

William of Poitiers, in his *Life of William the Conqueror* says, that "he was accustomed to listen attentively to the words of the Holy Scripture, and to find in it a taste of infinite sweetness: while he corrected and instructed himself, he knew how to delight in this spiritual banquet" I have no concern here with William's consistency; but if no men read the Bible in our age, unless such as live and write and speak conformably to its divine contents, the number will be found not so great as the tracts of societies would lead us to suppose. The fact is clear, too from incidental evidence. Can we suppose that Charles V. of France had been kept in ignorance of the Sacred Volume when upon his death-bed he was able to bless the young Dauphin in the very words used by Issac in blessing Jacob, a passage of some length which he could have been able to repeat unpremeditatedly only from having had previous intimate familiarity with the Bible? There were many who, like St. Hilarion, the Abbot, knew a great part of the Holy Scriptures by heart. Every regular clergyman could repeat the Psalter without book. The whole was chaunted every week in monasteries. We may appeal to the example of a poor apprentice, like St. Eligius, who used to study the Holy Scriptures and meditate on them while working at shrines; or of a young soldier like Count Gerald, who amidst the occupation of arms was able to make himself acquainted with the whole volume of the Holy Scriptures, so as to surpass many ecclesiastical students in his knowledge; or of a king's daughter, Edburga, who preferred a book of the Holy Scriptures to rich bracelets and other female ornaments which were offered; or of the women of France of all classes in the fourteenth century, who used to spin and listen to some one who read the Bible; or of a St. Charles Borromeo, who replied to some that said he ought to have a garden at Milan to take the air in, "that the Holy Scriptures ought to be the garden of a Bishop"; or of a St. Edmund who used always to kiss the divine book of the Holy Scriptures as often as he took it into his hands; or of the Saxon Hermit whose MS. of the Gospels in the British Museum has been called "an incomparable specimen of Anglo-Saxon calligraphy"; or of St. Edmund, king and martyr who, to learn the Psalter by heart, lived in retirement a whole year in his castle of Hunstanton, which he had built for a country solitude; or of a king Edgar who laboured for many years as a voluntary penance in transcribing the Sacred Scriptures with his own hand, and distributing them to different churches; or of a Herluin who, after being a renowned and accomplished knight, became the founder and first abbot of Bec in Normandy; where he used to spend the days in working with his own hands at the building, and the nights in studying the Holy Scriptures; or of Robert the Good, of Anjou, who desired that the Holy Scriptures and Psalms should be read to him as he lay in his agony, that he might die hearing them. But there is no end of instances. Pierre d'Oudegherst says of Charles the Good, Count of Flanders, in the twelfth

century, who was killed by conspirators in the Church of Bruges while he was saying his prayers, "that he had always in his company three monks, doctors in theology, who used every day after supper to read and explain to him a chapter or two of the Bible", adding "*enquoy il prenoit un singulier plaisir*". When St. Martin had abandoned temporal chivalry for spiritual, and had arrived at Poitiers to be a disciple of St. Hilary, we are told by the simple annalist, that he remained for a long time hearing him lecture on the Holy Scriptures.

Bede, in the beginning of his history, testifies that it was the King his patron's delight to hear the Scriptures read. Alfred of Northumbria, the predecessor of this prince, was styled "most learned in the Scriptures"; and Alcuin records of him that he was trained to sacred studies from his early youth, having been educated by Wilfred. One of the first books sent into England by Pope Gregory was a Bible, adorned with some leaves of purple and rose colour, in two volumes, which was extant in the time of James I. "What page", says St. Benedict in the rules of his order, "or what word of divine authority of the old and New Testament is not the most perfect law of human life?" "Let all the monks have the Holy Scriptures in their hands by day and night as long as they live, and in whatever rank they may be placed". In the rules of ancient monasteries, you will find what parts of Holy Scripture were read during each season of the year, so that at its expiration, the whole Bible had been read aloud. *L'Arbre des Batailles*, a book read by many a hermit, besides Guy of Warwick, and by many a knight, besides the Palmerin of England, was composed by Honoré Bonner, Prior of Salon, by order of René of Anjou. In this we are told that the Holy Scriptures are the sea spoken of in the Apocalypse of St. John. "For as the sea is so deep that the bottom cannot be found, and as from the sea all the waters issue; so from the Holy Scriptures all the sciences, all the virtuous knowledge of the world, most certainly issue: as the sea is founded on the earth, so is the faith founded on the Sacred Scriptures, and as all the waters come to the sea, so to the Sacred Scriptures come all understandings, if they be according to the faith".—

But a very slight acquaintance with the private life of our forefathers will render such inquiries needless. Their love and reverence induced them even to carry the sacred book to the camp, and have it buried with them in their graves. The Earl of Litchfield possessed a copy of St. John's Gospel, which had been found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert. In the British Museum there is a beautiful manuscript on vellum of a French translation of the Bible, which was found in the tent of King John after the battle of Poitiers; and all the world has heard of the book of the Gospels which was found on the knees of Charlemagne, as his corpse lay in the tomb, when it was opened after his canonization. It was no uncommon picture of life which Christine de Pisan furnished, in describing the court of King Charles V. "In winter especially he often occupied himself in hearing read different striking histories from Holy Scripture, or of the deeds of the Romans or moralities of the philosophers and other sciences until the hour of supper": and also at dinner in the great hall, "during his meal, according to ancient custom of the kings, well ordered to obviate vain and vague words and thoughts, he

had a gentleman of honor at the end of the table who related without ceasing stories of the virtuous manners of good men deceased". In Provence, M. de Marchangy says that the Bible used to be read during the winter evenings to each family assembled round its ancestral hearth. A French critic, speaking of the *Livre du Chevalier de la Tour*, written in the fourteenth century, by a knight of an ancient and illustrious house in Anjou and Maine, says "the few really historical examples in the book are taken from the Bible which was perhaps the only book read by the Chevalier de la Tour Landry".

Turn we also to the beautiful description of Madame Gabrielle de Bourbon, first wife of the Seigneur de la Tremouille, by Jean Bouchet, in his *Memoires du Chevalier sans Reproche*: "That Lady was devout and full of religion, sober, chaste, grave without haughtiness, magnanimous without pride, and not ignorant of profane learning". Regular in all the ordinary offices of religion, "she delighted above all things in hearing conversation about the Sacred Scriptures without searching too much into the secrets of theology; she loved morality and contemplative things more than the arguments, and hair-splitting subtleties of the letter, by which the true sense is often perverted". Among the regulations made by Elzear, Count of Arian, in the thirteenth century for the government of his castle of Pui-Michel, in Provence, we read as follows: "Every evening all my family shall assemble to a pious conference, in which they shall hear something spoken of God, the salvation of souls, and the gaining of Paradise. What a shame is it, that though we are in this world only to gain Heaven, we seldom seriously think of it, and scarce ever speak of it but at random! O life how is it employed! For what follies do we sweat and toil! Discourses on Heaven invite us to virtue, and inspire us with a disrelish of the dangerous pleasures of the world. By what means shall we learn to love God, if we never speak of him? Let none be absent from this conference upon pretence of attending my affairs. I have no business which so nearly toucheth my heart as the salvation of those that serve me".

"If we would believe most of the moderns", says a late writer, "we should suppose that no one ever read the Bible before the Reformation. Let them read the Catholic writings of the dark ages, and blush for their own ignorance. Let them read the writings of the Venerable Bede in the eighth century, and of St. Bernard in the twelfth century, and say whether these men had not read the Bible. So innumerable, so easy, and so apt, are their quotations from the Sacred Volume, that if the latter were lost, it might almost be recovered again from these writers of the dark ages".

In countries where few of the common people could read, there was little need of printing for them translations of the Bible. Authorized translations, however, were made in all Catholic countries. The Spaniards boast that theirs is the most elegant of all hitherto made in any of the vulgar languages. The French have a version by Des Moulins in 1294, one by de Presle in 1380, a third by Le Fevre in 1528, a fourth by the Louvain Doctors in 1550, a fifth by Corbin in 1643, and a sixth by Sacy in 1672. The Anglo Saxons had a version procured at the desire of Athelstan; King Alfred and Bede having before that laboured in

translating parts of the Sacred Volume. There is the Italian version by Nicolo Materni, printed on vellum in 1471. There is a Spanish version printed in 1553.

Most men of taste and candour, who have been present at the celebration of the ancient worship have been struck with the ardent love and affecting reverence shown to the Sacred Volume by the Church. At the chaunting of the Gospels we can fully understand what St. Anastasius the Anchoret says of himself, "that in his tenderest years he listened to the Gospel with no less respect than if he had heard Christ himself speak". This was according to the precept of St. Augustin: "Let us hear the Gospel as if our Lord himself spoke".

In the estimation of Antiquity there was nothing more sublime, nothing that spoke more to the heart or the understanding, than the ceremonies observed at the chaunting of the Gospel, the incense, the burning lights, the preparation made by the priest, the tone of his voice while chaunting, and in some places the attitude of the other clergy, as they stood with closed hands lifted up to express their wonder and veneration, while the mystery of love was announced to sinners.

Digby.

179.

TEACH ME, MY GOD AND KING.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heavens espy.

All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine,

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:—
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

George Herbert.

180.

YOUTH.

WOE to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind;

And woe to those who train such youth,
 And spare to press the rights of truth,
 The mind to strengthen and anneal,
 Whiles on the stithy glows the steel!
 O teach him while your lessons last,
 To judge the present by the past;
 Remind him of each wish pursued,
 How rich it glow'd with promis'd good.
 Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
 How soon his hopes possession cloy'd!
 Tell him we play unequal game,
 When e'er we shoot by Fancy's aim!
 And, ere he strip him for the race,
 Show the conditions of the chase.
 Two sisters by the goal are set,
 Cold Disappointment and Regret,
 One disenchant the winner's eyes
 And strips of all its worth the prize;
 While one augments the gaudy show
 More to enhance the lover's woe.
 The victor sees his fairy gold
 Transform'd, when won, to drossy mould;
 But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
 And rues as gold that glittering dross.

Walter Scott.

181.

CHARACTER OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.

ALL I can do is to enumerate four particular points, so homely and so simple, in the life and character of St. Vincent, that there is not one of you that may not practise them.

And first: his greatness in the Kingdom of God began in this, that he was utterly unconscious he had any thing great in himself. Of all thought of self, all thought of what he possessed, of what he was, of what he could do, of what he had done, of all intentions, schemes, theories, which depend upon self, or hung upon self, he was utterly unconscious. Like our blessed mother who in the *Magnificat* glorifies and magnifies the Lord, whose soul goes forth out of herself, because, being full of grace, she was therefore unconscious of her greatness; so Vincent being made an instrument of God for this work of charity, was unconscious that he possessed it more than other men.

Again, in St. Vincent we find an extraordinary humility in all the works he had to do. He began by teaching and confessing the peasants of the family in which he was a tutor; he began by asking a congregation to send their alms to a suffering family. He did the work which lay at his door; the act of charity which was immediately before him;

the work which belonged to the day, or the hour, or the moment, or the place, that he did. Imitate him in this. The old proverb "Charity begins at home" so often quoted and so little understood, means this: the first act of charity is like the expansion of the circle in the water; it springs from its centre, it cannot overleap the intermediate space. Depend upon it, therefore, that if our hearts conceive great thoughts of charity, and think of some work at a distance, while we are not doing the work of charity which lies at our very feet, it is a mere illusion. Therefore begin in your homes, begin with your own servants, begin with your own neighbours, begin with your own dependents, begin with those who are brought in immediate contact with you. Charity works as heat spreads. Heat passes through bodies that conduct it, gradually and steadily through the whole mass, spreading from the point where it begins. So it is with charity. Let your charity begin in the humble works of kindness, love, and self denial, giving up your will, or giving away what you possess for the good, corporal and spiritual, of those immediately about you.

And then another mark in the character of St. Vincent was this, that though his works were so humble in their beginning, they were perfectly boundless in their scope; that is to say, every soul that was in need, every soul that was in sickness, every misery, every want, his heart desired and his soul yearned, as it were, to find a remedy for. And though our hands are narrow, and though our reach is short, our hearts may be large; and if we love God, we shall not limit ourselves to that which is round about us, but we shall long and desire to do all we can, and pray for that which we are not able to do, that God may find some others better fitted and worthier to do it than ourselves.

And then, lastly, as he began with an utter unconsciousness of anything in himself, an utter absence of all confidence in himself, he was strong and mighty in his confidence in God, for he knew that whatever is done for the glory of God must succeed. It may not succeed in our way, or in our shape, or in our time, but he knew perfectly that whatever is done for the glory of God, in God's own way, shape and time, must succeed. Therefore, it was no matter to him whether a thing was apparently successful or not; he went on steadily without making himself anxious in the least as to the success or failure of his undertaking; for he knew that essentially all was for the glory of God, and that it must come to pass;—when, it was no matter to him.

The unresting, insatiable thirst for the salvation of souls is the one incommunicable mark of the servants and saints of God. It is a sense which other men seem not to possess—a sort of sixth sense, a spiritual perception opened in their understanding, and setting fire to their heart, which other men cannot understand. They cannot conceive why it is, that a multitude of men, priests and laymen, have in all ages made themselves fools, as it were, to save souls; stripped themselves of their wealth, abandoned their honor, left their homes, exposed themselves to perils, laid down their lives to save souls. And what, after all, are souls? The metaphysicians and philosophers of the world tell us there are no such things as souls, and yet for these intangible, invisible, and incredible

things the servants and saints of God have worn themselves away by toil, and given their lives by martyrdom.

Now the love of souls is the peculiar feature in the character of St. Vincent, and this is the point I wish to illustrate from his life. In what then does this zeal for souls consist? St. Vincent's description of it is this: It is an intense desire for the glory of God by the destruction of sin; by the cleansing of every spot from the souls of men; a desire that souls may be sanctified in all places, and at all times, and in all actions, and in all words, and in all thoughts, and in all motives, until the words of our Lord's prayer shall come to pass—"Hallowed be Thy name; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven". Now this, in one description, is the zeal, or the love of souls; and there is mixed into it a tenderness, an affection, a generosity, a self-denial, and a self-sacrifice, which consumes the man who possesses it, or, rather, is possessed by it.

I will illustrate this by a few examples from the life of St. Vincent, for indeed my purpose is not to dwell upon it in detail. First of all, that which may be called the second conversion of St. Vincent or the turning point in his life—that is, the crisis which determined him to give himself for ever to labour for souls, and for the souls of the poor, was this: When he was in the Court of the Queen of France, one of her chaplains, a learned man, was intensely and perpetually troubled by temptations against the faith. He was so harassed and driven, as it were, to desperation by these interior trials that he had no rest day or night. His life was a misery; he could hardly say mass; he could hardly recite his breviary; he could hardly say his prayers. At last he came and opened his case to St. Vincent. St. Vincent bade him, whenever he was tempted, to point to Rome, and make, an act of faith in the infallible Church of God. He practised this for a while, but still the temptations assailed him. St. Vincent then made a solemn offering of himself to Almighty God, and prayed that this spirit of temptation against the faith might depart from his poor brother, and might enter into himself. He gave himself for him, like a man nursing another in the plague. So it came to pass, for the chaplain was entirely delivered from the temptations against the faith, and St. Vincent from that time was tormented by them. He in turn could hardly bear his own existence. After two or three years in this state of trial, he once more made an offering of himself, and that offering was to labour, living and dying for the souls of the poor, if only Almighty God would set him free. God accepted his offering. He was entirely delivered from these spiritual trials; and how he kept his word, his whole life attests. Again, we find that St. Vincent had an extraordinary desire for martyrdom. He was perpetually saying, "I would to God that I could go to India, or to a heathen country, and that there I might enjoy the happiness of preaching to the poor heathen, and of laying down my life for the sake of Christ". He said when eighty years old, "With all my infirmities upon me, and with my legs so swollen that I cannot walk, if only I could go to India—if I could only go to some heathen land and die a martyr—I would go, even though I were to die by the way". Again, when some of his Fathers were in the city of Genoa, where the plague was raging, he wrote to

them and said, "If one soul is so precious, that we cannot refuse to give our natural life to save it, how much more precious are the multitude of souls amongst whom you labour. Spare not your lives, but be willing to give yourselves for the love of Jesus". And when eighty years old—that is, some five years before his death, entirely overcome, as he was, with infirmities gathering heavily upon him—even then he insisted upon going as companion with some of his Fathers to give a mission, and with his swollen and enfeebled limbs, he took part in the whole of their labours.

Again, we read that he said, "If only I could save a soul by giving myself for it, I would count that my life was well bestowed". And he was ready, with his own life, to save not only the spiritual life of his neighbour, but the temporal life also; for seeing once a poor peasant followed by a band of soldiers with their weapons drawn to take his life, he threw himself between them, and there stood to receive the death which they were about to inflict upon the other. And the same spirit has descended to his children; for in one of the last revolutions in Paris, one of his daughters, whose name can never be mentioned without veneration, for it is written certainly in the Book of Life, the Soeur Rosalie, when a poor man had fled into a door way, and armed men were following him, came, and like her father, placed herself upon the threshold, saying, "If you take the life of this man it is through mine!" In one word I may say that St. Vincent was kindled with this love for souls to such an extent, that it was the one dominant passion of his long life. It governed him, it penetrated him through and through, it circulated through his blood, it beat in his heart, and was the one law of his existence. The whole life of St. Vincent may be summed up in it. It was seen not only in his own labours, but also in the joy he had in the labours of those whom he had gathered around him, and not only in the labours of his own sons and daughters, but in the labours of all the servants of God. He took an intense delight in the successes of all those who were gathering in souls for Jesus Christ; as for example, in the missions of the Jesuit Fathers, of whom he said, "Our Fathers are only fit to bear the burthens, or to gather up the few gleanings after these great reapers in the field of the Lord".

Why are we bound to have this zeal, this thirst for the salvation of souls? What are the motives and reasons for it?

And, first, what is a soul? Have you ever appreciated what it is? Next after God it is the most glorious, and the most precious of all beings that exist. It is the likeness of God. A soul has an endless capacity, either for bliss, which is the participation of the beatitude of God, or of an agony which the heart of man cannot conceive. Even in the little child whom you pass in the street, there is the capacity, of a love of God, of a knowledge of God, and of an eternal beatitude, which they alone can conceive who are before the Throne. Even in the poor little bare-headed, bare-footed children that perish in our streets, there is this mystery of eternal life—this immortality, and this boundless capacity for the love and the bliss of God. They may be angels, and heirs with angels, to all eternity; or they may become devils, and companions of devils, to all eternity. And as the image of God in the soul of man

is its beauty and its glory, so its darkening and distortion is its deformity and its death. If the image of God in the soul be extinguished by sin, no words but the words of our Lord can describe its doom.—“The worm dieth not and the fire is not extinguished”. (St. Mark IX. 44.) This then is the first motive to the love of souls—that they must be for ever in eternal life, or in eternal death; in eternal bliss, or in eternal misery; in eternal joy, or in eternal anguish.

How is it possible that we believe these things, and that we can live so tamely, so self indulgently, so carelessly, and so full of self love, squandering upon ourselves that by which we know not how many souls might be saved!

Then once more, If we would appreciate the value of souls, we must endeavour to understand, how God loves every several soul that He has created. But if we do not feel the love of God to our own souls, it is not wonderful that we are not able to appreciate the love of God for others. God has made the soul in His own image; that is, He has communicated to it all that He can bestow. There is nothing that He has kept back except His own nature, and the nature of God is uncreated, and the uncreated nature cannot be communicated. God has therefore communicated to us all that he can of His perfections, His image and likeness. He has given us an intellect, a will, a heart full of loving affections; and God so loves the creature He has made—and made in the perfect likeness of Himself—that when man sinned, He gave His own son to redeem him. Therefore St. Vincent used to say, “My brethren, love every soul, for this reason: every soul is the image of God, and every soul is the object of the love of God”.—

Manning.

182.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:—
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Byron.

CATECHISM.

OH! say not, dream not, heavenly notes To childish ears are vain, That the young mind at random floats And cannot reach the strain. Dim or unheard the words may fall, And yet the heaven-taught mind May learn the sacred air, and all The harmony unwind. Was not our Lord a little child, Taught by degrees to pray, By father dear, and mother mild Instructed day by day? And lov'd He not of Heaven to talk With children in His sight, To meet them in His daily walk And to His arms invite? What though around His throne of fire The everlasting chant, Be wafted from the seraph choir In glory jubilant?	Yet stoops He, ever pleas'd to mark Our rude essays of love, Faint as the pipe of wakening lark, Heard by some twilight grove:— Yet is He near us, to survey These bright and order'd files, Like spring-flowers in their best array, All silence and all smiles. Save that each little voice in turn Some glorious truth proclaims, What sages would have died to learn, Now taught by cottage dames. And if some tones be false or low, What are all prayers beneath But cries of babes, that cannot know Half the deep thought they breathe In His own words we Christ adore, But angels, as we speak, Higher above our meaning soar Than we o'er children weak.
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And yet His words mean more than they,
 And yet He owns their praise:—
 Why should we think, He turns away
 From infants' simple lays?

Keble.

THE CITY OF BAGDAD AND GLORY OF THE CALIPHS.

ALMANSOR, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad, the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain: the double wall was of a circular form; and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbassides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind

him, in gold and silver, about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son, Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanseras, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctader. “The caliph’s whole army”, says the historian Abulfeda, “both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or doorkeepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the place itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury, was a tree of gold and silver, spreading into eighteen large branches, on which and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence the Greek ambassador was led by the visier to the foot of the caliph’s throne”. In the west, the Omniades of Spain supported, with equal pomp, the title of commander of the faithful. Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was incrustated with gold and pearls, and a great bason in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basons and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand and horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labours of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. "I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world".

Gibbon.

185.

DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:—
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there.
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they cours'd about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
 Nor ever glanc'd aside;
 For the peace of his soul he read that book
 In the golden eventide:
 Much study had made him very lean,
 And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
 With a fast and fervent grasp
 He strain'd the dusky covers close,
 And fix'd the brazen hasp:—
 "O God, could I so close my mind,
 And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he took;
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook;
 And lo! he saw a little boy
 That por'd upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
 Romance or fairy fable?
 Or is it some historic page,
 Of kings and crowns unstable?"—
 The young boy gave an upward glance—
 "It is the Death of Abel".

The usher took six hasty strides,
 As smit with sudden pain;
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again:
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talk'd with him of Cain:

And, long since then, of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves;
 Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
 And hid in sudden graves;
 Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injur'd men
 Shriek upward from the sod—
 Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
 To show the burial clod;
 And unknown facts of guilty acts
 Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk'd the earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain!
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,

And flames about their brain:
 For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
 Their pangs must be extreme—
 Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
 Who spill life's sacred stream!
 For why? Methought last night I wrought
 A murder in a dream!

One that had never done me wrong—
 A feeble man, and old;
 I led him to a lonely field,
 The moon shone clear and cold:
 Now here, said I, this man shall die,
 And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
 And one with a heavy stone,
 One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
 And then the deed was done:
 There was nothing lying at my foot,
 But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
 That could not do me ill;
 And yet I fear'd him all the more,
 For lying there so still:—
 There was a manhood in his look,
 That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
 Seem'd lit with ghastly flame—
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
 Where looking down in blame:
 I took the dead man by the hand,
 And call'd upon his name.

"Oh, God! it made me quake to see
 Such sense within the slain!
 But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
 The blood gush'd out again!
 For every clot, a burning spot
 Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
 My heart as solid ice;
 My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
 Was at the devil's price:
 A dozen times I groan'd, the dead
 Had never groan'd but twice!

“And now from forth the frowning sky,
 From the heaven's topmost height,
 I heard a voice—the awful voice,
 Of the blood avenging sprite:
 “Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
 And hide it from my sight”.

“I took the dreary body up,
 And cast it in a stream—
 A sluggish water black as ink,
 The depth was so extreme.
 My gentle boy, remember this
 Is nothing but a dream!

“Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
 And vanish'd in the pool;
 Anon I cleans'd my bloody hands,
 And wash'd my forehead cool,
 And sat among the urchins young
 That evening in the school!

“O heaven, to think of their white souls,
 And mine so black and grim!
 I could not share in childish prayer,
 Nor join in evening hymn:
 Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
 'Mid holy cherubim!

“And peace went with them one and all,
 And each calm pillow spread;
 But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
 That lighted me to bed,
 And drew my midnight curtains round,
 With fingers bloody red!

“All night I lay in agony,
 In anguish dark and deep;
 My fever'd eyes I dar'd not close,
 But star'd aghast at sleep;
 For sin had render'd unto her
 The keys of hell to keep!

“All night I lay in agony,
 From weary chime to chime,
 With one besetting horrid hint,
 That rack'd me all the time—
 A mighty yearning, like the first
 Fierce impulse unto crime!

“One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
 All other thoughts its slave;
 Stronger and stronger every pulse

Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

“Heavily I rose up—as soon
As light was in the sky—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

“And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where!
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

“Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refus'd to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

“So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones?
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

“Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
 Will wave or mould allow:
 The horrid thing pursues my soul—
 It stands before me now!"
 The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
 The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
 Two stern-fac'd men set out from Lynn,
 Through the cold and heavy mist;
 And Eugene Aram walk'd between
 With gyves upon his wrist.

Hood.

186.

THE PYRAMIDS AND THE SPHYNX.

I WENT to see, and to explore the Pyramids. Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids, and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there; there was no change; they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and strived to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the West were of harder stuff, and more ancient than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid, that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stones was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed, in order that by climbing I might come to the top of a single stone, then, and almost suddenly a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity, came down overcasting my brain.

Now try to endure this homely, sick-nursish illustration of the effect produced upon one's mind by the mere vastness of the great Pyramid: when I was very young (between the ages, I believe, of three and five years old), being then of delicate health, I was often in time of night the victim of a strange kind of mental oppression; I lay in my bed perfectly conscious, and with open eyes but without power to speak, or to move, and all the while my brain was oppressed to distraction by the presence of a single, and abstract idea,—the idea of solid Immensity. It seemed to me in my agonies, that the horror of this visitation arose from its coming upon me without form, or shape—that the close presence of the direst monster ever bred in Hell would have been a thousand times more tolerable, than that simple idea of solid size; my aching mind was fixed, and rivetted down upon the mere quality of vastness, vastness, vastness; and was not permitted to invest with it any parti-

cular object. If I could have done so, the torment would have ceased. When at last I was roused from this state of suffering, I could not, of course, in those days (knowing no verbal metaphysics, and no metaphysics at all, except by the dreadful experience of an abstract idea), I could not of course find words to describe the nature of my sensations, and even now I cannot explain why it is that the forced contemplation of a mere quality, distinct from matter, should be so terrible. Well, now my eyes saw and knew, and my hands and my feet informed my understanding that there was nothing at all abstract about the great Pyramid,—it was a big triangle, sufficiently concrete, easy to see, and rough to the touch; it could not, of course, affect me with the peculiar sensation which I have been talking of, but yet there was something akin to that old night-mare agony in the terrible completeness with which a mere mass of masonry could fill, and load my mind.

And Time too; the remoteness of its origin, no less than the enormity of its proportions, screens an Egyptian Pyramid from the easy and familiar contact of our modern minds; at its base the common Earth ends, and all above is a world,—one not created of God,—not seeming to be made by men's hands, but rather, the sheer giant-work of some old dismal age weighing down this younger planet.

Fine sayings! but the truth seems to be, after all, that the Pyramids are quite of this world; that they are piled up into the air for the realization of some kingly crotchets about immortality,—some priestly longing for burial fees; and that as for the building—they were built like coral rocks by swarms of insects,—by swarms of poor Egyptians, who were not only the abject tools, and slaves of power, but who also eat onions for the reward of their immortal labours!* The Pyramids are quite of this world.

I of course ascended to the summit of the great Pyramid, and also explored its chambers, but these I need not describe. The first time that I went to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, there were a number of Arabs hanging about in its neighbourhood, and wanting to receive presents on various pretences; their Sheik was with them. There was also present an ill-looking fellow in soldier's uniform. This man on my departure claimed a reward, on the ground that he had maintained order, and decorum amongst the Arabs; his claim was not considered valid by my Dragoman, and was rejected accordingly; my donkey-boys afterwards said they had overheard this fellow propose to the Sheik to put me to death whilst I was in the interior of the great Pyramid, and to share with him the booty:—fancy a struggle for life in one of those burial chambers, with acres, and acres of solid masonry between oneself, and the daylight! I felt exceedingly glad, that I had not made the rascal a present.—

I visited the very ancient Pyramids of Aboucir, and Sakkara; there are many of these, and of various shapes and sizes, and it struck me that taken together they might be considered as showing the progress and perfection (such as it is), of Pyramidal Architecture. One of the Pyramids at Sakkara is almost a rival for the full-grown monster at Ghizeh;

*) Herodotus, in an after age, stood by with his note book, and got, as he thought, the exact returns of all the rations served out.

others are scarcely more than vast heaps of bricks and stones: these last suggested to me the idea that, after all, the Pyramid is nothing more nor less than a variety of the sepulchral mound so common in most countries (including I believe Hindostan, from whence the Egyptians are supposed to have come). Men accustomed to raise these structures for their dead kings, or conquerors, would carry the usage with them in their migrations, but arriving in Egypt, and seeing the impossibility of finding earth sufficiently tenacious for a mound, they would approximate as nearly as might be to their ancient custom by raising up a round heap of stones,—in short, conical pyramids; of these there are several at Sakkara, and the materials of some are thrown together without any order, or regularity. The transition from this simple form to that of the square angular Pyramid, was easy and natural, and it seemed to me that the gradations through which the style passed from infancy up to its mature enormity, could plainly be traced at Sakkara.

Near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity, and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty,—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Aegean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short, and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness, through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever, and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings,—upon Greek, and Roman, upon Arab, and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all, and more this unwordly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching, and watching the works of the new, busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx!

Kinglake.

187.

THE SLUGGARD.

'TIS the voice of the Sluggard, I hear him complain,
 "You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again".
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber";
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number,
 And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild briar,
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
 The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
 And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I paid him a visit still hoping to find
 He had took better care for improving his mind;
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
 But he scarce says his prayers, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me:
 That man's but a picture of what I might be,
 But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

J. Watts.

188.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past,
 Your dreams of pride are o'er;
 The fatal chain is round you cast
 And you are men no more.
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled,
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
 Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again!

Weep on—perhaps in after days
 They 'll learn to love your name;
 When many a deed shall wake in praise
 That now must sleep in blame!
 And when they tread the ruin'd aisle,
 Where rest at length the lord and slave,
 They 'll wondering ask how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave.

'Twas fate, they 'll say, a wayward fate
 Your web of discord wove;
 And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
 You never join'd in love!
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
 And man profan'd what God had given,
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
 Where others knelt to Heaven!

Moore.

THE ROSARY.

THE history of our divine Saviour's life may justly be divided into four periods. The first comprises His blessed birth and childhood—bright and joyful days, no doubt, in spite of the sorrows and trials that mingled with them. The second includes the three years of His public mission. The third is short indeed, but full of mighty events, and crowded with awful, yet most affectionate recollections; it occupies but one day—a day of sadness and gloom, but a day in which more was done for man than had been accomplished in four thousand preceding years; *the* day, for which those thousands had run—of renovation of all nature, more wonderful than that of its first creation. Finally, the fourth is the glorious period which commenced at the Resurrection, and is continuing now, and will continue without end. Of these four periods, unquestionably, there is not one which is not overflowing both with instruction and with appeals to our affection. But it is clear that the second is more especially devoted to the first, the other three mainly to the last. A triple plea of love is addressed to us by them, a plea which no heart that meditates on them can resist. Now, it is during these especially that we ever have a witness present, who can, better than any one, convey to us the becoming feeling wherewith *we* should strive to contemplate them: perhaps of our Lord's public life an apostle is the best evidence, on whose mind the wonderful teaching of the Mount opened gradually, unfolding mysteries never before heard, or whose amazed senses saw the first awakening to consciousness of the rising dead, and the glad bound of the released cripple, and the kindling glow of the cured blind man's countenance. Or we may go into the hearts of those so benefited, and, spiritually applying their case to our own, try to imitate their sentiments. But while a Mother watches over the birthplace of Jesus, or follows His patient-footsteps through torments to death, or exults in the triumphs which ensue, no inferior companionship, no smaller measure of feeling, no lower standard of appreciation will be preferred.

This is, then, the devotion which the Church of God proposes to us in the Rosary; the contemplation of the mysteries of this threefold portion of our Redeemer's life, in connection and sympathy with His loving Mother's feelings in each. It is essentially directed to Him; being in fact, the noblest and perfectest mode of meditating on Him. There is still another view of it, which, it strikes us, will facilitate and endear its practice to many; and therefore we will venture to unfold it.

The Church realizes to the utmost the communion of saints, by making the intercourse between earth and heaven as vivid as possible. The exclamations of the old Christians at the martyrs' tombs were as bold and direct, as though they had been addressing the confessors in prison. And the Fathers represent them to their hearers, as though present to them, defending their cities from visible enemies, and actively interesting themselves in their welfare. It is only doing in their regard what she wishes to make us do, towards their Head and Lord—give the greatest possible reality to her belief concerning them. She existed in the small apostolic

college, and the handful of disciples who enjoyed our Lord's society on earth; the pious women from Galilee, and the few, like Joseph of Arimathea, formed her laity, as the others did her clergy. She increased in multitudes, but she strove to alter not in feeling. What the apostles felt towards their Master they continued, no doubt, to feel after He was ascended—the same veneration, the same love, the same trustfulness, the same desire to imitate Him. And these feelings they would leave as a legacy to their successors; who, in their turn, would continue to them, after they had sealed their testimony, similar attachment, similar respect. Could Polycarp fail, to the end of his days, communing spiritually with the beloved disciple John, by passing again and again, in holy meditation, over the many happy hours during which he had heard him recount every incident witnessed by him in his Saviour's life, and listened to the fervent accents of charity in which they were related? The same kind of communion, only more exalted, and more deeply respectful, we may easily suppose to have been kept up by those who enjoyed in life the familiarity of our Blessed Lady.

It has often struck us, that many who, in latter times, have not scrupled to use the coldest, and even disrespectful, language respecting her, would shrink from the idea of acting similarly towards her, had they lived in her day, and had her near. When, particularly, we have heard the indignation of fancied zeal break from female lips against any respect being paid, or devotion expressed towards her who is the peerless glory, the matchless jewel of her sex, we have been led to think, how differently the heart that gave the tongue such utterance would have felt, had the compassion been claimed by the venerable matron, whose bereavement of the best of sons had been caused for its sake. Many who can speak unkindly of her in heaven, would have melted into compassion over her on earth; would have kissed with deep reverential awe the hand that had lifted from the ground and received into a maternal embrace the same sacred body, just born and just dead—the infant and the corpse; and would have deemed it a privilege inestimable, if granted them, to listen, low upon the ground, to her many tales of joy and sorrow,—glowing in her delight, and softening in her grief, and exulting in her triumph. That some holy souls partook of such happiness, no one can doubt. During the years that she survived her Son, she conversed with His and her friends, an object surely of affectionate regard and deep veneration. And of what would she discourse so willingly and so well, as of Him, of whom her breast was ever full? Oh, how would they express their love better than by making Him their theme? How easily does the imagination depict the scene of some faithful follower, like Luke, anxious to have accurate knowledge of all things from the beginning, making inquiries concerning the earlier periods of our Lord's life; and then listening to the marvellous history most sweetly told;—how fair and reverent the Archangel came, and how her heart fluttered when she heard his salutation, and how her soul overflowed with consciousness of unheard of grace, as she accepted his errand; how wonderfully Elisabeth greeted her, and how their infants mysteriously rejoiced in mutual recognition; how that cold December night was warmed and brightened by the first appearance of her godlike child, and her breast enraptured with heavenly

delights, as He thence drew His first earthly nourishment; how holy Simeon proclaimed His dignity, and showed Him honour in the temple; and how her three days' tears were dried up, when she found her lost Sou, sitting mild, and radiant with celestial wisdom, amidst the old men of the law. What looks, what emotions accompany the recital? With what breathless respect it is drunk in by the future evangelist! Or, we may fancy John more privileged to tread upon that tenderer ground, on which both have walked together,—the path of the cross, on some sad anniversary, dwelling with her upon each afflicting event, recalling faithfully every sacred word, till she voluntarily felt over again the sword of grief which had pierced her soul. And then they would change the theme, and pass over to the bright Sunday morning, which saw Him rise from the grave to comfort the sharers of His sufferings, and how He mounted before them all to His proper seat, at the Father's right hand, and thence sent down His holy Spirit on them? And who would now restrain her thoughts from following Him in spirit thither, and casting up a wistful glance towards the resting-place for which she longed, in which she saw Him, her sovereign love, prepared to receive and crown her, when the fulness of her time shall be complete, and the perfection of her patience manifested? Now, a contemplative mind, deeply, affectionately contemplative, not envying, but striving to copy, those who had such singular happiness as we have described, will find in the holy Rosary the opportunity of most nearly approaching it. Looking at the Blessed Mother of God as only removed in place, not in affection,—changed in situation, not in heart,—he will love to entertain himself with her, as he would then have done; will fix his eye on her, as he discourses with her, in a devout salutation and prayer, upon each of those mysteries, successively, in which she had such an interest. Instead of the barren and distracting form of prayer which some complain they find it, they will thus discover in it that mine of spiritual riches, and that sweetness of consolation which we know all those Saints have found in it, who have been particularly distinguished for their piety and devotion towards the life and death of the Son of God, as well as towards his loving Mother.

Wiseman.

190.

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

IN that, O Queen of queens! thy birth was free
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,
 When in their mother's womb they life receive,
 God as His sole born daughter loved thee.
 To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
 He thee His Spirit for his sponse did leave,
 By whom thou didst His only Son conceive,
 And so wast link'd to all the Trinity.

Cease then, O queens, that earthly crowns do wear!
 To glory in the pomp of earthly things;
 If men such high respects unto you bear,
 Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of Kings,
 What honor can unto that Queen be done
 Who had your God for Father, Sponse, and Son?

Donne.

191.

THE ASSUMPTION.

SING, sing, ye angel bands,
 All beautiful and bright;
 For higher still and higher,
 Through fields of starry light
 Mary, your Queen, ascends
 Like the sweet moon at night.

A fairer flower than she
 On earth hath never been;
 And save the throne of God,
 Your heavens have never seen
 A wonder half so bright
 As your ascending Queen!

O happy Angels! look
 How beautiful she is!
 See! Jesus bears her up,
 Her hand is lock'd in His;
 O who can tell the height
 Of that fair Mother's bliss?

And shall I lose thee then,
 Lose my sweet right to thee?
 Ah! no—the Angel's Queen
 Man's mother still will be,
 And thou upon thy throne
 Wilt keep thy love for me.

On, then, dear Pageant, on!
 Sweet music breathes around;
 And love like dew distils
 On hearts in rapture bound;
 The Queen of Heaven goes up
 To be proclaim'd and crownd!

On—through the countless stars
 Proceeds the bright array;
 And Love Divine comes forth
 To light her on her way,
 Through the short gloom of night,
 Into celestial day.

Th' Eternal Father calls
 His daughter to be bless'd;
 The Son his Maiden-Mother
 Woos unto His breast
 The Holy Ghost His sponse
 Beckons into her rest.

Swifter and swifter grows
 That marvellous flight of love,
 As though her heart were drawn
 More vehemently above;
 While jubilant angels part
 A pathway for the Dove!

Hark! hark! through highest heaven
 What sounds of mystic mirth!
 Mary by God proclaim'd
 Queen of Immaculate Birth,
 And diadem'd with stars
 The lowliest of the earth!

See! see! th' Eternal Hands
 Put on her radiant crown,
 And the sweet Majesty
 Of Mercy sitteth down,
 For ever and for ever
 On her predestin'd throne!

Faber.

MANNERS IN NEW-YORK IN THE DUTCH TIMES.

THE houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street; as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Aeolus had set all his bags of wind adrift, pell-mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis; the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and point it whichever way the wind blew.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife; a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head; and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oft times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, in so much that a historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a-week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom, after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place, the window-shutters were again

closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the "goede vrouw" on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New-England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I that there will be but little in my description calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing-rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains. I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid or too good-natured to pull each other's characters to pieces; nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag; how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for as yet there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers who met to win each other's money and lose their own tempers at a card-table.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own waggons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork,

fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or "oly kocks"; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say "*yah Mynheer*" or "*yah ya Vrouw*" to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

Washington Irving.

193.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chaf'd ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
 The desert and illimitable air—
 Lone-wandering but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
 Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou art gone—the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet on my heart,
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone
 Will lead my steps aright.

Bryant.

194.

FABIOLA.

THE FIRST FLOWER.

"IT will be ridiculous", said Fulvius, "for twenty soldiers to march through the city guarding a blind girl. Return to your quarters. You, Corvinus, take my horse, and go before to your father, and tell him all. I will follow in a carriage with the captive".

"No treachery, Fulvius", said Corvinus, vexed and mortified. "Mind you bring her. The day must not pass without a sacrifice".

"Do not fear", was the reply.

When alone in a carriage with Caecilia, his captive, Fulvius assumed a soothing tone and thus addressed her: "My poor girl", said he, "how long have you been blind?"

"All my life", she replied.

"What is your history? Whence do you come?"

"I have no history. My parents were poor, and brought me to Rome when I was four years old, as they came to pray, in discharge of a vow made for my life in early sickness, to the blessed martyrs Chrysanthus and Daria. They left me in charge of a pious lame woman, at the door of the title of Fasciola, while they went to their devotions. It was on that memorable day, when many Christians were buried at their tomb, by earth and stones cast down upon them. My parents had the happiness to be of the number",

"And how have you lived since?"

"God became my only Father then, and His Catholic Church my mother. The one feeds the birds of the air, the other nurses the weaklings of the flock. I have never wanted for anything since".

"But you can walk about the streets freely, and without fear, as well as if you saw".

"How do you know that?"

"I have seen you. Do you remember very early one morning in the autumn, leading a poor lame man along the Vicus Patricius?"

Caecilia blushed and remained silent. Could he have seen her put into the old man's purse her own share of the alms they had received?

"You have owned yourself a Christian?" he asked negligently.

"Oh, yes! how could I deny it?"

After a pause, looking at her steadfastly, he said: "Do you know whither you are going?"

"Before the judge of earth, I suppose, who will send me to my Spouse in heaven".

"And so calmly?" he asked in surprise; for he could see no token from the soul to the countenance, but a smile.

"So joyfully rather", was her brief reply.

Having consigned his prisoner to Corvinus at the gates of the Aemilian basilica, Fulvius left her to her fate. Corvinus had prepared his father, Tertullus, for what he was to expect. Tertullus moved with some compassion, and imagining there could be little difficulty in overcoming the obstinacy of a poor ignorant, blind, beggar-girl, requested the spectators to remain perfectly still, that he might try his persuasion on her, alone, as she would imagine with him; and he threatened heavy penalties on any one who should presume to break silence.

It was as he had calculated. Caecilia knew not that any one else was there, as the prefect thus kindly addressed her:

"What is thy name, child?"

"Caecilia".

"It is a noble name. Hast thou it from thy family?"

"No; I am not noble; except because my parents, though poor, died for Christ. As I am blind, those who took care of me called me Cæca,* and then out of kindness softened it into Caecilia".

"But now give up all this folly of the Christians, who have kept thee only poor and blind. Honour the decrees of the divine emperors, and offer sacrifice to the gods; and thou shalt have riches and fine clothes and good fare; and the best physicians shall try to restore thee thy sight".

"You must have better motives to propose to me than these; for the very things for which I most thank God and His Divine Son are those which you would have me put away".

"How dost thou mean?"

"I thank God that I am poor and meanly clad, and fare not daintily; because by all these things I am the more like Jesus Christ, my only Spouse".

"Foolish girl!" interrupted the judge, losing patience a little; "hast thou learnt all these silly delusions already? At least thou canst not thank thy God that He has made thee sightless".

"For that more than all the rest, I thank Him daily and hourly with all my heart".

"How so? dost thou think it a blessing never to have seen the face of a human being, or the sun, or the earth? What strange fancies are these?"

"They are not so, most noble Sir. For in the midst of what you call darkness, I see a spot of what I must call light, it contrasts so strongly with all around. It is to me what the sun is to you, which I know to be local from the varying direction of its rays. And this object looks upon as with a countenance of intensest beauty, and smiles upon me ever. And I know it to be that of Him whom I love with undivided affection. I would not for the world have its splendour dimmed by a brighter sun, nor its wondrous loveliness confounded with the diversities of others' features, nor my gaze on it drawn aside by earthly visions. I love Him too much not to wish to see Him always alone".

"Come, come, let me have no more of this silly prattle! Obey the emperors at once, or I must try what a little pain will do. That will soon tame thee".

"Pain?" she echoed innocently.

"Yes, pain. Hast thou never felt it? Hast thou never been hurt by any one in thy life?"

"Oh, no! Christians never hurt one another".

The rack was standing, as usual, before him; and he made a sign to Catulus to place her upon it. The executioner pushed her back on it by her arms, and as she made no resistance, she was easily laid extended on its wooden couch. The loops of the ever ready ropes were in a moment passed round her ancles, and her arms drawn over her head. The poor sightless girl saw not who did all this; she knew not but it might be the same person who had been conversing with her. If there had been silence hitherto, men now held their very breath; while Caecilia's

*) Blind.

lips moved in earnest prayer. "Once more before proceeding further, I call on thee to sacrifice to the gods, and escape cruel torments", said the judge with a sterner voice.

"Neither torments nor death", firmly replied the victim tied to the altar, "shall separate me from the love of Christ. I can offer up no sacrifice but to the one living God; and its ready oblation is myself". The prefect made a sign to the executioner, and he gave one rapid whirl to the two wheels of the rack, round the windlasses of which the ropes were wound; and the limbs of the maiden were stretched with a sudden jerk which, though not enough to wrench them from their sockets, as a further turn would have done, sufficed to inflict an excruciating, or more truly, a *racking* pain, through all her frame. Far more grievous was this, from the preparation and the cause of it being unseen, and from that additional suffering which darkness inflicts. A quivering of her features, and a sudden paleness, alone gave evidence of her torture.

"Ha! Ha!" exclaimed the judge, "thou feelest that? Come let it suffice; obey, and thou shalt be freed". She seemed to take no heed of his words, but gave vent to her feelings in prayer: "I thank Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that thou hast made me suffer pain the first time for Thy sake. I have loved Thee in peace, I have loved Thee in comfort; I have loved Thee in joy, and now in pain I love Thee still more. How much sweeter it is to be like Thee, stretched upon Thy cross, even than resting upon the hard couch at the poor man's table!"

"Thou triflest with me", exclaimed the judge, thoroughly vexed, "and makest light of my lenity. We will try something stronger. Here, Catulus, apply a lighted torch to her sides".

A thrill of disgust and horror ran through the assembly, which could not help sympathising with the poor blind creature. A murmur of suppressed indignation broke out from all sides of the hall. Caecilia learnt for the first time that she was in the midst of a crowd. A crimson glow of modesty rushed into her brow, her face, her neck, just before white as marble. The angry judge checked the rising gush of feeling; and all listened in silence, as she spoke again, with warmer earnestness than before:

"O my dear Lord and Spouse! I have been ever true and faithful to Thee! Let me suffer pain and torture for Thee; but spare me confusion from human eyes. Let me come to Thee at once; not covering my face with my hands in shame, when I stand before Thee".

Another muttering of compassion was heard.

"Catulus!" shouted the baffled judge in fury; "do your duty, Sirrah! what are you about fumbling all day with that torch?"

The executioner advanced, and stretched forth his hand to her robe, to withdraw it for the torture; but he drew back, and turning to the prefect, exclaimed in softened accents,

"It is too late. She is dead!"

"Dead!" cried out Tertullus—"dead with one turn of the wheel? impossible!"

Catulus gave the rack a turn backwards, and the body remained motionless. It was true; she had passed from the rack to the throne, from the scowl of the judge's countenance, to her Spouse's welcoming embrace.

Had she breathed out her pure soul, as a sweet perfume, in the incense of her prayer? or had her heart been unable to get back its blood from the intensity of that first virginal blush?

In the stillness of awe and wonder, a clear bold voice cried out, from a group near the door:

"Impious tyrant, dost thou not see, that a poor blind Christian hath more power over life and death than thou or thy cruel masters?"

The mortified prefect ordered Catulus to see the body thrown into the Tiber. But another officer, muffled in his cloak, stepped aside, and beckoned to Catulus, who understood the sign and extended his hand to receive a purse held out to him.

"Out of the Porta Capena, at Lucina's Villa, an hour after sunset", said Sebastian.

"It shall be delivered there safe", said the executioner.

"Of what do you think that poor girl died?" asked a spectator from his companion as they went out.

"Of fright, I fancy", he replied.

"Of christian modesty", interposed a stranger who passed them.

Wiseman.

195.

ST. AGNES.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the Moon;
My breath to heaven like vapour goes,
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snow drop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As those white robes are soil'd and dark
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in my earthly house I am
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
Through all you star light keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bride groom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of Eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride.

Tennyson.

196.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark and I am far from home,—
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd, that Thou
Shouldst lead me on!

I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!

I lov'd the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride rul'd my will; Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

Newman.

197.

GOD BLESS OUR POPE.

FULL in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath th' apostle's crowning dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only sound—

“God bless our Pope, the great, the good!”

The golden roof, the marble walls,

The Vatican's majestic halls,

The note redouble, tell it fills

With echoes sweet the seven hills—

“God bless our Pope, the great, the good!”

Then surging through each hallow'd gate,

Where martyrs' glory in peace await,

It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,

Peals over Alps, across the main—

“God bless our Pope, the great, the good!”

From torrid South, to frozen North,
 The wave harmonious stretches forth;
 Yet strikes no chord more true than Rome's—
 That rings within our hearts and homes—
 "God bless our Pope, the great, the good!"

For like the sparks of unseen fire,
 That speak along the magic wire,
 From home to home, from heart to heart,
 These words of countless children dart—
 "God bless our Pope, the great, the good!"

Wiseman.

198.

LAST YEARS AND MARTYRDOM OF ST. BONIFACE, APOSTLE OF GERMANY.

HE was now verging on three score years and ten, and his long and incessant labours had begun to tell upon his constitution. Weighed down with "the care of all the Churches" of Germany, he longed for repose, or at least some diminution of the burden which pressed upon him. He had already requested that he might be allowed to nominate and ordain his successor in the archiepiscopal office. This the Pope had assured him could not be, but he conceded to his age and infirmities the usual permission to select a priest as his special assistant, who might share a portion of his episcopal duties, and, if he proved himself worthy of confidence, might be nominated as his successor. Increasing infirmities now induced him to reiterate his request. The Pope in reply urged him not to leave his see at Mentz, and reminded him of the words of the Saviour, "He that persevereth unto the end the same shall be saved". But in consideration of his long and laborious life, he agreed that if the Archbishop could find among his clergy one in whom he could place implicit confidence as fit to be intrusted with the office, he might elevate him thereto, and receive his assistance as his colleague and representative. Successful in obtaining this welcome concession, Boniface nominated his fellow-countryman and disciple Lull as Archbishop of Mentz. For himself he proposed to retire to a monastery which was now rising in the midst of the vast forests of Buchow, on the banks of the river Fulda. Of this celebrated monastery suffice it to say here, that it was one of the most important of the many similar institutions which had risen under the Archbishop's eye. It occupied a central position in reference to missionary operations. Round it the four nations to whom he had preached the word for so many years seemed to be grouped together, and here the aged Prelate could employ the autumn of his life in directing the labours of the brethren and watching the beneficial and civilizing results of their exertions amid the surrounding country. But while thus forming his plans for promoting the good work in the land of his adoption, he was not forgetful of old friends in England. Pleasant memories

of Crediton and Nutescelle still lay near his heart, and though his arduous duties forbade a visit to these familiar scenes, he yet maintained a constant correspondence with friends in the old country, and rejoiced to receive tidings of the welfare of the Anglo-Saxon Churches, just as he was pained to the heart when he heard of any moral declension. On such occasions he deemed it his duty to write to the offenders, and exhort them to amend their lives. Thus hearing that Ethelbald King of Mercia lived in the practice of gross immorality, he wrote to him in stirring and earnest terms, and remonstrated with him on the bad example he was setting his subjects, and endeavoured to shame him into a more consistent life by contrasting his conduct with that of the still pagan Saxons around him in the Teutonic forests, who, though "they had not the law" of Christianity, yet "did by nature the things contained in the law", and testified by severe punishment their abhorrence of unchastity. He also wrote to Archbishop Cuthbert, informed him of the canons and regulations he had inaugurated in the recent synods, and urged him to use all possible means to promote the vitality of the Church of their native land.

Thus amidst increasing infirmities and many causes for anxiety, he yet found time to remember old scenes and old friends. But as years rolled on the conviction was deepened in his own mind that the day could not be far off when he must leave the Churches he had founded. Lull had, indeed, been ordained, conformably to the Pope's permission, as his coadjutor in the see of Mentz, but his appointment had not as yet received the royal recognition, and till this was secured, Boniface could not feel free from anxiety for the welfare of his flock. One of his last letters, therefore, was addressed to Fuldrede, chamberlain of the Frankish court, soliciting his protection and that of his royal master in behalf of his clergy and his many ecclesiastical foundations. In this very year he had been called upon to restore upwards of thirty churches in his extensive diocese, which had been swept away in an invasion of the heathen Frisians, and it was with gloomy forebodings that he contemplated the fate of the German Church, if it was not shielded by royal protection. "Nearly all my companions", he writes to Fuldrede, "are strangers in this land; some are priests distributed in various places to celebrate the offices of the Church and minister to the people; some are monks, living in their different monasteries, employed in teaching the young; some are aged men, who have long borne with me the burden and heat of the day. For these I am full of anxiety lest, after my death, they should be scattered as sheep having no shepherd. Let them have a share of your countenance and protection, that they may not be dispersed abroad, and that the people dwelling on the heathen borders may not lose the law of Christ. Suffer also my son and brother in the ministry, Archbishop Lull, to preside over the Churches, that both priests and people may find in him a teacher and a guide. And may God grant that he may be a true pastor to his people, a true director to the monastic brethren. I have many reasons for making this request. My clergy on the heathen borders are in deep poverty. Bread they can obtain for themselves, but clothing they cannot find here, unless they receive aid from some other quarter, to enable them to persevere and endure their daily hardships.

Let me know either by the bearers of this letter, or under thine own hand, whether thou canst promise the granting of my request, that, whether I live or die, I may have some assurance for the future". The royal permission recognising Lull as his successor arrived, and now he could look forward to his end in peace. If ever he had wished to close his life in the peaceful seclusion of his new monastery at Fulda, that was not his desire now. Though upwards of seventy-four years of age, he determined to make one last effort to win over the still pagan portion of Friesland, and to accomplish what Willibrod and Wilfrid had begun. Bidding, therefore, the new Archbishop a solemn farewell, he ordered preparations to be made for the journey. Something told him he should never return, and, therefore, he desired that with his books, amongst which was a treatise of St. Ambrose on *The Advantage of Death*, might be packed not only the relics which were his constant companions, but also his shroud. Then with a small retinue of three priests, three deacons, four monks and forty-one laymen he embarked on board a vessel, and sailed along the banks of the Rhine till he reached the shore of the Zuyder Zee. In Friesland he was joined by Eoban, an old pupil, whom he had advanced to the see of Utrecht. Together they penetrated into East-Friesland, and commenced their labours. For a time all went well. The missionaries were welcomed by some of the tribes, and were enabled to lay the foundations of several churches. Gladdened by the accession of many converts, they at length reached the banks of the Bordau, not far from the modern Dockingen. It was the month of June and the festival of Whitsunday drew near. Boniface had dismissed many who had been admitted to baptism, bidding them return on the vigil of Whitsunday to receive the further rite of confirmation. On the morning of the appointed day, the fifth of June, the Archbishop could hear the noise of the advancing multitude. But when he looked out from his tent, the brandishing of spears and the clang of arms told only too plainly that they were coming for a very different purpose than that for which he had summoned them. The heathen tribes, enraged at the success of the daring missionary, had selected this day for a complete revenge. Some of the Archbishop's retinue counselled resistance, and were already preparing to defend themselves when he stepped forth from his tent and gave orders that no weapon should be uplifted, but that all should await the crown of martyrdom. "Let us not return evil for evil", said he: "the long-expected day has come, and the time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen ye yourselves in the Lord, and He will redeem your souls. Be not afraid of those who can kill only the body, but put your trust in God, who will speedily give you His eternal reward, and an entrance into His heavenly kingdom". Calmed by his words, his followers bravely awaited the onset of their enemies. They were not long kept in suspense. Naturally embittered against the opponents of their ancestral faith, the heathens rushed upon them, and quickly dispatched the little company, whom their leader had forbidden to lift a weapon in self-defence. Boniface, according to a tradition preserved by a priest of Utrecht, when he saw that his hour was come, took a volume of the Gospels, and making it a pillow for his head, stretched forth his neck for the fatal blow, and in a few moments received his release. The

heathens speedily ransacked the tents of the missionaries, but instead of the treasures they expected, found only the book-cases which Boniface had brought with him; these they rifled, scattering some of the volumes over the plain, and hiding others among the marshes, where they remained till they were recovered by the Christians, and removed to the monastery of Fulda, together with the remains of the great missionary.

Thus at the ripe age of seventy-five died the father of German Christian civilization. A Teuton by language and kindred, he had been the Apostle of Teutons, and his work had not been in vain. The Church in which he had been trained was not like those of Ireland, Gaul, or Spain, the sister of that of Rome. It looked back to the day when forty monks, with Augustine at their head, landed on the shores of Kent, and no Church regarded with more filial affection the source of her light and life. What Mecca is to the Arabian pilgrim, that to the Anglo-Saxon was the city where the fair-haired Saxon boys were first seen by the large-hearted monk of St. Andrew. And no where do we find a more signal instance of the reverential feelings with which his countrymen regarded the great Bishop of the West than in the life of the native of Crediton. Combining singular conscientiousness with earnest piety, dauntless zeal with practical energy, he had been enabled to consolidate the work of earlier Irish and Anglo-Saxon missionaries; he had revived the decaying energies of the Frankish Church; he had restored to her the long dormant activity of the Ecclesiastical Council; he had covered Central and Western Germany with the first necessary elements of civilisation. Monastic seminaries, as Amöneburg and Ohrdruf, Fritzlar and Fulda, had risen amidst the Teutonic forests. The sees of Salzburg and Freisingen, of Regensburg and Passau, testified to his care of the Church of Bavaria. The see of Erfurt told of labours in Thuringia, that of Buraburg, in Hesse, that of Wurzburg, in Franconia, while his Metropolitan See at Mentz, having jurisdiction over Worms and Spires, Tongres, Cologne, and Utrecht, was a sign that even before his death the German Church had already advanced beyond its first missionary stage. Well may Germany look back with gratitude to the holy Benedictine, and tell with joy the story of the monk of Nutescelle. The roll of missionary heroes, since the days of the Apostles, can point to few more glorious names, to none, perhaps, that has added to the dominion of the Gospel regions of greater extent or value, or that has exerted a more powerful influence on the history of the human race.

In the Monastery of Fulda was exposed for ages to hosts of pilgrims the blood-stained copy of St. Ambrose on *The Advantage of Death*, which the Archbishop had brought with his shroud to the shore of the Zuyder Zee, and the long-continued labours of many of his loving pupils and associates will prove that, in his case, as always, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church".

Maclear.

THE CHRISTIAN REVELATION.

REVELATION begins where Natural Religion fails. The Religion of Nature is a mere inchoation, and needs a complement,—it can have but one complement, and that very complement is Christianity.

Natural Religion is based upon the sense of sin; it recognizes the disease, but it cannot find, it does but look out for the remedy. That remedy, both for guilt, and for moral impotence, is found in the central doctrine of Revelation, the Mediation of Christ. I need not go into a subject so familiar to all men in a Christian country.

Thus it is that Christianity is the fulfilment of the promise made to Abraham and of the Mosaic revelations; this is how it has been able from the first to occupy the world, and gain a hold on every class of human society to which its preachers reached; this is why the Roman power and the multitude of religions which it embraced could not stand against it; this is the secret of its sustained energy, and its never-flagging martyrdoms; this is how at present it is so mysteriously potent, in spite of the new and fearful adversaries which beset its path. It has with it that gift of staunching and healing the one deep wound of human nature, which avails more for its success than a full encyclopedia of scientific knowledge and a whole library of controversy, and therefore it must last while human nature lasts. It is a living truth which never can grow old.

Some persons speak of it as if it were a thing of history, with only indirect bearings on modern times; I cannot allow that it is a mere historical religion. Certainly it has its foundations in past and glorious memories, but its power is in the present. It is no dreary matter of antiquarianism; we do not contemplate it in conclusions drawn from dumb documents and dead events, but by faith exercised in ever-living objects, and by the appropriation and use of ever-recurring gifts.

Our communion with it is in the unseen, not in the obsolete. At this very day its rites and ordinances are continually eliciting the active interposition of that Omnipotence in which the Religion long ago began. First and above all is the Holy Mass, in which He who once died for us upon the Cross brings back and perpetuates, by His literal presence in it, that one and the same sacrifice which cannot be repeated. Next, there is the actual entrance of Himself, soul and body, and divinity, into the soul and body of every worshipper who comes to Him for the gift, a privilege more intimate than if we lived with Him during His long-past sojourn upon earth. And then, moreover, there is His personal abidance in our churches, raising earthly service into a foretaste of Heaven. Such is the profession of Christianity, and, I repeat, its very divination of our needs is in itself a proof that it is really the supply of them.

Upon the doctrines which I have mentioned as central truths, others, as we all know, follow, which rule our personal conduct, and course of life, and our social and civil relations. The promised Deliverer, the Expectation of the nations has not done His work by halves. He has given us Saints and Angels for our protection. He has taught us how by our

prayers and services to benefit our departed friends, and to keep up a memorial of ourselves when we are gone. He has created a visible hierarchy and a succession of sacraments, to be the channels of his mercies, and the Crucifix secures the thought of Him in every house and chamber. In all these ways He brings Himself before us. I am not here speaking of His gifts as gifts, but as memorials; not as what Christians know they convey, but in their visible character; and I say that, as human nature itself is still in life and action as much as ever it was, so He too lives to our imaginations by His visible symbols, as if He were on earth, with a practical efficacy which even unbelievers cannot deny, to be the corrective of that nature, and its strength day by day, and that this power of perpetuating His Image being altogether singular and special, and the prerogative of Him and Him alone, is a grand evidence how well He fulfils to this day that Sovereign Mission which, from the first beginning of the world's history, has been in prophecy assigned to Him.

I cannot better illustrate this argument than by recurring to a deep thought on the subject of Christianity which has before now attracted the notice of philosophers and preachers, as coming from the wonderful man who swayed the destinies of Europe in the first years of this century. It was an argument not unnatural in one who had that special passion for human glory, which has been the incentive of so many heroic careers and of so many mighty revolutions in the history of the world. In the solitude of his imprisonment, and in the view of death, he is said to have expressed himself to the following effect:—"I have been accustomed to put before me the examples of Alexander and Cæsar, with the hope of rivalling their exploits, and living in the minds of men for ever. Yet, after all, in what sense does Cæsar, in what sense does Alexander live? Who knows or cares any thing about them? At best, nothing but their names is known; for who among the multitude of men, who hear or who utter their names really knows anything about their lives or their deeds, or attaches to those names any definite idea? Nay, even their names do but flit up and down the world like ghosts, mentioned only on particular occasions, or from accidental associations. Their chief home is the schoolroom; they have a foremost place in boys' grammars and exercise-books; they are splendid examples for themes; they form writing copies. So low is heroic Alexander fallen, so low is imperial Cæsar, *'ut pueris placeant et declamatio fiant'*.*

"But on the contrary" (he is reported to have continued) "there is just One Name in the whole world that lives; it is the Name of One who passed His years in obscurity, and who died a malefactor's death. Eighteen hundred years have gone since that time, but still it has its hold upon the human mind. It has possessed the world and it maintains possession. Amid the most varied nations, under the most diversified circumstances, in the most cultivated, in the rudest races and intellects, in all classes of society, the Owner of that great Name reigns. High and low, rich and poor, acknowledge Him. Millions of souls are conversing with Him, are venturing on His word, are looking for His presence. Palaces, sumptuous, innumerable, are raised to His honor; His image,

*) That they please boys and serve for a theme of declamation.

as in the hour of His deepest humiliation, is triumphantly displayed in the proud city, in the open country, in the corners of streets, on the tops of mountains. It sanctifies the ancestral hall, the closet, and the bed-chamber; it is the subject for the exercise of the highest genius in the imitative arts; it is worn next the heart in life: it is held before the failing eyes in death. Here then is One who is *not* a mere name, who is not a mere fiction, who is a reality. He is dead and gone, but still He lives, lives as the living, energetic thought of successive generations, as the awful motive-power of a thousand great events. He has done without effort what others with life-long struggles have not done. Can He be less than Divine? Who is He but the Creator Himself; who is sovereign over His own works, towards whom our eyes and hearts turn instinctively, because He is our Father and our God?"

Newman.

200.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth 'ho bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device:
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue:
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escap'd a groan:
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest over head,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied:
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star:
Excelsior!

"O stay", the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answer'd with a sigh:
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch,
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good night;
A voice replied far up the height:
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Utter'd the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air:
Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device:—
Excelsior!

Longfellow.



